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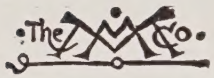
EXPOSITORY WRITING



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EXPOSITORY WRITING

Materials for the College Course in Composition

Compiled and Edited by
MAURICE GARLAND FULTON
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, JUNIOR COLLEGE
OF THE NEW MEXICO MILITARY INSTITUTE

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PREFACE

This new edition of my *Expository Writing,* one of the pioneers among compilations for college composition, has resulted in such substantial changes that it deserves more to be called a new treatment of the subject than a mere revision.

There are, however, obvious reflections of the earlier book. This later volume remains devoted exclusively to exposition, for this type of writing continues in great esteem with teachers of composition, either as a fundamental part of the general course in the first year of college, or as a field for later and more advanced practice. The present volume also adheres to selections of a length sufficient to bring before the student examples of composition skill by which fairly large and complex groups of facts and ideas have been made intelligible and readable.

But a considerable change may be discerned in the character of the cargo. The old edition was almost entirely freighted with selections of scientific coloring and import. The present book is greatly broadened in scope of subject-matter, and affords readings not only in the field of science but also in the fields of education, literature, politics, social ideals, and kindred subjects. A large proportion of the material is distinctly contemporary, although an effort has been made to keep a balance between the modern and what is more firmly entrenched in time. But, new or old, each selection has been accepted finally on a two-fold basis of its suitability for a particular niche in the general scheme and its merit as good writing.

The book has become tripartite, and this invites a few words about each of the main divisions. Part One retains a general dis-

cussion of the fundamentals of good writing. It is primarily for students studying exposition in their general course in composition, although it may not be superfluous even with more advanced students. Part Two, which treats of the main devices of expository writing, is, of course, the center of gravity of the book, and therefore indispensable. This section has been changed somewhat from the scheme used in the first edition. Some of the categories which had outlived their usefulness have been abandoned, and certain others which are now considered valuable—the personal essay, for example—have been added.

Part Three is the innovation, and as such requires a few words of explanation. The material in the earlier book was selected largely to afford a collection of models, but in this third section of the present volume room has been found for a considerable amount of discussional material. It is hoped that these readings, presenting as they do contemporary and usually divergent points of view on some matters about which students might well think and write, will succeed in being profitable and liberalizing to the students themselves, in addition to making their writing less perfunctory and jejune.

The suggestions for study and the exercises in writing scattered through the book at the ends of the principal sections are not intended to be exhaustive. They have purposely been made brief because it is supposed the teacher will expand this part of the book *ad lib.* and with more fervency than the pages of a textbook can generate.

For permission to reprint the copyright matter included in this book, I am under grateful obligation to the courtesy and generosity of the authors and publishers. In footnotes I have made specific acknowledgments which will show those to whom I am indebted.

M. G. F.

Roswell, New Mexico
January, 1930

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INTRODUCTION

EXPOSITORY WRITING

INTRODUCTION

I

NATURE OF EXPOSITION

The search for a satisfying definition of exposition soon reveals that books on composition and rhetoric give definitions of varying degrees of comprehensiveness. One writer designates it broadly as "the explanation of ideas"; another, as "the art of stating facts clearly, so that the reader will understand them"; a third, as "the succinct and orderly setting forth of some piece of knowledge." Other writers define it more specifically as "the fixing of meaning by generalization, that is, the exhibiting of objects, material or spiritual, as conceived and organized in thought," or as "the kind of discourse in which the writer's aim is to make others see the meaning of some idea as clearly as he himself sees it; its subject matter is general ideas, laws, or principles, not (as in description and narration) particular things."

Although any one of these definitions is more or less adequate, we may attempt to come to a clearer understanding of the nature of exposition by ascertaining the characteristics that distinguish it as a form of composition from the other kinds of writing—description, narrative, and argument. The particular characteristics of exposition will be discussed under the three heads of subject-matter, purpose, and mood.

THE SUBJECT-MATTER OF EXPOSITION

Broadly speaking, the material of all writing is experience. In experience two aspects or elements may be observed, corresponding to whether our knowledge is confined to bare acquaintance with externals, or whether it embraces an understanding of the meaning of a given experience. The first of these elements may be called the element of *fact*. This is the concrete element, knowledge of which is derived through the sense-organs. The second element may be called the element of *meaning*. This is the abstract element, to knowledge of which we ascend by rallying our wits, and beginning to notice, to analyze, to think, until finally the mind shapes for itself an interpretation of the meaning or significance of the experience.

In reality, given experiences do not belong rigidly under either of these aspects. They have been spoken of as distinct and distinguishable elements mainly for convenience, and in order to accentuate their presence. As a matter of fact, they are constantly merged and are not separable. If, for instance, we look at a building, we not only receive impressions of external appearance, such as size, shape, color, and the like, but simultaneously we begin an interpretation of these experiences. We begin to think of the nature, or the significance, or the function of the building —more or less vaguely at first, it may be, but with gradually increasing definiteness. In short, by mental processes we come to some generalization about it.

The writer, however, is able more or less completely to separate these two elements in his writing. He may simply show the appearance of some object or the details of an event with little or no regard to their significance, or he may merely explain an operation, process, or idea, disregarding the concrete element in it. This being the case we are able to divide writing into two large classes. There is, first, that which concerns itself with the outer

world of scenes and happenings. There is, secondly, that which deals with the inner world of thoughts and the relations of thoughts. To the first of these classes evidently belong description with its endeavor to show the appearance of the individual object, and narrative with its aim of recounting the details and particulars of some transaction or event. To the second class belong exposition and argument. It is not needful in this connection to dwell upon the differences between exposition and argument; more to the point for the present purpose is their likeness in having for their subject-matter, not, as in the case of description and narrative, particular things, but general ideas or abstract qualities. In the words of Professor Genung, "We are to remember that in exposition we are dealing not with an object whose parts and peculiarities are displayed in space before us, as in description; nor with an event, whose incidents succeed each other in time, as narration; but with a man-made concept, whose aspects and divisions are discerned by the laws of thought and association that exist in human minds." [1]

There are, however, some cases where exposition deals with the concrete and the individual. If one should carefully examine a typewriter, and then write out a full description of its parts—keyboard, type-bars, carriage, platen, ribbon, index, etc.—giving the form and position of each and even the material of which it is made, or if one should visit a great newspaper building, and afterwards write an account of the printing of the paper from the writing of the news to the delivery of the printed sheet to the delivery wagons, he would, in the one case, be writing a description, in the other, a narrative. In both of these two examples, we have the concrete and individual subject-matter characteristic of description and narrative, but evidently, in neither case is the writer dealing merely with the element of fact in his subject-matter. While he may not seem to get very

[1] *Practical Elements of Rhetoric*, p. 386.

far away from the element of fact in either instance, nevertheless, in the case of a typewriter, his endeavor is not so much to induce in the mind of the reader a picture of the typewriter and its parts as to explain its mechanism and its use; and in the case of the visit to the newspaper building, the writer's purpose is not to relate interestingly the happenings of his visit, but to explain the process of making a newspaper. Such portrayal of the concrete, although loosely called description or narrative, is more exactly designated as exposition. Nor are such portrayals simply narrative or description converted into exposition by single occurrences or objects of a similar kind becoming blended into a composite—what is commonly called generalized narrative or description. They are rather instances in which the general class, the type, is presented as an individual, and the individual is made to serve as a type.

Instances of exposition presenting the type through the individual are, however, exceptions rather than the rule. It still remains true that the most commonly found subject-matter of exposition is the abstract and the general. These abstractions and generalizations are divisible into two classes—terms and propositions. "An object to be expounded expresses either an idea or the relation between ideas. Hence its form is either a term or a proposition. Though exposition may be applied to any object—an object described, or an event narrated, as well as an object of thought—yet in its state as a concept or generalization, the object must be reduced to one of these forms; it must either name an idea, or make an assertion in regard to it." [1] That is, exposition may take a term like *psychology, nature, erosion, art,* or *culture,* and seek to set forth clearly what it is, what are its essential qualities, how much it includes, what it excludes, how it differs from other similar ideas, into what kinds it is divided. Or, exposition may take a general

[1] Genung, *Practical Elements of Rhetoric,* p. 386.

proposition, such as "Natural phenomena are uniform," or "Education is beneficial in all the pursuits of life," or "Honesty is the best policy," or "The area of a triangle is equal to half the product of the base and the perpendicular," and, without assuming the truth or falsity of the proposition, endeavor to give an explication of it—elucidating the words of the original statement, suggesting what is implied in the idea expressed, hinting at its relationship to other ideas, and possibly indicating its application.

THE PURPOSE OF EXPOSITION

Exposition is further distinguished from other kinds of composition by its purpose. Another broad twofold grouping of writing, according to the writer's purpose, is given in De Quincey's well-known division of literature. "In the great social organ," says he in his *Essay on Pope,* "which we may collectively call literature, there may be distinguished two separate offices that may blend and often do so. . . . There is, first, the literature of knowledge, and, secondly, the literature of power. The function of the first is to teach, the function of the second to move." De Quincey further points out that the first kind of writing appeals to the intellect, the second to the emotions and the imagination. Writing that appeals to the intellect may be said to have as its general purpose *instruction;* while writing that stirs the emotions and the imagination has as its general purpose *entertainment.* Entertainment is primarily the aim of narration and description; instruction is the main purpose of argument and exposition.

THE MOOD OF EXPOSITORY WRITING

There is still a third distinction of great importance between exposition and the other forms of writing. The various subjects of experience may be treated in two ways. We may consider them as at rest, as fixed in space, as spread out before us like a

map—in short, as static. Or we may regard them as living, growing, developing—in short, as dynamic. This difference may be made clearer by taking as an example a tree and supposing it the subject of our writing. We may regard the tree as fixed in space so that in our writing we may pass from point to point or take it up a part at a time. This is to treat the tree statically. Or we may think of the tree as growing, developing; we may be interested chiefly in showing its stages of growth, and the like. This is to write about the tree dynamically.

Upon the difference between static and dynamic treatment, we may distinguish again two large divisions of writing. The dynamic mode is characteristic of narrative and argument. In narrative we either show the individual object as growing and developing, or we display a given event as a succession of particulars and details having movement. In argument the procedure is likewise essentially dynamic. The conclusion we wish the reader to accept is made to come into being in the course of the argument—to grow, so to speak, from its elements—the facts and principles with which we start. The static mode is characteristic of description and exposition. In description, we treat the object we are writing about as spread out before us while we pass from point to point in our examination. In exposition, the subject-matter—the general truth underlying an idea or group of ideas—is, to speak, spread out before the mind and a map made of it. It is carefully bounded by the process known technically as definition, it is separated into its parts by division; finally each part of the idea is set before the reader with adequate development.

Such a conception of a static view of the idea to be expounded is, as Professor Gardiner has pointed out in his *The Forms of Prose Literature,* inherent in the signification of the terms we employ to designate this form of writing. "The natural figure of speech which you use is this figure of *seeing*. It is a

noticeable fact, moreover, that the words which have to do with explanation spring from just this same sense of a clear and lucid view of the subject. *Exposition* is a setting forth, as one arranges cards in a game of solitaire; *explanation* is a making plain or smoothing out; *perspicuous* springs from the figure of 'seeing through.' These etymological facts have deep suggestiveness for anybody who is going to make explanations." [1]

From this static treatment of its material comes the typical mood of exposition. It appears that we instinctively care more for living than for dead things, for motion than for rest, for evolution than for arrested development, and from this perhaps springs the general fact that a dynamic treatment invites the author to greater or less display in his writing of his feelings. Whether the explanation hazarded for this be correct or not, it seems to be generally true of both the forms of writing that have typically the dynamic mode of treatment—narrative and argument—that they are more or less subjective in mood. On the other hand, the static mode of treatment is essentially dispassionate and unbiased. This objective and uncontroversial tone is eminently characteristic of both description and exposition.

Although expository writing is characterized by impartiality of treatment, we must not understand this as implying that "exposition must be bare, cold, impersonal. Bare, cold, impersonal it may be, indeed, and still worthy; as in a text-book of physics; but it need not be, and in such expository essays as most of us write, it should not be. For a listless reader will not take pains to understand; and, on the other side, the significance of a subject will be the more readily found by the writer for whom that significance has some real interest. So, in detail, the abundance of example and illustrations which makes Macaulay's essays popular is a direct means of clearness. Else the same means would not be so freely used by Huxley also, and

[1] *The Forms of Prose Literature*, p. 27.

by James, and proverbially by the most effective teachers and preachers. In this and in other ways the transpiring of the writer's personality makes the exposition better. The only caution necessary is not to forget the prime object which is to reach significant generalizations and to reach them clearly." [1]

SUMMARY

Concluding what has been said about the nature of exposition, we may succinctly define exposition as *that kind of writing which has as its primary function the impartial unfolding of any phenomenon, hypothesis, or generalization to the understanding of the reader.*

II

KINDS OF EXPOSITION

Since the motive common to all exposition is the desire to explain something to the reader, it is evident that this form of writing is not only of exceeding great practical value, but is very extended in its range of subjects. As we have seen, without exposition we might know and communicate to others the particulars of our experience; but the meaning of those particulars, the general principles that underlie them, could not be definitely set forth. From the small matters of daily life and experience, up to handing on the torch of knowledge from one generation to the next, and so making progress and civilization possible, exposition is everywhere called into use.

According to method and purpose, two kinds of expository writing may be distinguished, which we may call, for want of more exact designations, *scientific* exposition, and *familiar* exposition. In scientific exposition, the writer selects a subject within his powers, states it clearly and accurately, gathers ma-

[1] Baldwin, *A College Manual of Rhetoric*, p. 38.

terial by careful thinking and reading, and develops it into a serious, thorough, and sustained piece of explanation. The writings of Macaulay, Huxley, Bryce, Tyndall, Mill, Spencer, Newman, are examples of this type of exposition typically showing its severity of method and careful accuracy.

Familiar exposition, on the other hand, is generally looser in structure and aims to give the personal impressions of the writer, his whims and fancies, in a manner resembling the easy confidential tone of conversation. The subjects chosen are usually of a light character, and an original point of view is not infrequently presented. The essays of Steele, Addison, Lamb, Thackeray, and Stevenson are illustrations of this type of exposition. It was this looser type of exposition which first gave vogue to the term *essay,* but the development of this form of literature has been so markedly away from a subjective, personal, and leisurely discussion towards an objective, concentrated, and unemotional method, that when we hear the bare word *essay* today we think rather of the scientific exposition than the familiar, and when we wish to concern ourselves with the latter we must qualify it with some adjective like *personal* or *familiar.*

III

ESSENTIALS OF EXPOSITORY WRITING

A COMPLETE discussion of the essentials of exposition is far too extensive for exhaustive treatment in this introduction. Furthermore, as the studies forming the body of this book acquaint the student with the more important of the processes and problems of expository writing, it is unnecessary to repeat them here. This introductory discussion will, therefore, merely confine itself to a few of the requisites of clear and forcible exposition which the student should have in mind from the outset of his study.

FULLNESS OF INFORMATION

The first qualification for successful exposition is clear and adequate knowledge of the subject to be discussed. The masters of expository writing always impress those who hear them or read them by the evident thoroughness with which they have thought all the vagueness and obscurity out of their subjects. Such was notably the case with the great scientist Tyndall, for Huxley writes of him that "whatever subject he took up he never rested until he had attained a clear conception of all the conditions and processes involved, or had satisfied himself that it was not attainable. And in dealing with physical problems, I really think that he in a manner saw the atoms and molecules, and felt their pushes and pulls. . . . The quality of active veracity, the striving for knowledge as apart from hearsay, lay at the very root of Tyndall's very remarkable powers of exposition." [1]

A writer who has cultivated the habit of seeking clearness of thought will not be content with hasty or ill-considered work. Neither will he find himself willing to attempt subjects that are beyond his abilities, but will keep the selection of subjects within the sphere of his actual experience and definite knowledge. There is no excuse for a writer's not having the habit of seeking clearness of knowledge, for it is obtainable, as Huxley says, by any "one who possesses a tolerably clear head and a decent conscience and who is willing to give himself the necessary trouble."

KEEPING THE READER BEFORE THE IMAGINATION

A second important qualification of the expository writer is the ability to keep the reader before his imagination. The following quotation from Palmer's *Self-Cultivation in English* is sug-

[1] *Nineteenth Century,* Vol. XXV, p. 4.

gestive of what is incumbent upon the writer in adapting his explanation to the habits of thought, the tastes, and aptitudes of the reader:

"Every utterance really concerns two. Its aim is social. Its object is communication; and while unquestionably prompted half-way by the desire to ease our mind through self-expression, it still finds its only justification in the advantage somebody else will draw from what is said. Speaking or writing is, therefore, everywhere a double-ended process. It springs from me, it penetrates him; and both of these ends need watching. Is what I say precisely what I mean? That is an important question. Is what I say so shaped that it can be readily assimilated by him who hears? This is a question of quite as great consequence, and much more likely to be forgotten. . . . As I write, I must unceasingly study what is the line of least intellectual resistance along which my thought may enter the differently constituted mind; and that line I must subtly adjust, without enfeebling my meaning. Will this combination of words or that make the meaning clear? Will this order of presentation facilitate swiftness of apprehension, or will it clog the movement? What temperamental perversities in me must be set aside in order to render my reader's approach to what I tell him pleasant? What temperamental perversities in him must be accepted by me as fixed facts, conditioning all I say? These are the questions the skilful writer is always asking." [1]

SELECTION OF MATERIAL

Passing from the qualifications of the writer to considerations of structure, that is, the organization of the exposition into a coherent and inter-related whole, we find first that the success of an exposition is largely dependent upon the proper selection of material. From whatever source knowledge of the subject is

[1] *Self-Cultivation in English*, p. 24.

obtained—whether from personal observation and experience or from reading—it should be abundant and comprehensive in order that only the fittest may be used. In making selection of what is to be used, the principle should be to omit all that is not necessary while at the same time retaining all that is essential. Unnecessary material is to be omitted because its presence will tend to obscure what is essential and vital. On the other hand, no idea indispensable to the complete discussion of the subject can be omitted. Evidently, the proper selection of material is a relative matter depending largely upon the reader for whom the exposition is intended, and his intelligence and general knowledge should be taken as a practical guide in this matter.

CLEAR ARRANGEMENT

Another important structural problem connected with effective exposition is clear arrangement. This we may consider under the two aspects of logical progress and obvious structure. The most important of these two aspects is perhaps logical progress. The exposition must not mark time; it must march forward toward some goal, some definite conclusion. "An exposition is no mere fortuitous concourse of ideas; it is a careful record of the mind's activity when exercised in a single direction." [1] Hence there is implied in good exposition the idea of progress. Furthermore, this progress must be logical. In narration and description, the subject itself imposes, or, at least, pretty clearly indicates, the order of treatment—especially in narrative when the chronological order is to be followed. This, however, is not the case with exposition. In no other species of writing is good arrangement more necessary, and yet in no other species of writing can so few definite rules of arrangement be given. Of this much, however, the student may be certain: his ideas must not be set down at random; there must be evident a clearly conceived

[1] Scott and Denney, *Paragraph Writing*, 3d edition, p. 95.

plan chosen not at haphazard, but with reference to economical and attractive presentation to the reader. "Given a certain series of ideas," says Professor Minto, "to be passed from one mind to another, bit by bit, unit by unit, as a crowd passes one by one through a narrow opening, there must be one order better than another. A theater can be emptied more quickly by a good arrangement than if the matter is left to chance. And in writing, the problem is still more difficult than emptying a theater, or a bottle of water. You have to get your water out of one narrow-necked bottle into another, spilling as little as possible by the way." [1]

There are several common schemes of arrangement that serve frequently as helpful guides because they are based upon habits of thinking that govern normal minds, such as, for instance, going from the known to the unknown, or arranging the divisions of a subject upon the basis of similarity or contrast, or utilizing the principle of climax by proceeding from the less to the more important. But none of these arrangements should be accepted mechanically. Every piece of exposition has its own particular problems of arrangement and each case must be considered separately. For the special case, the best order will be that method of arrangement which stands the test, Is this order one that gives the reader at each step in the development the maximum of understanding and the minimum of bewilderment as to the subject-matter and as to the reason for the order of presentation?

The second phase of clear arrangement—obvious structure—requires that the progress of thought be by definitely marked steps. Here again exposition differs from narrative and description. In the case of these two kinds of writing, although there must be a definitely planned arrangement in the mind of the writer, it is as a rule needless and clumsy to state it to the reader. In exposition, on the contrary, the plan must be made

[1] Bainton, *Art of Authorship*, p. 237.

evident to the reader. As the exposition passes from head to head of the discussion, the reader must be definitely and unmistakably informed by means of transition links and by summaries just where fall the dividing lines between topics. It is sometimes advisable to set forth the plan of the whole composition near the beginning of the discussion; but ordinarily it is sufficient simply to have enough of the plan explained at the start so that the reader may begin intelligently, and the rest indicated at the proper places either by suggestion or explicit statement. The value of this quality of obvious structure Benjamin Jowett of Oxford, the noted English scholar and educator, tersely emphasized in the sentence, "Connection is the soul of good writing." Professor Genung says on this point, "The problem of transition—how to make one stage of thought pass naturally into the next—is always present in literary composition, and is especially to be satisfied between the main divisions." [1] Professor Genung also has this to say of the difference between young writers and more experienced ones in their attitude toward the indication of structure in their writings. "Such indications of structure are elements of discourse in which we find increasing care and copiousness as writers gain more experience of the interpretating capacities of their readers. Young writers are too apt to neglect them, and their work becomes blind and vague in consequence. Older writers see better the helpfulness and are less sensitive to the formality of laying out their thoughts as thoroughly as may be useful for clearness and definiteness." [2]

PARAGRAPHING AS AN INDICATION OF STRUCTURE

Obvious structure necessarily involves careful paragraphing. In following the course of general and abstract thought such as we commonly find in exposition, the mind wearies much more

[1] *Working Principles of Rhetoric*, p. 457.
[2] *Practical Elements of Rhetoric*, p. 284.

quickly than in following descriptions and narratives. It is important that there should be halting places—points indicated where the reader may feel that a certain distinct stage of the exposition has been completed, where he may take breath, so to speak, before passing on to another. Hence judicious paragraphing is an important element in successful exposition. The paragraphic divisions should not be arbitrary nor accidental, but should correspond to some natural and logical grouping of thought. Each paragraph should contain only such material as is logically justifiable as a unit by itself. The fundamental principle of the inner structure of the paragraph is therefore unity. It must have one central thought to which all the ideas and facts making up the development of the paragraph shall be properly subordinated. The question of long or short paragraphs must be determined largely by the capacity of the reader. If he lacks the power of grasping large and complicated wholes, the tendency of the paragraphs had better be towards shortness; if, on the other hand, the readers have this power, the paragraphs may with advantage be much longer, for such a reader would probably find short paragraphs jerky, confusing, and ineffective.

MEANS OF AMPLIFICATION

The third matter we shall consider in connection with the study of principles of structure is that of amplification, or the adequate development of the subject. In order for an idea to be clearly understood it is necessary for it to have *body*. "Time must be given," says De Quincey, "for the intellect to eddy about a truth, and to appropriate its bearings. There is a sort of previous lubrication, such as the boa-constrictor applies to any subject of digestion, which is requisite to familiarize the mind with a startling or complex novelty." [1] It is therefore upon appropriate development that we must depend if our thought is to fulfill

[1] *Essay on Style*, Part I.

its destined mission in the reader's mind. It is of course impossible to indicate all methods of development. Mention therefore will only be made of that method of amplification most helpful in expository writing—reducing generals to particulars.

As we have seen, exposition deals largely with the abstract and the general. The full meaning of the general and the abstract is usually not clear, and clearness is the *sine qua non* of expository writing. Hence the writer must take pains to avoid excessive abstraction by giving the specific details upon which his generalizations are based. General facts must be amplified by enumeration of particulars enough to make conclusive ground for the assertion of it; general principles must be amplified by instances and examples in order to make clear the character of them. It is a good rule for expository writing, and one that the young writer will do well to adopt literally, to follow every general statement with particulars and details, with specific examples or concrete illustrations, or comparisons and analogies with what is known and familiar. "Abstractions produce little or no effect until translated into concrete terms," says Lamont. "If the writer does not translate them the reader must; and this task makes hard reading." [1] Concreteness, therefore, is very important in expository writing both for clearness and interest.

We have seen how on the structural side successful exposition is dependent upon careful selection of material, its clear arrangement, and adequate amplification. We must now turn to details of expression, or, as it is commonly called, style. The term style refers to two distinct things—first, the choice of suitable words, and second, the best method of combining and arranging these words into such larger elements of composition as phrases, clauses, and sentences.[2]

[1] *Specimens of Exposition*, p. 20.

[2] Since so many matters of style relate to general composition, only a few important principles bearing directly upon success in expository writing are

CHOICE OF WORDS

Since the fundamental aim in expository writing is that the writer shall make himself clear to the reader with the least possible extra effort on the latter's part,[1] the primary requisite of style is therefore clearness or lucidity. "Lucidity—*lucidity,* that is the word, clear as the open daylight from beginning to end. Unless the idea is as plain and palpable, as real in the print as are the trees in the field or the men in the street, the work is faulty" —so writes the naturalist, John Burroughs.[2]

Such clearness is largely dependent upon the accurate choice of words. "Obviously good English is exact English," says Professor Palmer. . . . "The first business of every man who would train himself in language is to articulate his thought, to know definitely what he wishes to say, and then to pick those words which compel the hearer to think of this and only this."[3] Huxley also urges clearness of expression, saying, "I have learned to spare no labour upon the process of acquiring clear ideas—to think nothing of writing a page four or five times over if nothing else will bring the words which express all I mean and nothing more than I mean."

In seeking accuracy of expression the writer of exposition must be on his guard especially against the ambiguity of general terms. The nature of exposition makes such words necessary enough to the discussion, but it is well to use them only after they have been so defined as to place specific limitations upon them. The danger to loose use which lurks in such general words as *function, development, democratic, classical, species,* and the

considered in this Introduction. The student who wishes further information should seek it in some standard rhetoric.

[1] This statement is based upon Spencer's principle of economy of attention. The student should seek fuller acquaintance with this important principle by reading the *Essay on Style.*

[2] Bainton, *Art of Authorship,* p. 234.

[3] *Self-Cultivation in English,* p. 12.

like may be avoided by fixing them by definitions which answer the following tests: 1. Does it cover all the specific facts for which it is used? 2. Does it exclude all other facts? and 3. Does it in itself contain terms which cannot be understood by any rational reader? [1]

"In practice use general terms in exposition when they will sum up a long process of thought in a single phrase, and will make your reader see the subject swiftly and immediately; but in using them remember always that they are treacherous; that they carry so many ulterior implications both of thought and feeling, that you yourself may be led astray in using them; and, moreover, that they put you at the mercy of careless readers"—such is the advice of Professor Gardiner in regard to general terms.[2]

TECHNICAL TERMS

Accuracy of expression is often gained by the use of technical terms. Technical terms, having less vagueness than general or popular terms, are more exact and definite in their logical meaning—their denotation, as it is called in rhetoric. To use technical terms is entirely permissible—it is even more economical ordinarily, in writing intended to be read by experts and specialists. But in writing intended for general readers, they should be used cautiously. Under such conditions their use should be regulated by the following principles:

"In technical writing, technical forms should be used as freely as the subject permits, but it should be remembered that while a technical term has for those familiar with it an exact and definite meaning, it has no meaning at all, or a meaning which is incomplete and inexact for those to whom it has not been defined. Consequently the writer *needs to define every technical term* which he does not feel safe in assuming the reader already

[1] Adapted from Gardiner's *The Forms of Prose Literature*, p. 50.
[2] *The Forms of Prose Literature*, p. 51.

knows in its exact usage. The success of a writer on a technical subject depends largely upon the skill he shows in deciding what terms he may use without definition, and in defining all others." [1]

Conciseness is another quality to be sought in the selection of words. "The fewer the words the more pungent the expression. Brevity is the soul not simply of a jest, but of wit in its finest sense where it is identical with wisdom." [2] Unnecessary fullness of expression makes it harder for the reader to get the writer's meaning, either because too many words in proportion to the ideas destroy interest and lull the attention to sleep, or because too many ideas distract and confuse the reader. Occasionally fullness of expression may be dictated by the necessity of keeping a thought a little longer before the reader's mind, and thus preventing him from hurrying on to the next while this one was imperfectly understood, but, on the whole, Huxley was not far wrong in regarding "verbosity as the deadliest and most degrading of literary sins."

One frequent cause of unnecessary words is the careless adoption of sentence structure which is faulty or which entails the use of needless circumlocutions. If the student forms the habit of writing no part of a sentence in its final form until the whole has been framed in his mind, and of choosing always the simplest construction that will express the facts, he will not only guard himself from the use of unnecessary words, but also improve in other ways the structure of his sentences.

STRUCTURE OF SENTENCES

The closing statement of the preceding paragraph naturally brings us to a discussion of the sentence and its structure in clear and economical expression. The first rule of the sentence is that

[1] Earle, *The Theory and Practice of Technical Writing*, p. 206.
[2] Palmer, *Self-Cultivation in English*, p. 13.

it should express a thought which is felt as a whole. However long or complex the sentence may be, it will embody but one central thought. We may analyze it and discover coördinate and subordinate ideas, but what makes it a good sentence is the fact that taken together it is a unit. No arbitrary rules can be laid down with regard to the length or complexity of sentences. Provided the writer can make the sentence convey to the reader an impression of oneness, he has complied with all requirements. As Sir Arthur Helps has said, "The style that deals in long sentences or short sentences . . . is a bad style." So far as unity is concerned it is unnecessary to distinguish between the two kinds. A very long and loose sentence may be so constructed as to embody one definite and rounded conception. A moderately short sentence may make upon the reader only a vague and confused impression. Almost the only practical rules for sentence making are Bain's, "Choose the larger breaks in sense"; and Minto's, "Beware of distracting from the effect of the main statement by particulars not immediately relevant."

A common cause of poor sentences is the writer's failure to indicate the proper subordination of the several related ideas. Generally this arises from the overuse of coördinating conjunctions and the consequent frequency of the compound type of sentence. By taking advantage of the plentiful supply of devices in English for indicating various shades of relationship, the writer can convert these improper compound sentences into complex sentences that really represent the relationship of the thoughts grouped together and which makes a stronger impression of unity.

Sentences are made clear by giving the most important parts the emphatic positions. The beginning of the sentence is a place of emphasis and should be occupied by an important idea. But the conclusion is an even more emphatic position, because the close of the sentence is the point where the reader grasps the

meaning of what he reads completely. Bain well describes the principle of sentence emphasis as follows: "As, in an army on the march, the fighting columns are placed front and rear, and the baggage in the centre, so the emphatic parts of a sentence should be found either in the beginning or in the end, subordinate and matter of fact expressions in the middle." By its structure the periodic sentence tends to concentrate emphasis properly, and its use should therefore be cultivated but not to the extent of giving an air of unnaturalness to one's style.

Variety in the structure of the sentence is another important matter. We find in the best writers a constant variation which secures the important aid of novelty. The reader's attention is aroused at every turn by some new arrangement of clause, different length or complexity of sentence, change in the places of stress, and the like. A brief, simple, direct sentence will be followed by a slightly more complex one, and this by another in which involution of subordinate clauses is carried to considerable degree. It is important to note that when this variety is at its best it is not a mere haphazard avoidance of monotony, but a variety in unity. The differences between the various elements of the successive sentences find their explanation in differences in the writer's process of thought. One sentence is longer or shorter than another because the thought demands that it should be.

SINCERITY THE CARDINAL QUALITY OF STYLE

Since the rounded and idealized thought of sentence, paragraph, and whole exposition is individual, that is, it is nothing but the writer's mind acting in a certain definite way, it follows that fundamentally style is the expression of personality. The word style is sometimes used in a narrower sense than this, as an equivalent for a manner of expression independent of the subject-matter. But in such a sense, the writer of exposition has

little use for the cultivation of style. In the best writing expression and thought are not to be divided. It is not until we see a personality looming up behind or in the lines of a piece of writing—in poem, essay, scientific exposition, technical treatise, or what not—that we can assert that it has any style at all. When the warm living personality of the writer emerges from his writing with such vividness and inevitableness that we are not made aware of the means by which it is brought to our attention, then we have style in its primary and ultimate meaning. In such a use of the word it is true as Professor Gardiner says, that "the power of pure style is not to be neglected by anyone who is writing an exposition." [1]

Writing that is the expression of the writer's personality possesses the desirable quality of sincerity. "In all sincere speech there is power, not necessarily great power, but as much as the speaker is capable of. Speak for yourself and from yourself or be silent. It can be of no good that you should tell in your 'clever' feeble way what another has already told us with the dynamic energy of conviction. If you can tell us something that your own eyes have seen, your own mind has thought, your own heart has felt, you will have power over us, and all the real power that is possible for you. If what you have seen is trivial, if what you have thought is erroneous, if what you have felt is feeble, it would assuredly be better that you should not speak at all; but if you insist of speaking Sincerity will secure the uttermost of power." [2]

The writer's duty always to be sincere is thus put by Walter Pater, one of the most finished writers of English prose in the nineteenth century. "It would take me a long time to formulate the rules, conscious or unconscious, which I have followed in my humble way in my writing. I think they would one and all

[1] *The Forms of Prose Literature*, p. 58.
[2] Lewes, *Principles of Success in Literature*, edited by F. N. Scott, p. 91.

be reducible to *truthfulness*—truthfulness, I mean, to one's own inward view of impression. It seems to me that all the excellencies of composition, clearness, subtlety, beauty, freedom, severity, and any other there may be, depend upon the exact propriety with which language follows or shapes itself to the consciousness within. True and good elaboration of style would, in this way, come to be the elaboration, the articulation to oneself of one's own meaning, one's real condition of mind. I suppose this is the true significance of that often quoted saying, that style is the man." [1]

The whole doctrine of style may, in concluding, be summed up briefly in the words of Professor John Earle, "He who would write with anything worthy to be called style must first grow thoughts which are worth communicating, and then he must deliver them in his own natural language." [2]

[1] Bainton, *Art of Authorship*, p. 293.
[2] *Modern English Prose*, p. 347.

PART ONE

FUNDAMENTALS OF GOOD WRITING

CONTRIVING AN ORDERLY AND FITLY JOINED TOGETHER WHOLE

THE IMPORTANCE OF DUST[1]

Alfred Russel Wallace

The majority of persons, if asked what were the uses of dust, would reply that they did not know it had any, but they were sure it was a great nuisance. It is true that dust, in our towns and in our houses is often not only a nuisance, but a serious source of disease; while in many countries it produces ophthalmia, often resulting in total blindness. Dust, however, as it is usually perceived by us, is, like dirt, only matter in the wrong place, and whatever injurious or disagreeable effects it produces are largely due to our own dealings with nature. So soon as we dispense with horse-power and adopt purely mechanical means of traction and conveyance, we can almost wholly abolish disease-bearing dust from our streets, and ultimately from all our highways; while another kind of dust, that caused by the imperfect combustion of coal, may be got rid of with equal facility so soon as we consider pure air, sunlight, and natural beauty to be of more importance to the population as a whole than are the prejudices or the vested interests of those who produce the smoke.

But though we can thus minimize the dangers and the inconveniences arising from the grosser forms of dust, we cannot wholly abolish it; and it is, indeed, fortunate we cannot do so,

[1] From *The Wonderful Century* (Dodd, Mead and Company). Reprinted by permission.

since it has now been discovered that it is to the presence of dust we owe much of the beauty, and perhaps even the very habitability, of the earth we live upon. Few of the fairy tales of science are more marvelous than these recent discoveries as to the varied effects and important uses of dust in the economy of nature.

The question why the sky and the deep ocean are both blue did not much concern the earlier physicists. It was thought to be the natural color of pure air and water, so pale as not to be visible when small quantities were seen, and only exhibiting its true tint when we looked through great depths of atmosphere or of organic water. But this theory did not explain the familiar facts of the gorgeous tints seen at sunset and sunrise, not only in the atmosphere and on the clouds near the horizon, but also in equally resplendent hues when the invisible sun shines upon Alpine peaks and snowfields. A true theory should explain all these colors, which comprise almost every tint of the rainbow.

The explanation was found through experiments on the visibility or non-visibility of air, which were made by the late Professor Tyndall about the year 1868. Everyone has seen the floating dust in a sunbeam when sunshine enters a partially darkened room; but it is not generally known that if there was absolutely no dust in the air the path of the sunbeam would be totally black and invisible, while if only very little dust was present in very minute particles the air would be as blue as a summer sky.

This was proved by passing a ray of electric light lengthways through a long glass cylinder filled with air of varying degrees of purity as regards dust. In the air of an ordinary room, however clean and well ventilated, the interior of the cylinder appears brilliantly illuminated. But if the cylinder is exhausted and then filled with air which has passed slowly through a fine gauze of intensely heated platinum wire, so as to burn up all

the floating dust particles, which are mainly organic, the light will pass through the cylinder without illuminating the interior, which, viewed laterally, will appear as if filled with a dense black cloud. If, now, more air is passed into the cylinder through the heated gauze, but so rapidly that the dust particles are not wholly consumed, a slight blue haze will begin to appear, which will gradually become a pure blue, equal to that of a summer sky. If more and more dust particles are allowed to enter, the blue becomes paler, and gradually changes to the colorless illumination of the ordinary air.

The explanation of these phenomena is that the number of dust particles in ordinary air is so great that they reflect abundance of light of all wave-lengths, and thus cause the interior of the vessel containing them to appear illuminated with white light. The air which has passed slowly over white-hot platinum has had the dust particles destroyed, thus showing that they were almost wholly of organic origin, which is also indicated by their extreme lightness, causing them to float permanently in the atmosphere. The dust being thus got rid of, and pure air being entirely transparent, there is nothing in the cylinder to reflect the light which is sent through its center in a beam of parallel rays, so that none of it strikes against the sides; hence the inside of the cylinder appears absolutely dark. But when all the larger dust particles are wholly or partially burnt, so that only the very smallest fragments remain, a blue light appears, because these are so minute as to reflect chiefly the more refrangible rays, which are of shorter wave-length—those at the blue end of the spectrum, which are thus scattered in all directions, while the red and yellow rays pass straight on as before.

We have seen that the air near the earth's surface is full of rather coarse particles which reflect all the rays, and which therefore produce no one color. But higher up the particles necessarily become smaller and smaller, since the comparatively rare

atmosphere will only support the very smallest and lightest. These exist throughout a great thickness of air, perhaps from one mile to ten miles high or even more, and blue or violet rays being reflected from the innumerable particles in this great mass of air, which is nearly uniform in all parts of the world as regards the presence of minute dust particles, produces the constant and nearly uniform tint we call sky-blue. A certain amount of white or yellow light is no doubt reflected from the coarser dust in the lower atmosphere, and slightly dilutes the blue and renders it not quite so deep and pure as it otherwise would be. This is shown by the increasing depth of the sky-color when seen from the tops of lofty mountains, while from the still greater heights attained in balloons the sky appears of a blue-black color, the blue reflected from the comparatively small amount of dust particles being seen against the intense black of stellar space. It is for the same reason that the "Italian skies" are of so rich a blue, because the Mediterranean Sea on one side and the snowy Alps on the other do not furnish so large a quantity of atmospheric dust in the lower strata of air as in less favorably situated countries, thus leaving the blue reflected by the more uniformly distributed fine dust of the higher strata undiluted. But these Mediterranean skies are surpassed by those of the central Pacific Ocean, where, owing to the small area of land, the lower atmosphere is more free from coarse dust than any other part of the world.

If we look at the sky on a perfectly fine summer's day, we shall find that the blue color is the most pure and intense overhead, and when looking high up in a direction opposite to the sun. Near the horizon it is always less bright, while in the region immediately round the sun it is more or less yellow. The reason of this is that near the horizon we look through a very great thickness of the lower atmosphere, which is full of the larger dust particles reflecting white light, and this dilutes

the pure blue of the higher atmosphere seen beyond. And in the vicinity of the sun a good deal of the blue light is reflected back into space by the finer dust, thus giving a yellowish tinge to that which reaches us reflected chiefly from the coarse dust of the lower atmosphere. At sunset and sunrise, however, this last effect is greatly intensified, owing to the great thickness of the strata of air through which the light reaches us. The enormous amount of this dust is well shown by the fact that then only, we can look full at the sun, even when the whole sky is free from clouds and there is no apparent mist. But the sun's rays then reach us after having passed, first, through an enormous thickness of the higher strata of the air, the minute dust of which reflects most of the blue rays away from us, leaving the complementary yellow light to pass on. Then, the somewhat coarser dust reflects the green rays, leaving a more orange colored light to pass on; and finally some of the yellow is reflected, leaving almost pure red. But owing to the constant presence of air currents, arranging both the dust and vapor in strata of varying extent and density, and of high or low clouds, which both absorb and reflect the light in varying degrees, we see produced all those wondrous combinations of tints and those gorgeous ever-changing colors, which are a constant source of admiration and delight to all who have the advantage of an uninterrupted view to the west, and who are accustomed to watch for these not unfrequent exhibitions of nature's kaleidoscopic color-painting. With every change in the altitude of the sun the display changes its character; and most of all when it has sunk below the horizon, and, owing to the more favorable angles, a larger quantity of the colored light is reflected toward us. Especially when there is a certain amount of cloud is this the case. These, so long as the sun was above the horizon, intercepted much of the light and color; but, when the great luminary has passed away from our direct vision, his light shines more directly

on the under sides of all the clouds and air strata of different densities; a new and more brilliant light flushes the western sky, and a display of gorgeous ever-changing tints occurs which are at once the delight of the beholder and the despair of the artist. And all this unsurpassable glory we owe to—dust!

A remarkable confirmation of this theory was given during the two or three years after the great eruption of Krakatoa, near Java. The volcanic *débris* was shot up from the crater many miles high, and the heavier portion of it fell upon the sea for several hundred miles around, and was found to be mainly composed of very thin flakes of volcanic glass. Much of this was of course ground to impalpable dust by the violence of the discharge, and was carried up to a height of many miles. Here it was caught by the return current of air continually flowing northward and southward above the equatorial zone; and as these currents reached the temperate zone where the surface rotation of the earth is less rapid they continually flowed eastward, and the fine dust was thus carried at a great altitude completely round the earth. Its effects were traced some months after the eruption in the appearance of brilliant sunset glows of an exceptional character, often flushing with crimson the whole western half of the visible sky. These glows continued in diminishing splendor for about three years, they were seen all over the temperate zone, and it was calculated that, before they finally disappeared, some of this fine dust must have traveled three times round the globe.

The same principle is thought to explain the exquisite blue color of the deep seas and oceans and of many lakes and springs. Absolutely pure water, like pure air, is colorless, but all seas and lakes, however clear and translucent, contain abundance of very finely divided matter, organic or inorganic, which, as in the atmosphere, reflects the blue rays in such quantity as to over-

power the white or colored light reflected from the fewer and more rapidly sinking particles of larger size. The oceanic dust is derived from many sources. Minute organisms are constantly dying near the surface, and their skeletons, or fragments of them, fall slowly to the bottom. The mud brought down by rivers, though it cannot be traced on the ocean floor more than about 150 miles from land, yet no doubt furnishes many particles of organic matter which are carried by surface currents to enormous distances and are ultimately dissolved before they reach the bottom. A more important source of finely divided matter is to be found in volcanic dust which, as in the case of Krakatoa, may remain for years in the atmosphere, but which must ultimately fall upon the surface of the earth and ocean. This can be traced in all the deep-sea oozes. Finally there is meteoric dust, which is continually falling to the surface of the earth, but in such minute quantities and in such a finely-divided state that it can only be detected in the oozes of the deepest oceans, where both inorganic and organic *débris* is almost absent.

The blue of the ocean varies in different parts from a pure blue somewhat lighter than that of the sky, as seen about the northern tropic in the Atlantic, to a deep indigo tint, as seen in the north temperate portions of the same ocean; due, probably, to differences in the nature, quantity, and distribution of the solid matter which causes the color. The Mediterranean, and the deeper Swiss lakes are also blue of various tints, due also to the presence of suspended matter, which Professor Tyndall thought might be so fine that it would require ages of quiet subsidence to reach the bottom. All the evidence goes to show, therefore, that the exquisite blue tints of sky and ocean, as well as all the sunset hues of sky and cloud, of mountain peak and alpine snows, are due to the finer particles of that very dust which, in its coarser forms, we find so annoying and even dangerous.

But if this production of color and beauty were the only useful function of dust, some persons might be disposed to dispense with it in order to escape its less agreeable effects. It has, however, been recently discovered that dust has another part to play in nature; a part so important that it is doubtful whether we could even live without it. To the presence of dust in the higher atmosphere we owe the formation of mists, clouds, and gentle beneficial rains, instead of waterspouts and destructive torrents.

It is barely twenty years ago since the discovery was made, first in France by Coulier and Mascart, but more thoroughly worked out by Mr. John Aitken in 1880. He found that if a jet of steam is admitted into two large glass receivers,—one filled with ordinary air, the other with air which has been filtered through cotton wool so as to keep back all particles of solid matter,—the first will be instantly filled with condensed vapor in the usual cloudy form, while the other vessel will remain quite transparent. Another experiment was made, more nearly reproducing what occurs in nature. Some water was placed in the two vessels prepared as before. When the water had evaporated sufficiently to saturate the air the vessels were slightly cooled, when a dense cloud was at once formed in the one while the other remained quite clear. These experiments, and many others, showed that the mere cooling of vapor in air will not condense it into mist clouds or rain, unless *particles of solid matter* are present to form *nuclei* upon which condensation can begin. The density of the cloud is proportionate to the number of the particles; hence the fact that the steam issuing from the safety-valve or the chimney of a locomotive forms a dense white cloud shows that the air is really full of dust particles, most of which are microscopic but none the less serving as centers of condensation for the vapor. Hence, if there were no dust in the air, escaping steam would remain invisible; there would be no clouds in the sky; and the vapor in the atmosphere, constantly accumulating

through evaporation from seas and oceans and from the earth's surface, would have to find some other means of returning to its source.

One of these modes would be the deposition of dew, which is itself an illustration of the principle that vapor requires solid or liquid surfaces to condense upon; hence dew forms more readily and more abundantly on grass, on account of the numerous centers of condensation it affords. Dew, however, is now formed only on clear cold nights after warm or moist days. The air near the surface is warm and contains much vapor, though below the point of saturation. But the innumerable points and extensive surfaces of grass radiate heat quickly, and becoming cool, lower the temperature of the adjacent air, which then reaches saturation point and condenses the contained vapor on the grass. Hence, if the atmosphere at the earth's surface became supersaturated with aqueous vapor, dew would be continuously deposited, especially on every form of vegetation, the result being that everything, including our clothing, would be constantly dripping wet. If there were absolutely no particles of solid matter in the upper atmosphere, all the moisture would be returned to the earth in the form of dense mists, and frequent and copious dews, which in forests would form torrents of rain by the rapid condensation on the leaves. But if we suppose that solid particles were occasionally carried higher up through violent winds or tornadoes, then on those occasions the super-saturated atmosphere would condense rapidly upon them, and while falling would gather almost all the moisture in the atmosphere in that locality, resulting in masses or sheets of water, which would be so ruinously destructive by the mere weight and impetus of their fall that it is doubtful whether they would not render the earth almost wholly uninhabitable.

The chief mode of discharging the atmospheric vapor in the absence of dust would, however, be by contact with the higher

slopes of all mountain ranges. Atmospheric vapor, being lighter than air, would accumulate in enormous quantities in the upper strata of the atmosphere, which would be always super-saturated and ready to condense upon any solid or liquid surfaces. But the quantity of land comprised in the upper half of all the mountains of the world is a very small fraction of the total surface of the globe, and this would lead to very disastrous results. The air in contact with the higher mountain slopes would rapidly discharge its water, which would run down the mountain sides in torrents. This condensation on every side of the mountains would leave a partial vacuum which would set up currents from every direction to restore the equilibrium, thus bringing in more super-saturated air to suffer condensation and add its supply of water, again increasing the in-draught of more air. The result would be that winds would be constantly blowing toward every mountain range from all directions, keeping up the condensation and discharging, day and night and from one year's end to another, an amount of water equal to that which falls during the heaviest tropical rains. The whole of the rain that now falls over the whole surface of the earth and ocean, with the exception of a few desert areas, would then fall only on rather high mountains or steep isolated hills, tearing down their sides in huge torrents, cutting deep ravines, and rendering all growth of vegetation impossible. The mountains would therefore be so devastated as to be uninhabitable, and would be equally incapable of supporting either vegetable or animal life.

But this constant condensation on the mountains would probably check the deposit on the lowlands in the form of dew, because the continual up-draught toward the higher slopes would withdraw almost the whole of the vapor as it rose from the oceans and other water-surfaces, and thus leave the lower strata over the plains almost or quite dry. And if this were the case

there would be no vegetation, and therefore no animal life, on the plains and lowlands, which would thus be all arid deserts cut through by the great rivers formed by the meeting together of the innumerable torrents from the mountains.

Now, although it may not be possible to determine with perfect accuracy what would happen under the supposed condition of the atmosphere, it is certain that the total absence of dust would so fundamentally change the meteorology of our globe as, not improbably, to render it uninhabitable by man, and equally unsuitable for the larger portion of its existing animal and vegetable life.

Let us now briefly summarize what we owe to the universality of dust, and especially to that most finely divided portion of it which is constantly present in the atmosphere up to the height of many miles. First of all it gives us the pure blue of the sky, one of the most exquisitely beautiful colors in nature. It gives us also the glories of the sunset and the sunrise, and all those brilliant hues seen in high mountain regions. Half the beauty of the world would vanish with the absence of dust. But, what is far more important than the color of sky and beauty of sunset, dust gives us also diffused daylight, or skylight, that most equable, and soothing, and useful, of all illuminating agencies. Without dust the sky would appear absolutely black, and the stars would be visible even at noonday. The sky itself would therefore give us no light. We should have bright glaring sunlight or intensely dark shadows, with hardly any half-tones. From this cause alone the world would be so totally different from what it is that all vegetable and animal life would probably have developed into very different forms, and even our own organization would have been modified in order that we might enjoy life in a world of such harsh and violent contrasts.

In our houses we should have little light except when the sun shone directly into them, and even then every spot out of its

direct rays would be completely dark, except for light reflected from the walls. It would be necessary to have windows all round and the walls all white; and on the north side of every house a high white wall would have to be built to reflect the light and prevent that side from being in total darkness. Even then we should have to live in a perpetual glare, or shut out the sun altogether and use artificial light as being a far superior article.

Much more important would be the effects of a dust-free atmosphere in banishing clouds, or mist, or the "gentle rain of heaven," and in giving us in their place perpetual sunshine, desert lowlands, and mountains devastated by unceasing floods and raging torrents, so as, apparently, to render life all on the earth impossible.

There are a few other phenomena, apparently due to the same general causes, which may be referred to. Everyone must have noticed the difference in atmospheric effects and general character of the light in spring and autumn, at times when the days are of the same length, and consequently when the sun has the same altitude at corresponding hours. In spring we have a bluer sky and greater transparency of the atmosphere; in autumn, even on very fine days, there is always a kind of yellowish haze, resulting in a want of clearness in the air and purity of color in the sky. These phenomena are quite intelligible when we consider that during winter less dust is formed, and more is brought down to the earth by rain and snow, resulting in the transparent atmosphere of spring, while exactly opposite conditions during summer bring about the mellow autumnal light. Again, the well-known beneficial effects of rain on vegetation, as compared with any amount of artificial watering, though, no doubt, largely due to the minute quantity of ammonia which the rain brings down with it from the air, must yet be partly derived from the organic or mineral particles which serve as the nuclei of every raindrop, and which, being so minute, are more readily

dissolved in the soil and appropriated as nourishment by the roots of plants.

It will be observed that all these beneficial effects of dust are due to its presence in such quantities as are produced by natural causes, since both gentle showers as well as ample rains and deep blue skies are present throughout the vast equatorial forest districts, where dust-forming agencies seem to be at a minimum. But in all densely-populated countries there is an enormous artificial production of dust—from our ploughed fields, from our roads and streets, where dust is continually formed by the iron-shod hoofs of innumerable horses, but chiefly from our enormous combustion of fuel pouring into the air volumes of smoke charged with unconsumed particles of carbon. The superabundance of dust, probably many times greater than that which would be produced under the more natural conditions which prevailed when our country was more thinly populated, must almost certainly produce some effect on our climate; and the particular effect it seems calculated to produce is the increase of cloud and fog, but not necessarily any increase in rain.[1] Rain depends on the supply of aqueous vapor by evaporation; on temperature, which determines the dew point; and on changes in barometric pressure, which determine the winds. There is probably always and everywhere enough atmospheric dust to serve as centers of condensation at considerable altitudes, and thus to initiate rainfall when the other conditions are favorable; but the presence of increased quantities of dust at the lower levels must lead to the formation of clouds, although the minute water-vesicles cannot descend as rain, because, as they pass down into warmer and dryer strata of air, they are again evaporated.

Now, there is much evidence to show that there has been a considerable increase in the amount of cloud, and consequent

[1] What Wallace says on this point must be understood as applicable to England, the country of his residence.—EDITOR.

decrease in the amount of sunshine, in all parts of our country. It is an undoubted fact that in the Middle Ages England was a wine-producing country, and this implies more sunshine than we have now. Sunshine has a double effect, in heating the surface soil and thus causing more rapid growth, besides its direct effect in ripening the fruit. This is well seen in Canada, where notwithstanding a six months' winter of extreme severity, vines are grown as bushes in the open ground, and produce fruit equal to that of our ordinary greenhouses. Some years back one of our gardening periodicals obtained from gardeners of forty or fifty years' experience a body of facts clearly indicating a comparatively recent change in climate. It was stated that in many parts of the country, especially in the north, fruits were formerly grown successfully and of good quality in gardens where they cannot be grown now; and this occurred in places sufficiently removed from manufacturing centers to be unaffected by any direct deleterious influence of smoke. But an increase of cloud, and consequent diminution of sunshine, would produce just such a result; and this increase is almost certain to have occurred, owing to the enormously increased amount of dust thrown into the atmosphere as our country has become more densely populated, and especially owing to the vast increase of our smoke-producing manufactories. It seems highly probable, therefore, that to increase the wealth of our capitalist-manufacturers we are allowing the climate of our whole country to be greatly deteriorated in a way which diminishes both its productiveness and its beauty, thus injuriously affecting the enjoyment and the health of the whole population, since sunshine is itself an essential condition of healthy life. When this fact is thoroughly realized we shall surely put a stop to such reckless and wholly unnecessary production of injurious smoke and dust.

In conclusion, we find that the much-abused and all-pervading dust, which, when too freely produced, deteriorates our climate

and brings us dirt, discomfort, and even disease, is, nevertheless, under natural conditions, an essential portion of the economy of nature. It gives us much of the beauty of natural scenery as due to varying atmospheric effects of sky, and cloud, and sunset tints, and thus renders life more enjoyable; while, as an essential condition of diffused daylight and of moderate rainfalls combined in a dry atmosphere, it appears to be absolutely necessary for our existence upon the earth, perhaps even for the very development of terrestrial, as opposed to aquatic, life. The overwhelming importance of the small things, and even of the despised things, of our world has never, perhaps, been so strikingly brought home to us as in these investigations into the widespread and far-reaching beneficial influences of atmospheric dust.

THE SOCIAL VALUE OF THE COLLEGE-BRED [1]

William James

Of what use is a college training? We who have had it seldom hear the question raised—we might be a little nonplussed to answer it offhand. A certain amount of meditation has brought me to this as the pithiest reply which I myself can give: The best claim that a college education can possibly make on your respect, the best thing it can aspire to accomplish for you, is this: that it should *help you to know a good man when you see him*. This is as true of women's as of men's colleges; but that it is neither a joke nor a one-sided abstraction I shall now endeavor to show.

What talk do we commonly hear about the contrast between college education and the education which business or technical

[1] Reprinted by permission from *McClure's Magazine*, Vol. XXX, p. 419.

or professional schools confer? The college education is called higher because it is supposed to be so general and so disinterested. At the "schools" you get a relatively narrow practical skill, you are told, whereas the "colleges" give you the more liberal culture, the broader outlook, the historical perspective, the philosophic atmosphere, or something which phrases of that sort try to express. You are made into an efficient instrument for doing a definite thing, you hear, at the schools; but, apart from that, you may remain a crude and smoky kind of petroleum, incapable of spreading light. The universities and colleges, on the other hand, although they may leave you less efficient for this or that practical task, suffuse your whole mentality with something more important than skill. They redeem you, make you well-bred; they make "good company" of you mentally. If they find you with a naturally boorish or caddish mind, they cannot leave you so, as a technical school may leave you. This, at least, is pretended; this is what we hear among college-trained people when they compare their education with every other sort. Now, exactly how much does this signify?

It is certain, to begin with, that the narrowest trade or professional training does something more for a man than to make a skillful practical tool of him—it makes him also a judge of other men's skill. Whether his trade be pleading at the bar or surgery or plastering or plumbing, it develops a critical sense in him for that sort of occupation. He understands the difference between second-rate and first-rate work in his whole branch of industry; he gets to know a good job in his own line as soon as he sees it; and getting to know this in his own line, he gets a faint sense of what good work may mean anyhow, that may, if circumstances favor, spread into his judgments elsewhere. Sound work, clean work, finished work; feeble work, slack work, sham work—these words express an identical contrast in many different departments of activity. In so far forth, then, even the

humblest manual trade may beget in one a certain small degree of power to judge of good work generally.

Now, what is supposed to be the line of us who have the higher college training? Is there any broader line—since our education claims primarily not to be "narrow"—in which we also are made good judges between what is first-rate and what is second-rate only? What is especially taught in the colleges has long been known by the name of the "humanities," and these are often identified with Greek and Latin. But it is only as literatures, not as languages, that Greek and Latin have any general humanity-value; so that in a broad sense the humanities mean literature primarily, and in a still broader sense the study of masterpieces in almost any field of human endeavor. Literature keeps the primacy; for it not only *consists* of masterpieces, but is largely *about* masterpieces, being little more than an appreciative chronicle of human master-strokes, so far as it takes the form of criticism and history. You can give humanistic value to almost anything by teaching it historically. Geology, economics, mechanics, are humanities when taught with reference to the successive achievements of the geniuses to which these sciences owe their being. Not taught thus, literature remains grammar, art a catalogue, history a list of dates, and natural science a sheet of formulas and weights and measures.

The sifting of human creations!—nothing less than this is what we ought to mean by the humanities. Essentially this means biography; what our colleges should teach is, therefore, biographical history, that not of politics merely, but of anything and everything so far as human efforts and conquests are factors that have played their part. Studying in this way, we learn what types of activity have stood the test of time; we acquire standards of the excellent and durable. All our arts and sciences and institutions are but so many quests of perfection on the part of men; and when we see how diverse the types of excellence

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may be, how various the tests, how flexible the adaptations, we gain a richer sense of what the terms "better" and "worse" may signify in general. Our critical sensibilities grow both more acute and less fanatical. We sympathize with men's mistakes even in the act of penetrating them; we feel the pathos of lost causes and misguided epochs even while we applaud what overcame them.

Such words are vague and such ideas are inadequate, but their meaning is unmistakable. What the colleges—teaching humanities by examples which may be special, but which must be typical and pregnant—should at least try to give us, is a general sense of what, under various disguises, *superiority* has always signified and may still signify. The feeling for a good human job anywhere, the admiration of the really admirable, the disesteem of what is cheap and trashy and impermanent—this is what we call the critical sense, the sense for ideal values. It is the better part of what men know as wisdom. Some of us are wise in this way naturally and by genius; some of us never become so. But to have spent one's youth at college, in contact with the choice and rare and precious, and yet still to be a blind prig or vulgarian, unable to scent out human excellence or to divine it amid its accidents, to know it only when ticketed and labeled and forced on us by others, this indeed should be accounted the very calamity and shipwreck of a higher education.

The sense for human superiority ought, then, to be considered our line, as boring subways is the engineer's line and the surgeon's is appendicitis. Our colleges ought to have lit up in us a lasting relish for the better kind of man, a loss of appetite for mediocrities, and a disgust for cheapjacks. We ought to smell, as it were, the difference of quality in men and their proposals when we enter the world of affairs about us. Expertness in this might well atone for some of our awkwardness at accounts, for some of our ignorance of dynamos. The best claim we can

make for the higher education, the best single phrase in which we can tell what it ought to do for us, is, then, exactly what I said: it should enable us to *know a good man when we see him.*

That the phrase is anything but an empty epigram follows from the fact that if you ask in what line it is most important that a democracy like ours should have its sons and daughters skillful, you see that it is this line more than any other. "The people in their wisdom"—this is the kind of wisdom most needed by the people. Democracy is on its trial, and no one knows how it will stand the ordeal. Abounding about us are pessimistic prophets. Fickleness and violence used to be, but are no longer, the vices which they charge to democracy. What its critics now affirm is that its preferences are inveterately for the inferior. So it was in the beginning, they say, and so it will be world without end. Vulgarity enthroned and institutionalized, elbowing everything superior from the highway, this, they tell us, is our irremediable destiny; and the picture-papers of the European continent are already drawing Uncle Sam with the hog instead of the eagle for his heraldic emblem. The privileged aristocracies of the foretime, with all their iniquities, did at least preserve some taste for higher human quality and honor certain forms of refinement by their enduring traditions. But when democracy is sovereign, its doubters say, nobility will form a sort of invisible church, and sincerity and refinement, stripped of honor, precedence, and favor, will have to vegetate on sufferance in private corners. They will have no general influence. They will be harmless eccentricities.

Now, who can be absolutely certain that this may not be the career of democracy? Nothing future is quite secure; states enough have inwardly rotted; and democracy as a whole may undergo self-poisoning. But, on the other hand, democracy is a kind of religion, and we are bound not to admit its failure. Faiths and utopias are the noblest exercise of human reason,

and no one with a spark of reason in him will sit down fatalistically before the croaker's picture. The best of us are filled with the contrary vision of a democracy stumbling through every error till its institutions glow with justice and its customs shine with beauty. Our better men *shall* show the way and we *shall* follow them; so we are brought round again to the mission of the higher education in helping us to know the better kind of man whenever we see him.

The notion that a people can run itself and its affairs anonymously is now well known to be the silliest of absurdities. Mankind does nothing save through initiatives on the part of inventors, great or small, and imitation by the rest of us—these are the sole factors active in human progress. Individuals of genius show the way, and set the patterns, which common people then adopt and follow. *The rivalry of the patterns is the history of the world.* Our democratic problem thus is statable in ultra-simple terms: Who are the kind of men from whom our majorities shall take their cue? Whom shall they treat as rightful leaders? We and our leaders are the *x* and the *y* of the equation here; all other historic circumstances, be they economical, political, or intellectual, are only the background of occasion on which the living drama works itself out between us.

In this very simple way does the value of our educated class define itself: we more than others should be able to divine the worthier and better leaders. The terms here are monstrously simplified, of course, but such a bird's-eye view lets us immediately take our bearings. In our democracy, where everything else is so shifting, we alumni and alumnæ of the colleges are the only permanent presence that corresponds to the aristocracy in older countries. We have continuous traditions, as they have; our motto, too, is *noblesse oblige;* and, unlike them, we stand for ideal interests solely, for we have no corporate selfishness and wield no powers of corruption. We ought to have our own

class-consciousness. "Les intellectuels"! What prouder club-name could there be than this one, used ironically by the party of "red blood," the party of every stupid prejudice and passion, during the anti-Dreyfus craze, to satirize the men in France who still retained some critical sense and judgment! Critical sense, it has to be confessed, is not an exciting term, hardly a banner to carry in processions. Affections for old habit, currents of self-interest, and gales of passion are the forces that keep the human ship moving; and the pressure of the judicious pilot's hand upon the tiller is a relatively insignificant energy. But the affectations, passions, and interests are shifting, successive, and distraught; they blow in alternation while the pilot's hand is steadfast. He knows the compass, and, with all the leeways he is obliged to tack toward, he always makes some headway. A small force, if it never lets up, will accumulate effects more considerable than those of much greater forces if these work inconsistently. The ceaseless whisper of the more permanent ideals, the steady tug of truth and justice, give them but time, *must warp* the world in their direction.

This bird's-eye view of the general steering function of the college-bred amid the driftings of democracy ought to help us to a wider vision of what our colleges themselves should aim at. If we are to be the yeast-cake for democracy's dough, if we are to make it rise with culture's preferences, we must see to it that culture spreads broad sails. We must shake the old double reefs out of the canvas into the wind and sunshine, and let in every modern subject, sure that any subject will prove humanistic, if its setting be kept only wide enough.

Stevenson says somewhere to his reader: "You think you are just making this bargain, but you are really laying down a link in the policy of mankind." Well, your technical school should enable you to make your bargain splendidly; but your college should show you just the place of that kind of bargain—a pretty

poor place, possibly—in the whole policy of mankind. That is the kind of liberal outlook, of perspective, of atmosphere, which should surround every subject as a college deals with it.

We of the colleges must eradicate a curious notion which numbers of good people have about such ancient seats of learning as Harvard. To many ignorant outsiders, that name suggests little more than a kind of sterilized conceit and incapacity for being pleased. In Edith Wyatt's exquisite book of Chicago sketches called *Every One His Own Way,* there is a couple who stand for culture in the sense of exclusiveness, Richard Elliot and his feminine counterpart—feeble caricatures of mankind, unable to know any good thing when they see it, incapable of enjoyment unless a printed label gives them leave. Possibly this type of culture may exist near Cambridge and Boston, there may be specimens there, for priggishness is just like painter's colic or any other trade-disease. But every good college makes its students immune against this malady, of which the microbe haunts the neighborhood-printed pages. It does so by its general tone being too hearty for the microbe's life. Real culture lives by sympathies and admirations, not by dislikes and disdains—under all misleading wrappings it pounces unerringly upon the human core. If a college, through the inferior human influences that have grown regnant there, fails to catch the robuster tone, its failure is colossal, for its social function stops: democracy gives it a wide berth, turns toward it a deaf ear.

"Tone," to be sure, is a terribly vague word to use, but there is no other, and this whole meditation is over questions of tone. By their tone are all things human either lost or saved. If democracy is to be saved it must catch the higher, healthier tone. If we are to impress it with our preferences, we ourselves must use the proper tone, which we, in turn, must have caught from our own teachers. It all reverts in the end to the action of innumerable imitative individuals upon each other and to

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the question of whose tone has the highest spreading power. As a class, we college graduates should look to it that *our* has spreading power. It ought to have the highest spreading power.

In our essential function of indicating the better men, we now have formidable competitors outside. *McClure's Magazine, The American Magazine, Collier's Weekly,* and, in its fashion, *The World's Work,* constitute together a real popular university along this very line. It would be a pity if any future historian were to have to write words like these: "By the middle of the twentieth century the higher institutions of learning had lost all influence over public opinion in the United States. But the mission of raising the tone of democracy, which they had proved themselves so lamentably unfitted to exert, was assumed with rare enthusiasm and prosecuted with extraordinary skill and success by a new educational power; and for the clarification of their human sympathies and elevation of their human preferences, the people at large acquired the habit of resorting exclusively to the guidance of certain private literary adventures, commonly designated in the market by the affectionate name of ten-cent magazines."

Must not we of the colleges see to it that no historian shall ever say anything like this? Vague as the phrase of knowing a good man when you see him may be, diffuse and indefinite as one must leave its application, is there any other formula that describes so well the result at which our institutions *ought* to aim? If they do that, they do the best thing conceivable. If they fail to do it, they fail in very deed. It surely is a fine synthetic formula. If our faculties and graduates could once collectively come to realize it as the great underlying purpose toward which they have always been more or less obscurely groping, a great clearness would be shed over many of their problems; and, as for their influence in the midst of our social system, it would embark upon a new career of strength.

COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS

One of the best statements of the ideal in a well-contrived piece of writing is from Pater. In his *Essay on Style* he describes it as being "that architectural conception of work which perceives the end in the beginning and never loses sight of it, and in every part is conscious of all the rest, till the last sentence does but, with undiminished vigor, unfold and justify the first."

Pater is simply saying that a composition is not a haphazard collection of ideas or observations, but rather an orderly and systematic presentation in which everything is carefully adjusted each to each and to the whole.

More than two thousand years before Pater, the Greek Plato had enunciated the same principle, making use of a striking metaphor in doing so. "Every discourse," so Plato expressed it, "ought to be a living creature, having a body of its own and a head and feet; there should be a middle, a beginning and end, adapted one to another and to the whole."

From this fundamental idea of the whole piece of writing as an orderly and fitly joined together whole are derived the various requirements the rhetorics advocate. For a survey of the principal ones, turn to pages 11-25 of the Introduction.

After reading at least one of the selections in the foregoing section, test its structural effectiveness by the following questions:

1. Did the writer apparently know, from the outset to the ending, what he was trying to do? Did he probably work with his subject vaguely in mind, or very definitely formulated? (The best evidence will be whether or not the selection can be summed up in a short, compactly made sentence.)

2. Does there seem to have been careful selection of material? Is there enough everywhere? Is there too little at any points?

3. In the final presentation, is there plain enough evidence of an orderly mind? (The test for this will be the readiness with which a rough but comprehensive outline of the principal ideas may be made. Take advantage of all hints from the writer as to structure.)

4. Does the order adopted seem the best for clearness and logic? (Here again the outline will serve as a test.)

5. Has the order of development been made evident by devices of transition and connection? Pick out the more important transitional phrases and sentences.

6. Are the important points displayed in a conspicuous or emphatic manner? Have the beginning and the end both been made to help in this respect?

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

1. Write a composition of 400 to 600 words on one of the following subjects or some other approved by your instructor. Define the point you wish to impress by writing in advance a short statement of it. After sifting your material until you have what is most suitable to your purpose, arrange it in what seems the best order. Decide about how much space you will give to each part of the discussion. Incorporate all this preliminary work into some sort of outline. Don't shy at advance outlining. It is an excellent precaution against wasted effort and helps as nothing else will to give firmness of structure to what you write. (1) The Importance of the Newspaper; (2) The Usefulness of a Track Team (or any other team or college organization); (3) Some of the Uses of Curiosity; (4) The Evils of Examinations; (5) Student Organizations as Means of Training in Leadership; (6) Essentials of a Good Shade Tree; (7) The Value of a Technical Education (or any other type of education); (8) The Economic Value of Birds; (9) The Value of a College Degree for Business Success; (10) Dangers of Success.

2. If you are the sort of student who feels himself sluggish-minded about writing and who takes refuge behind the plaint, "Oh, I can't write; I have nothing to say," then you had better take for your first attempt a special prescription. Turn to the discussion material in Part III, and read the two selections about travel. These should suggest three or four subjects suitable for a composition, and from among them you are likely to find one that is very appealing to you. If you apply a series of questions to yourself about this topic, you will soon

find material springing up in your mind. Write down what arises in your mind, and soon you will have a page full of notes that will be excellent raw material for a composition. There will still be necessity for arranging and systematizing, but that will not be irksome or dismaying once the material is collected and down on paper in black and white.

If a sense of your incompetence at writing is very great, you may perhaps find it wise, after you have read the two selections on travel, to undertake the elaboration of the outline given below. The questions accompanying each division of it are intended to help plow up your mind for material.

THE ADVANTAGES OF TRAVEL

I. Introduction.

Has there always been appreciation of the benefits of travel? Is there any century without its noted travelers, either its more adventurous ones, commonly called explorers, or the more ordinary ones, who are simply pioneers of trade and commerce? Cite several names under each head.

II. Travel, a Means of Education.

Look up Shakespeare's proverb in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (Act I, Scene I), "Homekeeping youths ever have homely wits." What was the Elizabethan attitude toward travel as a means of education? Did the idea continue its hold in later times? Consider the importance attached to the "grand tour" in the early nineteenth century. What does travel teach about geography? How does it contribute toward broadmindedness? Will it tend to remove national partisanship? In what ways will travel tend to strengthen a person's character? How can it stimulate patriotism?

III. Travel, a Source of Pleasure.

What will travel do for one's physical well-being? What towards taking one's mind off worries, grief, and the like? Will it store up for years to come impressions and experiences the recollection of which will be solace and a joy?

IV. Possible Drawbacks to Travel.

Is it possible to develop such zest for travel that one may lose a desire for steady employment? May it make the monotony of

daily duty irksome? Is there danger of the traveler unconsciously lowering his standard of right and wrong? May it make a person supercilious toward things in the home country?

V. How to Receive the Benefits of Travel.

For the best results, why should a traveler be a careful and accurate observer? Why should he cultivate sympathy and modesty? Why must be exercise tact and courtesy?

3. In acquiring a "sense of form," nothing is more valuable than the study of articles and essays analytically enough to discover the outline that gives them validity and pitch as effective pieces of writing. Use several of the subsequent selections in this book in this way, until you have acquired reasonable proficiency in such outlining.

PARAGRAPHING

MARK THE PERFECT CITIZEN![1]

Franklin H. Giddings

The perfect citizen demanded by our own age and by our own nation can be characterized in a single phrase. The American who is worthy to be so called, the patriot on whom his country may depend in hour of peril, the voter who will neither take the scoundrel's bribe nor follow the lead of any fool—he is exactly and fully described when we say that he is a *rationally conscientious man.*

For such a man is, first of all, everything for which the word "man" stands in its truest emphasis. He is virile, a personal force, an organism overflowing with splendid power, alert, fearless, able to carry to perfect fulfillment any undertaking to which he may put his hand. Moreover, he is independent, preserving in his disposition and habits the best traditions of a pioneer manhood, of those Americans of an earlier time who asked little and did much, who made homes and careers for themselves. He demands not too much of society or of his government. He does not expect to be provided for. He does not ask what readymade places in the government service or elsewhere he may slip into, to enjoy through life with little bother or anxiety. Rather does he explore, invent, and create opportunities for himself and for others. It is a melancholy thing when numbers of educated men go looking for "jobs" or stand waiting for opportunities to drift their way. The educated man has already had

[1] From *Democracy and Empire* (Macmillan Company). Reprinted by permission.

opportunity, and the world rightly expects him to show powers of initiative and leadership. He has no right to be a mere imitator of others; and when he is content to be such, there is something radically wrong either with him or with the college that has trained him.

In the second place, the true American is a conscientious man. He feels as a vital truth—and does not merely say as cant—that no one liveth to himself. When he has provided for his own, he does not think that he has accomplished the whole duty of man. He remembers that, although he has demanded little of society, he has in reality received much. Education, legal protection, the unnumbered benefits flowing from inventions, the sacrifices, and the patriotism of past generations, he has shared. These benefactions he wishes to repay, and he realizes that most of them he must pay for through the activities of good citizenship. And especially does he realize that no man can pay these debts by merely living justly in private life and kindly within the circle of his immediate family and personal friends. There is no more wretched sophistry than that which excuses unprincipled conduct in politics on the ground that the wrong-doer has always been a good husband and father, and an honorable man in his private affairs. No nation can endure which draws fine distinctions between public and private morality. There is only one kind of honor, there is only one recognized brand of common honesty. A man who, to serve his party, becomes a liar and a thief, *is* a liar and a thief, through and through, in every fiber of his being, though he never told a falsehood to his wife or robbed an orphan niece of her inheritance.

And, finally, the true American must be a rational man. His conscientiousness must not be of that narrow, dogmatic type which degenerates into mere formality or, what is worse, into intolerant fanaticism. We must not suppose that because the future of America is full of promise it is devoid of dangers.

Among the dangers that we have to face, none is more grave than that fanatical passion which too often manifests itself in lawless dealing with criminal offenders—in the name of justice destroying the very foundation of legal retribution—which now and then takes the form of a wild destruction of property in a misguided attempt to redress the wrongs of the working man, or which, from time to time, breaks forth in political crazes that sweep thousands of voters into the support of sheer folly and dishonor. To meet these dangers we must have men not only honest and manly, but also cool, deliberate, large-minded, able to deal reasonably with problems that are not easy of solution.

> "Not till the ways of prudence all are tried.
> And tried in vain, the turn of rashness comes."

But let us not be deceived by words. There is rationalism and rationalism. The rationalism which our country demands is the positive, not the merely negative and fault-finding kind. We have quite enough of men whose genius consists in an acute perception of all that is wrong or imperfect. We have quite enough of those critics of our political system who can find nothing good since the fathers fell asleep. The men of the new day must be of tougher fiber than they, of broader views, of more inventive mind. The efficient citizen of the twentieth century must be rational in a positive and constructive sense. A lover of justice, a hater of wrong, he must also be a disciple of wisdom.

"For to live disobedient to these two, Justice and Wisdom, is no life at all."

STYLE FROM SEVERAL ANGLES[1]

Brander Matthews

I

What I have ever striven for as a writer is not a style of my own, not the acquiring of a distinctive and individual way of expressing myself, but the attainment of clarity. A precious compliment was paid Macaulay when the proof-reader of his history told him that it had not been necessary to read any sentence twice to grasp its meaning. Of course this compliment is also a criticism, in its implication that Macaulay's thoughts were never so deep—or, if you please, so abstruse—as to demand concentrated effort for their apprehension.

The first duty of the writer is to make the path easy for the reader—to grade the right of way so that the train of thought, heavy or light as the load may be, shall go on its course without annoying applications of the emergency brake. It is as true in this twentieth century as it was in the eighteenth, when Sheridan said it, that "easy writing is cursed hard reading." It is true also that style, in its masterly manifestations—the soaring eloquence of Burke, for example, and the severe elevation of Newman—is the lofty privilege of the gifted only; and those of us who are not gifted cannot achieve it by taking thought. But there are lowlier virtues which the humblest of us may attain.

Clarity, for example, does not vaunt itself; but its value is inestimable; and it is within the reach of the least gifted. In fact, it can be had for the asking, or at least it can be bought with a price. It may demand infinite care, protracted training, hard labor—what matter, if it is worth what it costs? When the British bard flattered Washington Irving by the assertion that the

[1] From *The Independent.* Reprinted by permission.

American author had "added clarity to the English language," he must for the moment have forgotten Bunyan and Defoe. Swift and Franklin, whose meaning is always unerringly apprehensible. Even if the poet was complimenting a newcomer in the field of letters at the expense of certain of his forerunners, he was none the less emphasizing the value of the most obvious qualities of Irving's work. Behind and beneath the charm and the grace of Thackeray's writing, and of Howells' no less, there is an easy transparency by which their readers profit even if they fail to remark it.

The clarity of Irving and Thackeray and Howells is not so uncompromising as that of Macaulay. They do not argue with us; they only tell us; whereas Macaulay insists on driving home his points with repeated taps of the tack-hammer, and to avoid any possible confusion he does not shrink from the repetition of the essential words—a repetition which at times is almost tautology. Freeman said that he had learned from Macaulay "never to be afraid of using the same word or name over and over again, if by that means anything could be added to clearness or force." And in the same essay Freeman declared that "it is for others to judge whether I learned from Macaulay the art of being clear; I at least learned from him the art of trying to be clear."

The difference between Macaulay and Freeman is that between a brilliant cavalry charge—"marshaled battalions bright in burnished steel"—and the lumbering advance of a train of heavy artillery. It is a difference so wide that Freeman's style can scarcely be called a style; rather it is a stolid manner which fatigues far more quickly than Macaulay's rapidity. Stevenson plainly goes too far when he calls Macaulay "an incomparable dauber," and when he suggests that it was probably for a "barbaric love of repeating the same sound rather than from any design of clearness" that Macaulay "acquired his irritating habit

of repeating words." The artifice of Macaulay's antithesis and alliteration thrusts itself upon the reader's notice. Macaulay is not a dauber; he is an artist; but his brush-work is so bold that it obtrudes itself and he fails to conceal his art as well as he might. His is not "that exquisite something called style, which," so Lowell declared, "like the grace of perfect breeding, everywhere pervasive and nowhere emphatic, makes itself felt by the skill with which it effaces itself, and masters us at last with a sense of indefinable completeness."

II

Has Dr. Johnson a style? Or is his manner of writing only a mannerism, not natural to him, and deliberately adopted? Certainly it is everywhere emphatic and nowhere pervasive. Once upon a time, when Canon Farrar had captured the unthinking with the protruded rhetoric of his *Life of Christ,* a lady who was an enthusiastic admirer of his was taken into dinner by Dr. Thompson, the Master of Trinity. She sang Canon Farrar's praises, and at last she reached her climax: "And then, Master, Canon Farrar had so much taste!" To which the exasperated Dr. Thompson promptly retorted: "He did indeed, madam, and all of it is so bad!" That the style of the great lexicographer was all of it so bad was also the opinion of a later dictionary maker, Noah Webster, who declared in his *Dissertations* that "the benefit derived from his [Johnson's morality] and his erudition will hardly counterbalance the mischief done by his manner of writing."

Dr. Johnson's sesquipedalian ponderosity was imposed on him by his mistaken understanding of the demands of the dignity of literature. He did not talk as he wrote—nobody ever did; and this is the reason why he lives as a talker in Boswell's pages, while his own writings are now read by title only. Yet unattrac-

tive as he is in his works, with their persistent and insistent balance of polysyllabic noun with polysyllabic adjective, he is at least clear. We know what he means, and he makes us know it, even if we are not interested. He parades his machinery, but the wheels do go round, even if they revolve slowly.

I remember my mother's telling me that in her school days, now fourscore years ago, she had been taught that the opening sentence of *Rasselas* was esteemed the most beautiful in the language. Here is that sentence: "Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia."

Recalling the hatred the author of "Taxation No Tyranny" had for Americans, I feel that there is a certain piquancy in companioning this quotation from the most honored of British authors at the end of the eighteenth century with a quotation from an American author honored at the beginning of the twentieth century. After recording his pure bliss in the endeavor to transmute a German or Italian lyric into English verse, Howells went on to say that he sometimes thought there was "a finer pleasure in divining the subtle offices, the exquisite potentialities of prose. It is like walking in a fair country over a path that wanders at will among waving fields, beside rambling brooks, through shadowy woods and sunny openings, all under a blue sky; and the birds flute and trill on every side; and when you will them, the shy words come trooping, come flying, and settle in their chosen places as of their own accord, with no rhythmic compulsion and no metrical command. Prose, when it is perfected, will be as sweet as the talk of gracious-minded women, as simple and strong as the parlance of serious men; and it will not have to hide the art of its construction, for it will be

a thing born, not made, and will live from the pen as it lives from the lips."

If the thought in the opening sentence of *Rasselas* had occurred to Howells—and it is one of the eternal commonplaces which any essayist might find at the tip of his pen—with what delicate and delightful words would he have phrased it! And if Johnson had wanted to say what Howells has here uttered with his customary felicity, the burly Briton would have swathed it in cumbrous robes, whereby it would have lost its lightness and its ease, its grace and its charm. There would be no insuperable difficulty in turning Johnson's sentence into Macaulay, or Howells' into Thackeray; but Howells' lovely phrases refuse absolutely to be translated into Johnsonese.

This impossibility is what Walter Bagehot made plain when he asserted that "if you will endeavor to write an imitation of the thoughts of Swift in a copy of the style of Addison you will find that not only is it hard to write Addison's style, from its intrinsic excellence, but also that the more you approach to it the more you lose the thought of Swift; the eager passion of the meaning beats upon the mild drapery of the words."

Probably no two writers who were contemporaries had styles more sharply dissimilar than Cicero and Cæsar. Both of these Romans had sat at the feet of the Greeks, and had mastered the complex technique of Attic rhetoric; both had to deal with matters of state; and, while Cicero elaborated and decorated with unfailing certainty of effect, Cæsar willfully achieved a stark simplicity. Nobody has more aptly characterized Cicero's ornate method than Goumy in his posthumous essays on *Les Latins:* Cicero's is "an enchanting prose, which shows no effort nor tension nor shirking, as clear as the day, as harmonious as music, flowing with the full majesty of a great river, and as it flows rolling all the riches of a superb language." On the other hand, Cæsar's *Commentaries on the Gallic War* has the stern concision

of "a military report, sent back by a democratic general to the people from whom he derived his powers," as Mommsen put it; and Cicero called it a work of high value resembling "a beautiful antique statue, as stript of ornaments as that is of garments, and owing its beauty and its grace to its nudity."

No doubt Cicero could have attained bare directness had he so desired, and Cæsar could have been luxuriant; but each of them had an excellent reason for his choice. Cæsar was clear because he was simple, and Cicero was clear even if he was not simple. Either of them would have betrayed himself if he had tried to employ the method of the other; and it would be as unprofitable to transmogrify Cæsar into Ciceronian or Cicero into Cæsarese as to transfer the thought of Swift into the style of Addison. After all, style is the man; and when it is not the fruit of his own spirit it is illegitimate. It is then not good writing, it is only "fine writing." And fine writing is the abomination of desolation.

III

The fine writers who insist on tying pink bows to all their thoughts fell under the displeasure of Sir Philip Sidney more than three centuries ago; he said they were like the Indians, because they were "not content to wear earrings at the fit and natural place of the ears, but they will thrust jewels through their noses and lips because they will be sure to be fine."

As I copy this out I am reminded of a kindred figure of speech to be found in an uncollected essay of Henry James's, in which he says that Swinburne's style is "without measure, without discretion, without sense of what to take and what to leave; after a few pages, it becomes intolerably fatiguing" because "it is always listening to itself—always turning its head over its shoulders to see its train flowing behind it. The train shimmers and tumbles in a very gorgeous fashion, but the rustle of its embroidery is

fatally importunate." And in another of his discarded criticisms he expressed his deep admiration for George Eliot's "perfect solid prose; brilliant and lax as it was in tissue, it seemed to contain very few of the silken threads of poetry; it lay on the ground like a carpet, instead of floating in the air like a banner."

Here James's own style displays its silken threads, and has the immitigable clarity which is ever the essential element of perfect solid prose—the very element which disappears in his later works, wherein we grope in a distilled darkness with never a thread, silken or hempen, to guide us out of the labyrinth. The early James seems to have been a fairly simple creature, whereas the later James was the most complicated of mortal men. Again style is the man himself. How can it ever be anything else and still be sincere? And the puzzle remains that a writer who had mastered modern French literature, who followed in the footsteps of Turgenev, and who appreciated the sturdy vigor of Maupassant, an American who had lovingly but disinterestedly appreciated Hawthorne, could ever have been tempted to the raveling of hesitating convolutions. In his *Recollections* Lord Morley records George Meredith's assertion that some pages in Charlotte Brontë's *Villette* and some in Hawthorne's *Marble Faun* are "the highwater mark of English prose in our time."

Hawthorne and Charlotte Brontë are a strange couple; and yet their respective styles have this in common—that they obey what Havelock Ellis has called "the lay of the logic of thought." And the shrewd British critic declared that "all the conventional rules of the construction of speech may be put aside if a writer is hereby enabled to follow more closely the form and process of his thought. It is the law of that logic that he must forever follow, and in attaining it alone find rest. . . . The simple and naked beauty of Swift's style, sometimes so keen and poignant, rests absolutely on this truth to the logic of thought." And here

we discover another reason why Swift cannot be translated into Addisonian.

It may be doubted whether Swift or Addison, Charlotte Brontë or Hawthorne, ever worried their heads about style. They sought clarity and directness and simplicity. They seemed to have recognized that style is a little like happiness in that it is likely to evade those who seek it too strenuously or too openly. Certainly they did not wrestle with the angel of the Lord as Carlyle did, panting with the fierce exertion. It would be amusing if we could have Swift's or Hawthorne's opinion of the hectic rhetoric of Ruskin and of the epicene fastidiousness of Pater.

Not only do the masters of style write with an apparently effortless ease, but they have often had to wait for the full recognition of their mastery. In reading the work of those who have clarity and directness, who watch manner and matter, who obey the law of the logic of the thought, we are so satisfactorily carried along that at first we lack leisure to remark the sober artistry of their verbal craftsmanship. In their closely woven fabric there are no purple patches to take the eye and to demand instant acclamation. It was long years after John Bunyan was laid to rest that his command over our stubborn tongue began to receive the praise it deserved. And even now there are not so many as there might be who have discovered that the unassuming Benjamin Franklin had a style of his own, as clear as Irving's or Addison's, easy and unobtrusive, and completely adequate to the expression of his common sense.

Probably Franklin and Bunyan would not quite know what to make of an often-quoted passage in Stevenson's highly technical and therefore suggestive and stimulating study of "Style in Literature." Often quoted this passage has been; and yet it must here be quoted once more if only to bring to a sonorous finish this medley of quotations: "We begin to see now what an intricate affair is any perfect passage; how many faculties,

whether of taste or pure reason, must be held upon the stretch to make it; and why, when it is made, it should afford us so complete a pleasure. From the arrangement of according letters, which is altogether arabesque and sensual, up to the architecture of the elegant and pregnant sentence, which is a vigorous act of the pure intellect, there is scarcely a faculty in man but has been exercised. He need not wonder, then, if perfect sentences are rare, and perfect pages rarer."

COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS

Paragraphing is a device useful to the writer in two ways. It enables him to indicate a separation of his thoughts into what might be called logical bundles, and it also helps to indicate the emphatic value of certain thoughts. When used for the first of these purposes, paragraphing is a great aid in bringing out the logical framework. When used for the second purpose, it draws attention to directive and transitional passages as well as to certain parts of the discussion needing to be made especially conspicuous.

Make a study of the foregoing selections in regard to paragraphing, using the following suggestions:

1. How many main points in the selection? Does the paragraphing correspond to these main topics; that is, do the number of paragraphs and the number of main topics equal each other? Give probable reason for any disparity you find in this matter.

2. Paragraphs may be classified according to the office they perform as (1) *introductory,* in which the subject is stated, (2) *outlining,* in which a proposed line of treatment is set forth, (3) *summarizing,* in which a review or recapitulation is presented, (4) *transitional,* in which passage from one part of the discussion to another is indicated, (5) *concluding,* in which all the force of the preceding discussion is gathered, and (6) *developing,* in which one aspect of the whole discussion is taken and developed fully. Of these six kinds, the developing is the one that occurs most frequently. Determine the function of each paragraph in the selections you are examining for

paragraphing in particular. Show whether it fulfils its particular function satisfactorily.

3. In the case of developing paragraphs, is the gist of the paragraph easy to arrive at? Are they generally provided with a sentence near the first which is a useful clue to the main idea of the paragraph?

4. Make outlines of particular paragraphs to determine whether the various ideas are presented systematically.

5. Study the devices by which smoothness in the flow of thought within the paragraph is kept up. Point out words in the various sentences that connect with what is before or after. Is there any advantage in fashioning the sentences of a paragraph upon pretty much the same lines throughout?

6. Some selections in this book are irregularly paragraphed. Take one of these and draw up a new scheme of paragraph divisions for it, endeavoring to make the paragraphing helpful to the reader in understanding the whole piece.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

1. Develop several of the following sentences into well-constructed paragraphs of about 200 words. Let the succeeding sentences amplify the thought of the first sentence. End with a sentence binding the thought of the whole together and leaving on the reader the impression intended: (1) The best business methods are nothing but applied honesty. (2) Fashions change with bewildering rapidity; (3) Books are sometimes better companions than persons. (4) Railroads and telegraphs make the world smaller. (5) All great men have had their moments of folly. (6) The national government is a complex piece of machinery. (7) The newspaper continues to encroach on the magazine. (8) One is frequently surprised at the intelligence the lower animals show. (9) The most influential student does not always receive the highest marks. (10) It is false charity to give to every stranger that asks for aid. (11) The telephone may be a nuisance as well as an aid. (12) Every boy should have a workshop.

2. Write a paragraph on one of the following subjects. Be careful to start with a sentence which contains the whole topic in nucleus.

(1) How Seeds are Scattered by the Wind; (2) Usefulness of Insects; (3) The Strange Tricks Memory Plays; (4) Boorishness in Public Servants; (5) Manners of College Students; (6) Uses of Work; (7) Difficulty of Being Unprejudiced.

3. Criticize to the minutest detail the following attempt at a paragraph on slang. Then rewrite it, making any improvements that seem desirable. Give especial attention to rearrangement and indications of transitions.

"Although slang is used a great deal, its use is most common among people between the ages of fifteen and twenty years. It enables people to express themselves more easily and with fewer words than they could without it, and in this way it is helpful. But it has many disadvantages. The speaker may have a perfectly clear idea, but if he uses slang terms to express it, it is apt to be misunderstood. Slang terms are continually being found, and thus different terms are being used in different parts of the country. I think a limited use of slang is all right, but the speaker should be sure that his hearer will understand him, and he should be able to express himself in good language to people who would not be likely to understand the slang term."

4. In the following paragraph are four different subjects of remark: *a,* several pious individuals; *b,* improvement of the condition of criminals; *c,* the new prisons; *d,* the old prisons. These are denoted, as often as they occur in the paragraph, by the letters *a, b, c,* and *d* respectively. Rewrite the paragraph, substituting for these letters proper words and phrases of explicit reference. Take care to introduce some variety into the reference-words, and see that the thought grows in repetition.

"Some years ago several pious individuals undertook to ameliorate the condition of the prisons. The public was excited by the statements which *a* put forward, and *b* became a very popular undertaking. New prisons were built; and, for the first time, the idea of *b* formed a part of prison discipline. But *b,* in which the public had taken so hearty an interest, and which the exertions of the citizens had irresistibly accelerated, could not be completed in a moment. While *c* were being erected (and it was the pleasure of the majority *c* should be terminated with all possible celerity), *d* existed, which still contained a great number of offenders. *d* became more unwhole-

some and more corrupt in proportion as *c* were beautified and improved, forming a contrast which may be readily understood. The majority were so eagerly employed in founding *c* that *d* were forgotten; and as the general attention was diverted to *c*, the care which had hitherto been bestowed upon *d* ceased. The salutary regulations of discipline were first relaxed, and afterwards broken; so that in the immediate neighborhood of *c*, *d* might be met with." [1]

[1] Taken from Scott and Denney's *Composition-Rhetoric*.

SENTENCE BUILDING

THE IDEAL HISTORIAN[1]

Thomas Babington Macaulay

While our historians are practicing all the arts of controversy, they miserably neglect the art of narration, the art of interesting the affections and presenting pictures to the imagination. That a writer may produce these effects without violating truth is sufficiently proved by many excellent biographical works. The immense popularity which well-written books of this kind have acquired deserves the serious consideration of historians. Voltaire's *Charles the Twelfth,* Marmontel's *Memoirs,* Boswell's *Life of Johnson,* Southey's account of Nelson, are perused with delight by the most frivolous and indolent. Whenever any tolerable book of the same description makes its appearance, the circulating libraries are mobbed; the book societies are in commotion; the new novel lies uncut; the magazines and newspapers fill their columns with extracts. In the meantime, histories of great empires, written by men of eminent ability, lie unread on the shelves of ostentatious libraries.

The writers of history seem to entertain an aristocratical contempt for the writers of memoirs. They think it beneath the dignity of men who describe the revolutions of nations to dwell on the details which constitute the charm of biography. They have imposed on themselves a code of conventional decencies as absurd as that which has been the bane of the French drama.

[1] From Macaulay's *Essay on History.*

The most characteristic and interesting circumstances are omitted or softened down because, as we are told, they are too trivial for the majesty of history. The majesty of history seems to resemble the majesty of the poor King of Spain who died a martyr to ceremony because the proper dignitaries were not at hand to render him assistance.

That history would be more amusing if this etiquette were relaxed will, we suppose, be acknowledged. But would it be less dignified or less useful? What do we mean when we say that one past event is important and another insignificant? No past event has any intrinsic importance. The knowledge of it is valuable only as it leads us to form just calculations with respect to the future. A history which does not serve this purpose, though it may be filled with battles, treaties, and commotions, is as useless as the series of turnpike tickets collected by Sir Matthew Mite.

Let us suppose that Lord Clarendon, instead of filling hundreds of folio pages with copies of state papers, in which the same assertions and contradictions are repeated till the reader is overpowered with weariness, had condescended to be the Boswell of the Long Parliament. Let us suppose that he had exhibited to us the wise and lofty self-government of Hampden, leading while he seemed to follow, and propounding unanswerable arguments in the strongest forms with the modest air of an inquirer anxious for information; the delusions which misled the noble spirit of Vane; the coarse fanaticism which concealed the yet loftier genius of Cromwell, destined to control a mutinous army and a factious people, to abase the flag of Holland, to arrest the victorious arms of Sweden, and to hold the balance firm between the rival monarchies of France and Spain. Let us suppose that he had made his Cavaliers and Roundheads talk in their own style; that he had reported some of the ribaldry of Rupert's pages, and some of the cant of Harrison and Fleetwood. Would not his

work in that case have been more interesting? Would it not have been more accurate?

A history in which every particular incident may be true may on the whole be false. The circumstances which have most influence on the happiness of mankind, the changes of manners and morals, the transition of communities from poverty to wealth, from knowledge to ignorance, from ferocity to humanity —these are, for the most part, noiseless revolutions. Their progress is rarely indicated by what historians are pleased to call important events. They are not achieved by armies, or enacted by senates. They are sanctioned by no treaties, and recorded in no archives. They are carried on in every school, in every church, behind ten thousand counters, at ten thousand firesides. The upper current of society presents no certain criterion by which we can judge of the direction in which the under current flows. We read of defeats and victories; but we know that nations may be miserable amidst victories and prosperous amidst defeats. We read of the fall of wise ministers and of the rise of profligate favorites; but we must remember how small a proportion the good or evil affected by a single statesman can bear to the good or evil of a great social system.

Bishop Watson compares a geologist to a gnat mounted on an elephant, and laying down theories as to the whole internal structure of the vast animal, from the phenomena of the hide. The comparison is unjust to the geologists; but it is very applicable to those historians who write as if the body politic were homogeneous, who look only on the surface of affairs, and never think of the mighty and various organization which lies deep below.

In the works of such writers as these, England, at the close of the Seven Years' War, is in the highest state of prosperity; at the close of the American War she is in a miserable and degraded condition; as if the people were not on the whole as rich, as

well governed, and as well educated at the latter period as at the former. We have read books called Histories of England, under the reign of George the Second, in which the rise of Methodism is not even mentioned. A hundred years hence this breed of authors will, we hope, be extinct. If it should still exist, the late ministerial interregnum will be described in terms which will seem to imply that all government was at an end; that the social contract was annulled; and that the hand of every man was against his neighbor, until the wisdom and virtue of the new Cabinet educed order out of the chaos of anarchy.[1] We are quite certain that misconceptions as gross prevail at this moment respecting many important parts of our annals.

The effect of historical reading is analogous, in many respects, to that produced by foreign travel. The student, like the tourist, is transported into a new state of society. He sees new fashions. He hears new modes of expression. His mind is enlarged by contemplating the wide diversities of laws, of morals, and of manners. But men may travel far, and return with minds as contracted as if they had never stirred from their own market-town. In the same manner, men may know the dates of many battles and the genealogies of many royal houses, and yet be no wiser. Most people look at past times as princes look at foreign countries. More than one illustrious stranger has landed on our island amidst the shouts of a mob, has dined with the king, has hunted with the master of the stag-hounds; has seen the Guards reviewed, and a knight of the Garter installed; has cantered along Regent Street; has visited St. Paul's, and noted down its dimensions; and has then departed, thinking that he has seen England. He has, in fact, seen a few public buildings, public men, and public ceremonies. But of the vast and complex system

[1] At the end of 1827 and the beginning of 1828, political difficulties were such that the country was virtually left without responsible ministers during a period of six weeks.—MACAULAY.

of society, of the fine shades of national character, of the practical operation of government and laws, he knows nothing. He who would understand these things rightly must not confine his observations to palaces and solemn days. He must see ordinary men as they appear in their ordinary business and in their ordinary pleasures. He must mingle in the crowds of the exchange and the coffee-house. He must obtain admittance to the convivial table and the domestic hearth. He must bear with vulgar expressions. He must not shrink from exploring even the retreats of misery. He who wishes to understand the condition of mankind in former ages must proceed on the same principle. If he attends only to public transactions, to wars, congresses, and debates, his studies will be as unprofitable as the travels of those imperial, royal, and serene sovereigns who form their judgment of our island from having gone in state to a few fine sights, and from having held formal conferences with a few great officers.

The perfect historian is he in whose work the character and spirit of an age is exhibited in miniature. He relates no fact, he attributes no expression to his characters which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony. But, by judicious selection, rejection, and arrangement, he gives to truth those attractions which have been usurped by fiction. In his narrative a due subordination is observed: some transactions are prominent; others retire. But the scale on which he represents them is increased or diminished, not according to the dignity of the persons concerned in them, but according to the degree in which they elucidate the condition of society and the nature of man. He shows us the court, the camp, and the senate. But he shows us also the nation. He considers no anecdote, no peculiarity of manner, no familiar saying, as too insignificant for his notice which is not too insignificant to illustrate the operation of laws, of religion, and of education, and to mark the progress of the

human mind. Men will not merely be described, but will be made intimately known to us. The changes of manners will be indicated, not merely by a few general phrases or a few extracts from statistical documents, but by appropriate images presented in every line.

If a man, such as we are supposing, should write the history of England, he would assuredly not omit the battles, the sieges, the negotiations, the seditions, the ministerial changes. But with these he would intersperse the details which are the charm of historical romances. At Lincoln Cathedral there is a beautiful painted window which was made by an apprentice out of the pieces of glass which had been rejected by his master. It is so far superior to every other in the church that, according to the tradition, the vanquished artist killed himself from mortification. Sir Walter Scott, in the same manner, has used those fragments of truth which historians have scornfully thrown behind them in a manner which may well excite their envy. He has constructed out of their gleanings works which, even considered as histories, are scarcely less valuable than theirs. But a truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated. The history of the government and the history of the people would be exhibited in that mode in which alone they can be exhibited justly—in inseparable conjunction and intermixture. We should not then have to look for the wars and votes of the Puritans in Clarendon, and for their phraseology in *Old Mortality;* for one half of King James in Hume, and for the other half in *The Fortunes of Nigel.*

The early part of our imaginary history would be rich with coloring from romance, ballad, and chronicle. We should find ourselves in the company of knights such as those of Froissart, and of pilgrims such as those who rode with Chaucer from the Tabard. Society would be shown from the highest to the lowest —from the royal cloth of state to the den of the outlaw; from

the throne of the legate to the chimney-corner where the begging friar regaled himself. Palmers, minstrels, crusaders—the stately monastery, with the good cheer in its refectory and the high mass in its chapel—the manor-house, with its hunting and hawking—the tournament, with the heralds and ladies, the trumpets and the cloth of gold—would give truth and life to the representation. We should perceive, in a thousand slight touches, the importance of the privileged burgher, and the fierce and haughty spirit which swelled under the collar of the degraded villain. The revival of letters would not merely be described in a few magnificent periods. We should discern, in innumerable particulars, the fermentation of mind, the eager appetite for knowledge, which distinguished the sixteenth from the fifteenth century. In the Reformation we should see, not merely a schism which changed the ecclesiastical constitution of England and the mutual relations of the European powers, but a moral war which raged in every family, which set the father against the son and the son against the father, the mother against the daughter and the daughter against the mother. Henry would be painted with the skill of Tacitus. We should have the change of his character from his profuse and joyous youth to his savage and imperious old age. We should perceive the gradual progress of selfish and tyrannical passions in a mind not naturally insensible or ungenerous; and to the last we should detect some remains of that open and noble temper which endeared him to a people whom he oppressed, struggling with the hardness of despotism and the irritability of disease. We should see Elizabeth in all her weakness and in all her strength, surrounded by the handsome favorites whom she never trusted, and the wise old statesmen whom she never dismissed, uniting in herself the most contradictory qualities of both her parents—the coquetry, the caprice, the petty malice of Anne, the haughty and resolute spirit of Henry. We have no hesitation in saying that a great artist

might produce a portrait of this remarkable woman at least as striking as that in the novel of *Kenilworth* without employing a single trait not authenticated by ample testimony. In the mean time, we should see arts cultivated, wealth accumulated, the conveniences of life improved. We should see the keeps, where nobles, insecure themselves, spread insecurity around them, gradually giving place to the halls of peaceful opulence, to the oriels of Longleat, and the stately pinnacles of Burleigh. We should see towns extended, deserts cultivated, the hamlets of fishermen turned into wealthy havens, the meal of the peasant improved, and his hut more commodiously furnished. We should see those opinions and feelings which produced the great struggle against the House of Stuart slowly growing up in the bosom of private families, before they manifested themselves in parliamentary debates. Then would come the Civil War. Those skirmishes on which Clarendon dwells so minutely would be told, as Thucydides would have told them, with perspicuous conciseness. They are merely connecting links. But the great characteristics of the age—the loyal enthusiasm of the brave English gentry, the fierce licentiousness of the swearing, dicing, drunken reprobates whose excesses disgraced the royal cause—the austerity of the Presbyterian Sabbaths in the city, the extravagance of the independent preachers in the camp, the precise garb, the severe countenance, the petty scruples, the affected accent, the absurd names and phrases which marked the Puritans—the valor, the policy, the public spirit, which lurked beneath these ungraceful disguises—the dreams of the raving Fifth-monarchy man, the dreams, scarcely less wild, of the philosophic republican—all these would enter into the representation, and render it at once more exact and more striking.

The instruction derived from history thus written would be of a vivid and practical character. It would be received by the imagination as well as by the reason. It would not be merely traced on

the mind, but branded into it. Many truths, too, would be learned which can be learned in no other manner. As the history of states is generally written, the greatest and most momentous revolutions seem to come upon them like supernatural inflictions, without warning or cause. But the fact is, that such revolutions are almost always the consequences of moral changes, which have gradually passed on the mass of the community, and which ordinarily proceed far before their progress is indicated by any public measure. An intimate knowledge of the domestic history of nations is therefore absolutely necessary to the prognosis of political events. A narrative, defective in this respect, is as useless as a medical treatise which should pass by all the symptoms attendant on the early stage of a disease, and mention only what occurs when the patient is beyond the reach of remedies.

A historian such as we have been attempting to describe would indeed be an intellectual prodigy. In his mind, powers scarcely compatible with each other must be tempered into an exquisite harmony. We shall sooner see another Shakespeare or another Homer. The highest excellence to which any single faculty can be brought would be less surprising than such a happy and delicate combination of qualities. Yet the contemplation of imaginary models is not an unpleasant or useless employment of the mind. It cannot indeed produce perfection; but it produces improvement, and nourishes that generous and liberal fastidiousness which is not inconsistent with the strongest sensibility to merit, and which, while it exalts our conceptions of the art, does not render us unjust to the artist.

RACIAL INGREDIENTS OF THE ENGLISHMAN[1]

Matthew Arnold

Let me repeat what I have often said of the characteristics which mark the English spirit, the English genius. This spirit, this genius, judged, to be sure, rather from a friend's than an enemy's point of view, yet judged on the whole fairly, is characterized, I have repeatedly said, by *energy with honesty*. Take away some of the energy which comes to us, as I believe, in part from Celtic and Roman sources; instead of energy, say rather *steadiness;* and you have the Germanic genius: *steadiness with honesty*. It is evident how nearly the two characterizations approach one another; and yet they leave, as we shall see, a great deal of room for difference. Steadiness with honesty; the danger for a national spirit thus composed is the humdrum, the plain and ugly, the ignoble; in a word *das Gemeine, die Gemeinheit,* that curse of Germany, against which Goethe was all his life fighting. The excellence of a national spirit thus composed is freedom from whim, flightiness, perverseness; patient fidelity to Nature,—in a word, *science,*—leading it at last, though slowly, and not by the most brilliant road, out of the bondage of the humdrum and common into the better life. The universal dead-level of plainness and homeliness, the lack of all beauty and distinction in form and feature, the slowness and clumsiness of the language, the eternal beer, sausages, and bad tobacco, the blank commonness everywhere, pressing at last like a weight on the spirits of the traveler in Northern Germany, and making him impatient to be gone,—this is the weak side; the industry, the well-doing, the patient, steady elaboration of things, the idea of science governing all departments of human activity,—this is

[1] A portion of *On the Study of Celtic Literature* (The Macmillan Company). Reprinted by permission.

the strong side; and through this side of her genius, Germany has already obtained excellent results, and is destined, we may depend upon it, however her pedantry, her slowness, her fumbling, her ineffectiveness, her bad government, may at times make us cry out, to an immense development.[1]

For dullness, the creeping Saxons,—says an old Irish poem, assigning the characteristics for which different nations are celebrated:

> For acuteness and valor, the Greeks,
> For excessive pride, the Romans,
> For dullness, the creeping Saxons;
> For beauty and amorousness, the Gædhils.

We have seen in what sense, and with what explanation, this characterization of the German may be allowed to stand; now let us come to the beautiful and amorous Gaedhil. Or rather, let us find a definition which may suit both branches of the Celtic family, the Cymri as well as the Gael. It is clear that special circumstances may have developed some one side in the national character of Cymri or Gael, Welshman or Irishman, so that the observer's notice shall be readily caught by this side, and yet it may be impossible to adopt it as characteristic of the Celtic nature generally. For instance, in his beautiful essay on the poetry of the Celtic races, M. Renan, with his eyes fixed on the Bretons and the Welsh, is struck with the timidity, the shyness, the delicacy of the Celtic nature, its preference for a retired life, its embarrassment at having to deal with the great world. He talks of the *douce petite race naturellement chrétienne,* his *race fière et timide, à l'extérieur gauche et embarrassée.* But it is evident that this description, however well it may do for the Cymri, will never do for the Gael, never do for the typical Irishman of Donnybrook fair. Again, M. Renan's *infinie délicatesse de senti-*

[1] It is to be remembered that the above was written before the recent war between Prussia and Austria.—ARNOLD.

ment qui caractérise la race Celtique, how little that accords with the popular conception of an Irishman who wants to borrow money! *Sentiment* is, however, the word which marks where the Celtic races really touch and are one; sentimental, if the Celtic nature is to be characterized by the single term, is the best term to take. An organization quick to feel impressions, and feeling them very strongly; a lively personality therefore, keenly sensitive to joy and to sorrow; this is the main point. If the downs of life too much outnumber the ups, this temperament, just because it is so quickly and nearly conscious of all impressions, may no doubt be seen shy and wounded; it may be seen in wistful regret, it may be seen in passionate, penetrating melancholy; but its essence is to aspire ardently after life, light, and emotion, to be expansive, adventurous, and gay. Our word *gay,* it is said, is itself Celtic. It is not from *gaudium,* but from the Celtic *gair,* to laugh; and the impressionable Celt, soon up and soon down, is the more down because it is so his nature to be up—to be sociable, hospitable, eloquent, admired, figuring away brilliantly. He loves bright colors, he easily becomes audacious, overcrowing, full of fanfaronade. The German, say the physiologists, has the larger volume of intestines (and who that has ever seen a German at a table-d'hôte will not readily believe this?), the Frenchman has the more developed organs of respiration. This is just the expansive, eager Celtic nature; the head in the air, snuffing and snorting; *a proud look and a high stomach,* as the Psalmist says, but without any such settled savage temper as the Psalmist seems to impute by those words. For good and for bad, the Celtic genius is more airy and unsubstantial, goes less near the ground, than the German. The Celt is often called sensual; but it is not so much the vulgar satisfactions of sense that attract him as emotion and excitement; he is truly, as I began by saying, sentimental.

Sentimental,—*always ready to react against the despotism of fact;* that is the description a great friend of the Celt gives of

him; and it is not a bad description of the sentimental temperament; it lets us into the secret of its dangers and of its habitual want of success. Balance, measure, and patience, these are the eternal conditions, even supposing the happiest temperament to start with, of high success; and balance, measure, and patience are just what the Celt has never had. Even in the world of spiritual creation he has never, in spite of his admirable gifts of quick perception and warm emotion, succeeded perfectly, because he never has had steadiness, patience, sanity enough to comply with the conditions under which alone can expression be perfectly given to the finest perceptions and emotions. The Greek has the same perceptive, emotional temperament as the Celt; but he adds to this temperament the sense of *measure;* hence his admirable success in the plastic arts, in which the Celtic genius, with its chafing against the despotism of fact, its perpetual straining after mere emotion, has accomplished nothing. In the comparatively petty art of ornamentation, in rings, brooches, crosiers, relic-cases, and so on, he has done just enough to show his delicacy of taste, his happy temperament; but the grand difficulties of painting and sculpture, the prolonged dealings of spirit with matter, he has never had patience for. Take the more spiritual arts of music and poetry. All that emotion alone can do in music the Celt has done; the very soul of emotion breathes in the Scotch and Irish airs; but with all this power of musical feeling, what has the Celt, so eager for emotion that he has not patience for science, effected in music, to be compared with what the less emotional German, steadily developing his musical feeling with the science of a Sebastian Bach or a Beethoven, has effected? In poetry, again,—poetry which the Celt has so passionately, so nobly loved; poetry where emotion counts for so much, but where reason, too, reason, measure, sanity, also count for so much,—the Celt has shown genius, indeed, splendid genius; but even here his faults have clung to him, and hindered him from

producing great works, such as other nations with a genius for poetry,—the Greeks, say, or the Italians,—have produced. The Celt has not produced great poetical works, he has only produced poetry with an air of greatness investing it all, and sometimes giving, moreover, to short pieces, or to passages, lines, and snatches of long pieces, singular beauty and power. And yet he loved poetry so much that he grudged no pains to it; but the true art, the *architectonicé* which shapes great works, such as the *Agamemnon* or the *Divine Comedy,* comes only after a steady, deep-searching survey, a firm conception of the facts of human life, which the Celt has not patience for. So he runs off into technic, where he employs the utmost elaboration, and attains astonishing skill; but in the contents of his poetry you have only so much interpretation of the world as the first dash of a quick, strong perception, and then sentiment, infinite sentiment, can bring you. Here, too, his want of sanity and steadfastness has kept the Celt back from the highest success.

If his rebellion against fact has thus lamed the Celt even in spiritual work, how much more must it have lamed him in the world of business and politics! The skillful and resolute appliance of means to ends which is needed both to make progress in material civilization and also to form powerful states, is just what the Celt has least turn for. He is sensual, as I have said, or at least sensuous; loves bright colors, company, and pleasure; and here he is like the Greek and Latin races; but compare the talent the Greek and Latin (or Latinized) races have shown for gratifying their senses, for procuring an outward life, rich, luxurious, splendid, with the Celt's failure to reach any material civilization sound and satisfying, and not out at elbows, poor, slovenly, and half-barbarous. The sensuousness of the Greek made Sybaris and Corinth, the sensuousness of the Latin made Rome and Baiæ; the sensuousness of the Latinized Frenchman makes Paris; the sensuousness of the Celt proper has made Ire-

land. Even in his ideal heroic times, his gay and sensuous nature cannot carry him, in the appliances of his favorite life of sociability and pleasure, beyond the gross and creeping Saxon whom he despises; the regent Breas, we are told in the *Battle of Moytura of the Fomorians,* became unpopular because "the knives of his people were not greased at his table, nor did their breath smell of ale at the banquet." In its grossness and barbarousness is not that Saxon, as Saxon as it can be? just what the Latinized Norman, sensuous and sociable like the Celt, but with the talent to make this bent of his serve to a practical embellishment of his mode of living, found so disgusting in the Saxon.

And as in material civilization he has been ineffectual, so has the Celt been ineffectual in politics. This colossal, impetuous, adventurous wanderer, the Titan of the early world, who in primitive times fills so large a place on earth's scene, dwindles and dwindles as history goes on, and at last is shrunk to what we now see him. For ages and ages the world has been constantly slipping, ever more and more, out of the Celt's grasp. "They went forth to the war," Ossian says most truly, *"but they always fell."*

And yet, if one sets about constituting an ideal genius, what a great deal of the Celt does one find oneself drawn to put into it! Of an ideal genius one does not want the elements, any of them, to be in a state of weakness; on the contrary, one wants all of them to be in the highest state of power; but with a law of measure, of harmony, presiding over the whole. So the sensibility of the Celt, if everything else were not sacrificed to it, is a beautiful and admirable force. For sensibility, the power of quick and strong perception and emotion, is one of the very prime constituents of genius, perhaps its most positive constituent; it is to the soul what good senses are to the body, the grand natural condition of successful activity. Sensibility gives genius its materials; one cannot have too much of it, if one can

but keep its master and not be its slave. Do not let us wish that the Celt had had less sensibility, but that he had been more master of it. Even as it is, if his sensibility has been a source of weakness to him, it has been a source of power too, and a source of happiness. Some people have found in the Celtic nature and its sensibility the main root out of which chivalry and romance and the glorification of a feminine ideal spring; this is a great question, with which I cannot deal here. Let me notice in passing, however, that there is, in truth, a Celtic air about the extravagance of chivalry, its reaction against the despotism of fact, its straining human nature further than it will stand. But putting all this question of chivalry and its origin on one side, no doubt the sensibility of the Celtic nature, its nervous exaltation, have something feminine in them, and the Celt is thus peculiarly disposed to feel the spell of the feminine idiosyncrasy; he has an affinity to it; he is not far from its secret. Again, his sensibility gives him a peculiarly near and intimate feeling of nature and the life of nature; here, too, he seems in a special way attracted by the secret before him, the secret of natural beauty and natural magic, and to be close to it, to half-divine it. In the productions of the Celtic genius, nothing, perhaps, is so interesting as the evidences of this power: I shall have occasion to give specimens of them by and by. The same sensibility made the Celts full of reverence and enthusiasm for genius, learning, and the things of the mind; *to be a bard, freed a man,*—that is a characteristic stroke of this generous and ennobling ardor of theirs, which no race has ever shown more strongly. Even the extravagance and exaggeration of the sentimental Celtic nature has often something romantic and attractive about it, something which has a sort of smack of misdirected good. The Celt, undisciplinable, anarchical, and turbulent by nature, but out of affection and admiration giving himself body and soul to some leader, that is not a promising political temperament, it is just the opposite of the Anglo-Saxon

temperament, disciplinable and steadily obedient within certain limits, but retaining an inalienable part of freedom and self-dependence; but it is a temperament for which one has a kind of sympathy notwithstanding. And very often, for the gay defiant reaction against fact of the lively Celtic nature one has more than sympathy; one feels, in spite of the extravagance, in spite of good sense disapproving, magnetized and exhilarated by it. The Gauls had a rule inflicting a fine on every warrior who, when he appeared on parade, was found to stick out much in front,—to be corpulent, in short. Such a rule is surely the maddest article of war ever framed, and to people to whom nature has assigned a large volume of intestines, must appear, no doubt, horrible; but yet has it not an audacious, sparkling, immaterial manner with it, which lifts one out of routine, and sets one's spirits in a glow?

All tendencies of human nature are in themselves vital and profitable; when they are blamed, they are only to be blamed relatively, not absolutely. This holds true of the Saxon's phlegm as well as of the Celt's sentiment. Out of the steady humdrum habit of the creeping Saxon, as the Celt calls him,—out of his way of going near the ground,—has come, no doubt, Philistinism, that plant of essentially Germanic growth, flourishing with its genuine marks only in the German fatherland, Great Britain and her colonies, and the United States of America; but what a soul of goodness there is in Philistinism itself! and this soul of goodness I, who am often supposed to be Philistinism's mortal enemy merely because I do not wish it to have things all its own way, cherish as much as anybody. This steady-going habit leads at last, as I have said, up to science, up to the comprehension and interpretation of the world. With us in Great Britain, it is true, it does not seem to lead so far as that; it is in Germany, where the habit is more unmixed, that it can lead to science. Here with us it seems at a certain point to meet with a conflicting force,

which checks it and prevents its pushing on to science; but before reaching this point what conquests has it not won! and all the more, perhaps, for stopping short at this point, for spending its exertions within a bounded field, the field of plain sense, of direct practical utility. How it has augmented the comforts and conveniences of life for us! Doors that open, windows that shut, locks that turn, razors that shave, coats that wear, watches that go, and a thousand more such good things, are the invention of the Philistines.

Here, then, if commingling there is in our race, are two very unlike elements to commingle; the steady-going Saxon temperament and the sentimental Celtic temperament. But before we go on to try and verify, in our life and literature, the alleged fact of this commingling, we have yet another element to take into account, the Norman element. The critic in the *Saturday Review,* whom I have already quoted, says that in looking for traces of Normanism in our national genius, as in looking for traces of Celtism in it, we do but lose our labor; he says, indeed, that there went to the original making of our nation a very great deal more of a Norman element than of a Celtic element, but he asserts that both elements have now so completely disappeared, that it is vain to look for any trace of either of them in the modern Englishman. But this sort of assertion I do not like to admit without trying it a little. I want, therefore, to get some plain notion of the Saxon and Celtic. Some people will say that Normans are Teutonic, and that therefore the distinguishing characters of the German genius must be those of their genius also; but the matter cannot be settled in this speedy fashion. No doubt the basis of the Norman race is Teutonic, but the governing point in the history of the Norman race,—so far, at least, as we English have to do with it,—is not its Teutonic origin, but its Latin civilization. The French people have, as I have already remarked, an undoubtedly Celtic basis, yet so decisive in its effect

upon a nation's habit and character can be the contact with a stronger civilization, that Gaul, without changing the basis of her blood, became, for all practical intents and purposes, a Latin country, France and not Ireland, through the Roman conquest. Latinism conquered Celtism in her, as it also conquered the Germanism imported by the Frankish and other invasions; Celtism is, however, I need not say, everywhere manifest still in the French nation; even Germanism is distinctly traceable in it, as any one who attentively compares the French with other Latin races will see. No one can look carefully at the French troops in Rome, amongst the Italian population, and not perceive this trace of Germanism; I do not mean in the Alsatian soldiers only, but in the soldiers of genuine France. But the governing character of France, as a power in the world, is Latin; such was the force of Greek and Roman civilization upon a race whose whole mass remained Celtic, and where the Celtic language still lingered on, they say, among the common people for some five or six centuries after the Roman conquest. But the Normans in Neustria lost their old Teutonic language in a wonderfully short time; when they conquered England they were already Latinized; with them were a number of Frenchmen by race, men from Anjou and Poitou, so they brought into England more non-Teutonic blood, besides what they had themselves got by intermarriage, than is commonly supposed; the great point, however, is, that by civilization this vigorous race, when it took possession of England, was Latin.

These Normans, who in Neustria had lost their old Teutonic tongue so rapidly, kept in England their new Latin tongue for some three centuries. It was Edward the Third's reign before English came to be used in law-pleadings and spoken at court. Why this difference? Both in Neustria and in England the Normans were a handful; but in Neustria, as Teutons, they were in contact with a more advanced civilization than their

own; in England, as Latins, with a less advanced. The Latinized Normans in England had the sense for fact, which the Celts had not; and the love of strenuousness, clearness, and rapidity, the high Latin spirit, which the Saxons had not. They hated the slowness and dullness of the creeping Saxon; it offended their clear, strenuous talent for affairs, as it offended the Celt's quick and delicate perception. The Normans had the Roman talent for affairs, the Roman decisiveness in emergencies. They have been called prosaic, but this is not a right word for them; they were neither sentimental, nor, strictly speaking, poetical. They had more sense for rhetoric than for poetry like the Romans; but, like the Romans, they had too high a spirit not to like a noble intellectual stimulus of some kind, and thus they were carried out of the region of the merely prosaic. Their foible,—the bad excess of their characterizing quality of strenuousness,—was not a prosaic flatness, it was hardness and insolence.

I have been obliged to fetch a very wide circuit, but at last I have got what I went to seek. I have got a rough, but, I hope, clear notion of these three forces, the Germanic genius, the Celtic genius, the Norman genius. The Germanic genius has steadiness as it main basis, with commonness and humdrum for its defect, fidelity to nature for its excellence. The Celtic genius, sentiment as its main basis, with love of beauty, charm, and spirituality for its excellence, ineffectualness and self-will for its defect. The Norman genius, talent for affairs as its main basis, with strenuousness and clear rapidity for its excellence, hardness and insolence for its defect.

COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS

When a writer has learned to make his whole piece of work orderly and well-knit together, with the constituent parts manifest in suitable paragraphing, he is ready to attempt making his sentences more effective. Sentence-building is the side of writing that most

tests his real expertness. "The sentence is the unit of style," remarks Professor George Saintsbury, "and by the cadence and music, as well as by the purport and bearing of his sentences, the master of style must stand or fall."

Robert Louis Stevenson did not exaggerate when he stated his opinion that into the making of a good sentence there went more painstaking effort than into the writing of an entire composition. He went on to speak of the "architecture of the pregnant and elegant sentence" as involving "a vigorous act of the pure intellect" and as implying "scarce a faculty in man but has been exercised." If there is truth in what he says, then we are not surprised to find him adding his belief that perfect sentences are rare.

Skill in sentence making is largely dependent upon careful revision. Perhaps seldom does a sentence come trippingly from the pen in satisfactory enough shape to be used unchanged. It is perhaps not wise in the first draft of a piece of writing to be over-concerned about the shaping of the sentences. This can be left to the revision stage, through which the writing must pass if the writer has a truly professional attitude toward his work.

For reminders of some of the matters that must be considered in sentence-building, turn back and read pages 21-23 of the Introduction. Then after reading the two preceding selections make a study of their sentences, guided by the following questions.

1. What is the average length of each writer's sentences? Which predominate—simple, complex, or compound sentences?

2. Study the way in which each writer has secured variety in the beginnings of his sentences. Especially observe how he avoids having the subject and predicate obtrude themselves at the beginning.

3. How successfully has each writer managed to make conspicuous the words carrying more of the thought of the sentence than others? (This will require a close study of endings of the sentences, since the end is the natural place for the greatest emphasis.)

4. The periodic sentence is a type that is naturally firm and emphatic. What per cent of each writer's sentences may be classified as fully periodic or as periodic in general effect?

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

1. Take one of your preceding themes, and go through it sentence by sentence to see if you cannot make the sentences firmer and more emphatic. Be on your guard against "and" and other coördinate connectives. They tend to give an undesirable looseness to writing. Select and underline the key-words of each sentence, and then rebuild the sentences so that these shall stand first or last.

2. Most persons need to train themselves to handle the more difficult types of sentences. One of the best means to this end is the study and imitation of the skill shown by professional writers. If there is something about the opening sentences of Newman's well-known definition of a gentleman that seems attractive, adopt it as a pattern, and make for yourself a sentence in which you change the subject matter and thought but retain as nearly as possible the structure.

Select certain sentences for the selections in this division of the book, and try your hand at imitating them. Choose some that require the use of such devices as inversion, parallelism, balance, periodicity, Especially give yourself practice in a type Matthew Arnold is fond of; namely, the sentence consisting of two (or more) members, the first of which states the idea in general terms and the last makes the idea more specific and concrete. Observe the use of semicolons as an aid to making these complicated sentences clear.

CHOICE OF WORDS

AN APOLOGY FOR IDLERS[1]

Robert Louis Stevenson

Just now, when every one is bound, under pain of a decree in absence convicting them of *lèse*-respectability, to enter on some lucrative profession, and labor therein with something not far short of enthusiasm, a cry from the opposite party who are content when they have enough, and like to look on and enjoy in the meanwhile, savors a little of bravado and gasconade. And yet this should be. Idleness, so-called, which does not consist in doing nothing, but in doing a great deal not recognized in the dogmatic formularies of the ruling class, has as good a right to state its position as industry itself. It is admitted that the presence of people who refuse to enter in the great handicap race for sixpenny pieces, is at once an insult and a disenchantment for those who do. A fine fellow (as we see so many) takes his determination, votes for the sixpences, and in the emphatic Americanism, "goes for" them. And while such an one is plowing distressfully up the road, it is not hard to understand his resentment, when he perceives cool persons in the meadows by the wayside, lying with a handkerchief over their ears and a glass at their elbow. Alexander is touched in a very delicate place by the disregard of Diogenes. Where was the glory of having taken Rome for these tumultuous barbarians who poured into the Senate-house and found the Fathers sitting silent and unmoved by their success? It is a sore thing to have labored along and scaled the arduous

[1] From *Virginibus Puerisque* (Charles Scribner's Sons). Reprinted by permission.

hill-tops, and when all is done, find humanity indifferent to your achievement. Hence physicists condemn the unphysical; financiers have only a superficial toleration for those who know little of stocks; literary persons despise the unlettered; and people of all pursuits combine to disparage those who have none.

But though this is one difficulty of the subject, it is not the greatest. You could not be put in prison for speaking against industry, but you can be sent to Coventry for speaking like a fool. The greatest difficulty with most subjects is to do them well; therefore, please to remember this is an apology. It is certain that much may be judiciously argued in favor of diligence; only there is something to be said against it, and that is what, on the present occasion, I have to say. To state one argument is not necessarily to be deaf to all others, and that a man has written a book of travels in Montenegro is no reason why he should never have been to Richmond.

It is surely beyond a doubt that people should be a good deal idle in youth. For though here and there a Lord Macaulay may escape from school honors with all his wits about him, most boys pay so dear for their medals that they never afterwards have a shot in their locker, and begin the world bankrupt. And the same holds true during all the time a lad is educating himself, or suffers others to educate him. It must have been a very foolish old gentleman who addressed Johnson at Oxford in these words: "Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge; for when years come upon you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task." The old gentleman seems to have been unaware that many other things besides reading grow irksome, and not a few become impossible by the time a man has to use spectacles and cannot walk without a stick. Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life. It seems a pity to sit, like the

Lady of Shalott, peering into a mirror, with your back turned on all the bustle and glamor of reality. And if a man reads very hard, as the old anecdote reminds us, he will have little time for thought.

If you look back on your own education, I am sure it will not be the full, vivid, instructive hours of truantry that you regret; you would rather cancel some lack-luster periods between sleep and waking in the class. For my own part, I have attended a good many lectures in my time. I still remember that the spinning of a top is a case of Kinetic Stability. I still remember that Emphyteusis is not a disease, nor Stillicide a crime. But though I would not willingly part with such scraps of science, I do not set the same store by them as by certain other odds and ends that I came by in the open street while I was playing truant. This is not the moment to dilate on that mighty place of education which was the favorite school of Dickens, and of Balzac, and turns out yearly many inglorious masters in the Science of the Aspects of Life. Suffice it to say this: if a lad does not learn in the streets, it is because he has no faculty of learning. Nor is the truant always in the streets; for if he prefers, he may go out by the gardened suburbs into the country. He may pitch on some tuft of lilacs over a burn, and smoke innumerable pipes to the tune of the water on the stones. A bird will sing in the thicket. And there he may fall into a vein of kindly thought, and see things in a new perspective. Why, if this be not education, what is? We may conceive Mr. Worldly Wiseman accosting such an one, and the conversation that should thereupon ensue:

"How now, young fellow, what dost thou here?"

"Truly, sir, I take mine ease."

"Is not this the hour of the class? and should'st thou not be plying thy Book with diligence, to the end thou mayest obtain knowledge?"

"Nay, but thus also I follow after Learning, by your leave."

"Learning, quotha! After what fashion, I pray thee? Is it mathematics?"

"No, to be sure."

"Is it metaphysics?"

"Nor that."

"Is it some language."

"Nay, it is no language."

"Is it a trade?"

"Nor a trade, neither."

"Why, then, what is't?"

"Indeed, sir, as a time may soon come for me to go upon Pilgrimage, I am desirous to note what is commonly done by persons in my case, and where are the ugliest Sloughs and Thickets on the Road; as also, what manner of Staff is of the best service. Moreover, I lie here, by this water, to learn by root-of-heart a lesson which my master teaches me to call Peace, or Contentment."

Hereupon Mr. Worldly Wiseman was much commoved with passion, and shaking his cane with a very threatful countenance, broke forth upon this wise: "Learning, quotha!" said he; "I would have all such rogues scourged by the Hangman!"

And so he would go his way, ruffling out his cravat with a crackle of starch, like a turkey when it spreads its feathers.

Now this, of Mr. Wiseman's, is the common opinion. A fact is not called a fact, but a piece of gossip, if it does not fall into one of your scholastic categories. An inquiry must be in some acknowledged direction, with a name to go by; or else you are not inquiring at all, only lounging; and the workhouse is too good for you. It is supposed that all knowledge is at the bottom of a well, or the far end of a telescope.

Sainte-Beuve, as he grew older, came to regard all experience as a single great book, in which to study for a few years ere we go hence; and it seemed all one to him whether you should read

in Chapter xx, which is the differential calculus, or in Chapter xxxix, which is hearing the band play in the gardens. As a matter of fact, an intelligent person, looking out of his eyes and hearkening in his ears, with a smile on his face all the time, will get more true education than many another in a life of heroic vigils. There is certainly some chill and arid knowledge to be found upon the summits of formal and laborious science; but it is all round about you, and for the trouble of looking, that you will acquire the warm and palpitating facts of life. While others are filling their memory with a lumber of words, one-half of which they will forget before the week be out, your truant may learn some really useful art: to play the fiddle, to know a good cigar, or to speak with ease and opportunity to all varieties of men. Many who have "plied their book diligently," and know all about some one branch or another of accepted lore, come out of the study with an ancient and owl-like demeanor, and prove dry, stockish, and dyspeptic in all the better and brighter parts of life. Many make a large fortune, who remain underbred and pathetically stupid to the last. And meantime there goes the idler, who began life along with them—by your leave, a different picture. He has had time to take care of his health and his spirits; he has been a great deal in the open air, which is the most salutary of all things for both body and mind; and if he has never read the great Book in very recondite places, he has dipped into it and skimmed it over to excellent purpose. Might not the student afford some Hebrew roots, and the business man some of his half-crowns, for a share of the idler's knowledge of life at large, and Art of Living? Nay, and the idler has another and more important quality than these. I mean his wisdom. He who has much looked on at the childish satisfaction of other people in their hobbies, will regard his own with only a very ironical indulgence. He will not be heard among the dogmatists. He will have a great and cool allowance for all sorts of people and

opinions. If he finds no out-of-the-way truths, he will identify himself with no very burning falsehood. His way takes him along a by-road, not much frequented, but very even and pleasant, which is called Commonplace Lane, and leads to the Belvedere of Common Sense. Thence he shall command an agreeable, if no very noble prospect; and while others behold the East and West, the Devil and the Sunrise, he will be contentedly aware of a sort of morning hour upon all sublunary things, with an army of shadows running speedily and in many different directions into the great daylight of Eternity. The shadows and the generations, the shrill doctors and the plangent wars, go by into ultimate silence and emptiness; but underneath all this, a man may see, out of the Belvedere windows, much green and peaceful landscape; many firelit parlors; good people laughing, drinking, and making love as they did before the Flood or the French Revolution; and the old shepherd telling his tale under the hawthorn.

Extreme *busy-ness,* whether at school or college, work or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality; and faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity. There is a sort of dead-alive, hackneyed people about, who are scarcely conscious of living except in the exercise of some conventional occupation. Bring these fellows into the country, or set them aboard ship, and you will see how they pine for their desk or their study. They have no curiosity; they cannot give themselves over to random provocations; they do not take pleasure in the exercise of their faculties for its own sake; and unless Necessity lays about them with a stick, they will even stand still. It is no good speaking to such folk: they *cannot* be idle, their nature is not generous enough; and they pass those hours in a sort of coma, which are not dedicated to furious moiling in the gold-mill. When they do not require to go to the office, when they are not hungry, and have no mind to drink,

the whole breathing world is a blank to them. If they have to wait an hour or so for a train, they fall into a stupid trance with their eyes open. To see them, you would suppose there was nothing to look at and no one to speak with; you would imagine they were paralyzed or alienated; and yet very possibly they are hard workers in their own way, and have good eyesight for a flaw in a deed or a turn of the market. They have been to school and college, but all the time they had their eye on the medal; they have gone about in the world and mixed with clever people, but all the time they were thinking of their own affairs. As if a man's soul were not too small to begin with, they had dwarfed and narrowed theirs by a life of all work and no play; until here they are at forty, with a listless attention, a mind vacant of all material of amusement, and not one thought to rub against another, while they wait for the train. Before he was breeched he might have clambered on the boxes; when he was twenty, he would have stared at the girls; but now the pipe is smoked out, the snuff-box empty, and my gentleman sits bolt upright upon a bench, with lamentable eyes. This does not appeal to me as being Success in Life.

But it is not only the person himself who suffers from his busy habits, but his wife and children, his friends and relations, and down to the very people he sits with in a railway carriage or an omnibus. Perpetual devotion to what a man calls his business is only to be sustained by perpetual neglect of many other things. And it is not by any means certain that a man's business is the most important thing he has to do. To an impartial estimate it will seem clear that many of the wisest, most virtuous, and most beneficent parts that are to be played upon the Theater of Life are filled by gratuitous performers, and pass, among the world at large, as phases of idleness. For in that Theater, not only the walking gentlemen, singing chambermaids, and diligent fiddlers in the orchestra, but those who look on and clap their hands

from the benches, do really play a part and fulfill important offices towards the general result. You are no doubt very dependent on the care of your lawyer and stockbroker, of the guards and signalmen who convey you rapidly from place to place, and the policemen who walk the streets for your protection; but is there not a thought of gratitude in your heart for certain other benefactors who set you smiling when they fall in your way, or season your dinner with good company? Colonel Newcome helped to lose his friend's money; Fred Bayham had an ugly trick of borrowing shirts; and yet they were better people to fall among than Mr. Barnes. And though Falstaff was neither sober nor very honest, I think I could name one or two long-faced Barabbases whom the world could better have done without. Hazlitt mentions that he was more sensible of obligation to Northcote, who had never done him anything he could call a service, than to his whole circle of ostentatious friends; for he thought a good companion emphatically the greatest benefactor. I know there are people in the world who cannot feel grateful unless the favor has been done them at the cost of pain and difficulty. But this is a churlish disposition. A man may send you six sheets of letter-paper covered with the most entertaining gossip, or you may pass half an hour pleasantly, perhaps profitably, over an article of his. Do you think the service would be greater, if he had made the manuscript in his heart's blood, like a compact with the devil? Do you really fancy you should be more beholden to your correspondent, if he had been damning you all the while for your importunity? Pleasures are more beneficial than duties because, like the quality of mercy, they are not strained, and they are twice blest. There must always be two to a kiss, and there may be a score in a jest; but wherever there is an element of sacrifice, the favor is conferred with pain, and, among generous people, received with confusion. There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being

happy, we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or, when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor. The other day, a ragged, barefoot boy ran down the street after a marble, with so jolly an air that he set every one he passed into a good humor; one of these persons, who had been delivered from more than usually black thoughts, stopped the little fellow and gave him some money with this remark: "You see what sometimes comes of looking pleased." If he had looked pleased before, he had now to look both pleased and mystified. For my part, I justify this encouragement of smiling rather than tearful children; I do not want to pay for tears anywhere but upon the stage; but I am prepared to deal largely in the opposite commodity. A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good-will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. We need not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition; they do a better thing than that, they practically demonstrate the great Theorem of the Liveableness of Life. Consequently, if a person cannot be happy without remaining idle, idle he should remain. It is a revolutionary precept; but, thanks to hunger and the workhouse, one not easily to be abused; and, within practical limits, it is one of the most incontestable truths in the whole Body of Morality. Look at one of your industrious fellows for a moment, I beseech you. He sows hurry and reaps indigestion; he puts a vast deal of activity out to interest, and receives a large measure of nervous derangement in return. Either he absents himself entirely from all fellowship, and lives a recluse in a garret, with carpet slippers and a leaden inkpot; or he comes among people swiftly and bitterly, in a contraction of his whole nervous system, to discharge some temper before he returns to work. I do not care how much or how well he works, this fellow is an evil feature in other people's lives. They would be happier

if he were dead. They could easier do without his services in the Circumlocution Office, than they can tolerate his fractious spirits. He poisons life at the well-head. It is better to be beggared out of hand by a scapegrace nephew, than daily hag-ridden by a peevish uncle.

And what, in God's name, is all this pother about? For what cause do they embitter their own and other people's lives? That a man should publish three or thirty articles a year, that he should finish or not finish his great allegorical picture, are questions of little interest to the world. The ranks of life are full; and although a thousand fall, there are always some to go into the breech. When they told Joan of Arc she should be at home minding women's work, she answered there were plenty to spin and wash. And so, even with your own rare gifts! When nature is "so careless of the single life," why should we coddle ourselves into the fancy that our own is of exceptional importance? Suppose Shakespeare had been knocked on the head some dark night in Sir Thomas Lucy's preserves, the world would have wagged no better or worse, the pitcher gone to the well, the scythe to the corn, and the student to his book; and no one been any the wiser of the loss. There are not many works extant, if you look the alternative all over, which are worth the price of a pound of tobacco to a man of limited means. This is a sobering reflection for the proudest of our earthly vanities. Even a tobacconist may, upon consideration, find no great cause for personal vainglory in the phrase; for although tobacco is an admirable sedative, the qualities necessary for retailing it are neither rare nor precious in themselves. Alas and alas! you may take it how you will, but the services of no single individual are indispensable. Atlas was just a gentleman with a protracted nightmare! And yet you see merchants who go and labor themselves into a great fortune and thence into the bankruptcy court; scribblers who keep scribbling at little articles until their temper

is a cross to all who come about them, as though Pharaoh should set the Israelites to make a pin instead of a pyramid; and fine young men who work themselves into a decline, and are driven off in a hearse with white plumes upon it. Would you not suppose these persons had been whispered, by the Master of the Ceremonies, the promise of some momentous destiny? and that this lukewarm bullet on which they play their farces was the bull's-eye and center-point of all the universe? And yet it is not so. The ends for which they give away their priceless youth, for all they know, may be chimerical or hurtful; the glory and riches they expect may never come, or may find them indifferent; and they and the world they inhabit are so inconsiderable that the mind freezes at the thought.

LEARNING TO THINK STRAIGHT [1]

John Stuart Mill

The most incessant occupation of the human intellect throughout life is the ascertainment of truth. We are always needing to know what is actually true about something or other. It is not given to us all to discover great general truths that are a light to all men and to future generations; though with a better general education the number of those who could do so would be far greater than it is. But we all require the ability to judge between the conflicting opinions which are offered to us as vital truths; to choose what doctrines we will receive in the matter of religion, for example; to judge whether we ought to be Tories, Whigs, or Radicals, or to what length it is our duty to go with each; to form a rational conviction on great questions of

[1] From *Discussions and Dissertations* (Henry Holt and Company). Reprinted by permission.

legislation and internal policy, and on the manner in which our country should behave to dependencies and to foreign nations. And the need we have of knowing how to discriminate truth, is not confined to the larger truths. All through life it is our most pressing interest to find out the truth about all the matters we are concerned with. If we are farmers we want to find what will truly improve our soil; if merchants, what will truly influence the markets of our commodities; if judges, or jurymen, or advocates, who it was that truly did an unlawful act, or to whom a disputed right truly belongs. Every time we have to make a new resolution or alter an old one, in any situation in life, we shall go wrong unless we know the truth about the facts on which our resolution depends. Now, however different these searches for truth may look, and however unlike they really are in their subject-matter, the methods of getting at truth, and the tests of truth, are in all cases much the same. There are but two roads by which truth can be discovered—observation and reasoning; observation, of course, including experiment. We all observe, and we all reason, and therefore, more or less successfully, we all ascertain truths; but most of us do it very ill, and could not get on at all were we not able to fall back on others who do it better. If we could not do it in any degree, we should be mere instruments in the hands of those who could: they would be able to reduce us to slavery. Then how shall we best learn to do this? By being shown the way in which it has already been successfully done. The processes by which truth is attained, reasoning and observation, have been carried to their greatest known perfection in the physical sciences. As classical literature furnishes the most perfect types of the art of expression, so do the physical sciences those of the art of thinking. Mathematics, and its application to astronomy and natural philosophy, are the most complete example of the discovery of truths by reasoning; experimental science, of their discovery by direct observation. In all

these cases we know that we can trust the operation, because the conclusions to which it has led have been found true by subsequent trial. It is by the study of these, then, that we may hope to qualify ourselves for distinguishing truth, in cases where there do not exist the same ready means of verification.

In what consists the principal and most characteristic difference between one human intellect and another? In their ability to judge correctly of evidence. Our direct perceptions of truth are so limited,—we know so few things by immediate intuition, or, as it used to be called, by simple apprehension,—that we depend, for almost all our valuable knowledge, on evidence external to itself; and most of us are very unsafe hands at estimating evidence, where an appeal cannot be made to actual eyesight. The intellectual part of our education has nothing more important to do than to correct or mitigate this almost universal infirmity—this summary and substance of nearly all purely intellectual weakness. To do this with effect needs all the resources which the most perfect system of intellectual training can command. Those resources, as every teacher knows, are but of three kinds: first, models; secondly, rules; thirdly, appropriate practice. The models of the art of estimating evidence are furnished by science; the rules are suggested by science; and the study of science is the most fundamental portion of the practice.

Take, in the first instance, mathematics. It is chiefly from mathematics we realize the fact that there actually is a road to truth by means of reasoning; that anything real, and which will be found true when tried, can be arrived at by a mere operation of the mind. The flagrant abuse of mere reasoning in the days of the schoolmen, when men argued confidently to supposed facts of outward nature without properly establishing their premises, or checking the conclusions by observation, created a prejudice in the modern, and especially in the English mind, against deductive reasoning altogether, as a mode of in-

vestigation. The prejudice lasted long, and was upheld by the misunderstood authority of Lord Bacon; until the prodigious applications of mathematics to physical science—to the discovery of the laws of external nature—slowly and tardily restored the reasoning process to the place which belongs to it as a source of real knowledge. Mathematics, pure and applied, are still the great conclusive example of what can be done by reasoning. Mathematics also habituates us to several of the principal precautions for the safety of the process. Our first studies in geometry teach us two invaluable lessons. One is, to lay down at the beginning, in express and clear terms, all the premises from which we intend to reason. The other is to keep every step in the reasoning distinct and separate from all the other steps, and to make each step safe before proceeding to another; expressly stating to ourselves, at every point in the reasoning, what new premise we there introduce. It is not necessary that we should do this at all times, in all our reasonings. But we must be always able and ready to do it. If the validity of our argument is denied, or if we doubt it ourselves, that is the way to check it. In this way we are often enabled to detect at once the exact place where paralogism or confusion get in: and after sufficient practice we may be able to keep them out from the beginning. It is to mathematics, again, that we owe our first notion of a connected body of truth; truths which grow out of one another, and hang together so that each implies all the rest; that no one of them can be questioned without contradicting another or others, until in the end it appears that no part of the system can be false unless the whole is so. Pure mathematics first gave us this conception; applied mathematics extends it to the realm of physical nature. Applied mathematics shows us that not only the truths of abstract number and extension, but the external facts of the universe, which we apprehend by our senses, form, at least in a large part of all nature, a web similarly held together. We are

able, by reasoning from a few fundamental truths, to explain and predict the phenomena of material objects: and what is still more remarkable, the fundamental truths were themselves found out by reasoning; for they are not such as are obvious to the senses, but had to be inferred by a mathematical process from a mass of minute details, which alone came within the direct reach of human observation. When Newton, in this manner, discovered the laws of the solar system, he created, for all posterity, the true idea of science. He gave the most perfect example we are ever likely to have, of that union of reasoning and observation, which by means of facts that can be directly observed, ascends to laws which govern multitudes of other facts—laws which not only explain and account for what we see, but give us assurance beforehand of much that we do not see, much that we never could have found out by observation, though, having been found out, it is always verified by the result.

While mathematics, and the mathematical sciences, supply us with a typical example of the ascertainment of truth by reasoning,—those physical sciences which are not mathematical, such as chemistry, and purely experimental physics, show us in equal perfection the other mode of arriving at certain truth, by observation, in its most accurate form—that of experiment. The value of mathematics in a logical point of view is an old topic with mathematicians, and has even been insisted on so exclusively as to provoke a counter-exaggeration, of which a well-known essay by Sir William Hamilton is an example: but the logical value of experimental science is comparatively a new subject; yet there is no intellectual discipline more important than that which the experimental sciences afford. Their whole occupation consists in doing well, what all of us, during the whole of life, are engaged in doing, for the most part badly. All men do not affect to be reasoners, but all profess, and really attempt, to draw inferences from experience: yet hardly any one, who has not been

a student of the physical sciences, sets out with any just idea of what the process of interpreting experience really is. If a fact has occurred once or oftener, and another fact has followed it, people think they have got an experiment, and are well on the road towards showing that the one fact is the cause of the other. If they did but know the immense amount of precaution necessary to a scientific experiment; with what sedulous care the accompanying circumstances are contrived and varied, so as to exclude every agency but that which is the subject of the experiment—or, when disturbing agencies cannot be excluded, the minute accuracy with which their influence is calculated and allowed for, in order that the residue may contain nothing but what is due to the one agency under examination; if these things were attended to, people would be much less easily satisfied that their opinions have the evidence of experience; many popular notions and generalizations which are in all mouths, would be thought a great deal less certain than they are supposed to be; but we should begin to lay the foundation of really experimental knowledge on things which are now the subjects of mere vague discussion, where one side finds as much to say and says it as confidently as another, and each person's opinion is less determined by evidence than by his accidental interest or prepossession. In politics, for instance, it is evident to whoever comes to the study from that of the experimental sciences, that no political conclusions of any value for practice can be arrived at by direct experience. Such specific experience as we can have serves only to verify, and even that insufficiently, the conclusions of reasoning. Take any active force you please in politics; take the liberties of England, or free trade; how should we know that either of these things conduced to prosperity, if we could discern no tendency in the things themselves to produce it? If we had only the evidence of what is called our experience, such prosperity as we enjoy might be owing to a hundred other causes,

and might have been obstructed, not promoted, by these. All true political science is, in one sense of the phrase, *a priori,* being deduced from the tendencies of things—tendencies known either through our general experience of human nature, or as the result of an analysis of the course of history, considered as a progressive evolution. It requires, therefore, the union of induction and deduction, and the mind that is equal to it must have been well disciplined in both. But familiarity with scientific experiment at least does the useful service of inspiring a wholesome skepticism about the conclusions which the mere surface of experience suggests.

The study, on the one hand, of mathematics and its applications, on the other, of experimental science, prepares us for the principal business of the intellect, by the practice of it in the most characteristic cases, and by familiarity with the most perfect and successful models of it. But in great things as in small, examples and models are not sufficient: we want rules as well. Familiarity with the correct use of a language in conversation and writing does not make rules of grammar unnecessary; nor does the amplest knowledge of sciences of reasoning and experiment dispense with rules of logic. We may have heard correct reasonings and seen skillful experiments all our lives—we shall not learn by mere imitation to do the like unless we pay careful attention to how it is done. It is much easier in these abstract matters, than in purely mechanical ones, to mistake bad work for good. To mark out the difference between them is the province of logic. Logic lays down the general principles and laws of the search after truth; the conditions which, whether recognized or not, must actually have been observed if the mind has done its work rightly. Logic is the intellectual complement of mathematics and physics. Those sciences give the practice, of which Logic is the theory. It declares the principles, rules, and precepts, of which they exemplify the observance.

The science of logic has two parts: ratiocinative and inductive logic. The one helps to keep us right in reasoning from premises, the other in concluding from observation. Ratiocinative logic is much older than inductive, because reasoning in the narrower sense of the word is an easier process than induction, and the science which works by mere reasoning, pure mathematics, had been carried to a considerable height while the sciences of observation were still in the purely empirical period. The principles of ratiocination, therefore, were the earliest understood and systematized, and the logic of ratiocination is even now suitable to an earlier stage in education than that of induction. The principles of induction cannot be properly understood without some previous study of the inductive sciences; but the logic of reasoning, which was already carried to a high degree of perfection by Aristotle, does not absolutely require even a knowledge of mathematics, but can be sufficiently exemplified and illustrated from the practice of daily life.

Of logic I venture to say, even if limited to that of mere ratiocination, the theory of names, propositions, and the syllogism, that there is no part of intellectual education which is of greater value, or whose place can so ill be supplied by anything else. Its uses, it is true, are chiefly negative; its function is, not so much to teach us to go right, as to keep us from going wrong. But in the operations of the intellect it is so much easier to go wrong than right; it is so utterly impossible for even the most vigorous mind to keep itself in the path but by maintaining a vigilant watch against all deviations, and noting all the byways by which it is possible to go astray—that the chief difference between one reasoner and another consists in their less or greater liability to be misled. Logic points out all the possible ways in which, starting from true premises, we may draw false conclusions. By its analysis of the reasoning process, and the forms it supplies for stating and setting forth

our reasonings, it enables us to guard the points at which a fallacy is in danger of slipping in, or to lay our fingers upon the place where it has slipped in. When I consider how very simple the theory of reasoning is, and how short a time is sufficient for acquiring a thorough knowledge of its principles and rules, and even considerable expertness in applying them, I can find no excuse for omission to study it on the part of any one who aspires to succeed in any intellectual pursuit. Logic is the great disperser of hazy and confused thinking: it clears up the fogs which hide from us our own ignorance, and make us believe that we understand a subject when we do not. We must not be led away by talk about inarticulate giants who do great deeds without knowing how, and see into the most recondite truths without any of the ordinary helps, and without being able to explain to other people how they reach their conclusions, nor consequently to convince any other people of the truth of them. There may be such men, as there are deaf and dumb persons who do clever things; but for all that, speech and hearing are faculties by no means to be dispensed with. If you want to know whether you are thinking rightly, put your thoughts into words. In the very attempt to do this you will find yourselves, consciously or unconsciously, using logical forms. Logic compels us to throw our meaning into distinct propositions, and our reasonings into distinct steps. It makes us conscious of all the implied assumptions on which we are proceeding, and which, if not true, vitiate the entire process. It makes us aware what extent of doctrine we commit ourselves to by any course of reasoning, and obliges us to look the implied premises in the face, and make up our minds whether we can stand to them. It makes our opinions consistent with themselves and with one another, and forces us to think clearly, even when it cannot make us think correctly. It is true that error may be consistent and systematic as well as truth; but this is not the common case.

It is no small advantage to see clearly the principles and consequences involved in our opinions, and which we must either accept, or else abandon those opinions. We are much nearer to finding truth when we search for it in broad daylight. Error, pursued rigorously to all that is implied in it, seldom fails to get detected by coming into collision with some known and admitted fact.

You will find abundance of people to tell you that logic is no help to thought, and that people cannot be taught to think by rules. Undoubtedly rules by themselves, without practice, go but a little way in teaching anything. But if the practice of thinking is not improved by rules, I venture to say it is the only difficult thing done by human beings that is not so. A man learns to saw wood principally by practice, but there are rules for doing it, grounded on the nature of the operation, and if he is not taught the rules, he will not saw well until he has discovered them for himself. Wherever there is a right way and a wrong, there must be a difference between them, and it must be possible to find out what the difference is; and when found out and expressed in words, it is a rule for the operation. If any one is inclined to disparage rules, I say to him, try to learn anything which there are rules for, without knowing the rules, and see how you succeed. To those who think lightly of the school logic, I say, take the trouble to learn it. You will easily do so in a few weeks, and you will see whether it is of no use to you in making your mind clear, and keeping you from stumbling in the dark over the most outrageous fallacies. Nobody, I believe, who has really learned it, and who goes on using his mind, is insensible to its benefits, unless he started with a prejudice, or, like some eminent English and Scottish thinkers of the past century, is under the influence of a reaction against the exaggerated pretensions made by the schoolmen, not so much in behalf of logic as of the reasoning process itself. Still more highly must the use

of logic be estimated, if we include in it, as we ought to do, the principles and rules of Induction as well as of Ratiocination. As the one logic guards us against bad deduction, so does the other against bad generalization, which is a still more universal error. If men easily err in arguing from one general proposition to another, still more easily do they go wrong in interpreting the observations made by themselves and others. There is nothing in which an untrained mind shows itself more hopelessly incapable, than in drawing the proper general conclusions from its own experience. And even trained minds, when all their training is on a special subject, and does not extend to the general principles of induction, are only kept right when there are ready opportunities of verifying their inferences by facts. Able scientific men, when they venture upon subjects in which they have no facts to check them, are often found drawing conclusions or making generalizations from their experimental knowledge, such as any sound theory of induction would show to be utterly unwarranted. So true is it that practice alone, even of a good kind, is not sufficient without principles and rules. Lord Bacon had the great merit of seeing that rules were necessary, and conceiving, to a very considerable extent, their true character. The defects of his conception were such as were inevitable while the inductive sciences were only in the earliest stage of their progress, and the highest efforts of the human mind in that direction had not yet been made. Inadequate as the Baconian view of induction was, and rapidly as the practice outgrew it, it is only within a generation or two that any considerable improvement has been made in the theory; very much through the impulse given by two of the many distinguished men who have adorned the Scottish universities—Dugald Stewart and Brown.

COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS

On the choice of words, advice from experienced writers appears to differ. There are those who side with William Cobbett in the doctrine "The first word that occurs is always the best." Others advocate a different course. William Hazlitt may serve as the mouthpiece for this group. "Out of eight or ten words," he says, "equally common, equally intelligible, with nearly equal pretensions, it is a matter of some nicety to pick out the very one, the preferableness of which is scarcely perceptible, but decisive."

In all likelihood, the apprentice at writing will secure better results by becoming for the time being a disciple of Hazlitt and by adopting the principle that second choices in words will be preferable. He will also do well to take to heart the famous advice that Flaubert, an experienced French writer, gave to the younger and less experienced Maupassant, when the latter was starting on his career as a writer. The point of this advice was "Whatever be the thing one wishes to say, there is only one word to express it, only one verb to animate it, only one adjective to qualify it. It is necessary, then, to search till one has discovered that word, that verb, that adjective, and never to be content with almost finding it, never to have recourse to trickery, never to resort to the buffooneries of language in order to avoid the difficulty."

The corollary of this principle is that writing should be largely made up of concrete and specific words. Such words have a much more telling effect than abstract and vague phrasing, even though such words may seem to be imposing. To be cured of any tendency toward long and pretentious words, read Quiller-Couch's essay "On Jargon," to be found in his collection of essays entitled *On the Art of Writing*.

Make a study of the diction in the two foregoing selections. They have been chosen so that you may put them side by side and compare them in respect to the choice of words according to the following hints.

1. What kind of vocabulary does the material in each instance

call for—an accurate and scientific one or a suggestive and personal one?

2. Does the writer show a predilection for unusual and unfamiliar words? Does he incline to use familiar words in novel applications? Cite examples.

3. Are all the words in good use? (There is perhaps no better statement of the tests for good use than that of the Scotch rhetorician of the eighteenth century, Campbell, who announced them as: (1) is it *reputable*—that is, in the language; (2) is it *national*—that is, does it belong to the whole country; (3) is it in use at the *present time?*)

4. Does the writer seem to lean towards long and pompous words or towards plain, homely phrasing?

5. Does the writer seem to seek concrete words—those that flash a picture—or abstract words—those that convey an idea or a concept? Cite enough cases to prove your conclusion.

6. Are figures of speech of frequent occurrence? What kinds?

7. Is the writer lavish or economical in his use of words? Most of the authorities, you should note, are on the side of economy. Sidney Smith says drastically, "In composing, as a general rule, run your pen through every other word you have written; you have no idea what vigor it will give your style." Robert Louis Stevenson is equally emphatic. "If there is anywhere," he says, "a thing said in two sentences that could as clearly and as engagingly and as forcibly be said in one, then it is amateur work."

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

1. To cultivate versatility in diction, attempt to convert a paragraph that inclines to colorless and lifeless words into one with greater specificness.

2. Take a paragraph in a fluent style inclining toward verboseness, and rewrite it, reducing the number of words perhaps one-third. Note the improvement in energy of expression.

3. Subject one of your own compositions to the surgery suggested above. Note the devices you have used for obtaining condensed modes of expression.

4. Write a discussion of Stevenson's diction, using "An Apology for Idlers" as the material. Select the two or three features that seem to mark off his diction from that of other writers. Give illustrations of the points you make. Be sure to interpret sufficiently your illustrations. That is, do not merely say "This passage shows Stevenson's fondness for using familiar words in an unusual way," but supply enough comment of your own to make it clear that the passage certainly does show the trait you have mentioned.

PART TWO

EXPOSITORY PROCEDURES AND DEVICES

DEFINITION

TRAGEDY[1]

J. Macmillan Brown

To DEFINE tragedy seems easy and yet when attempted is the most difficult of tasks. At first it appears as if it were nothing but a story that ends in death, a plot that had bloodshed in it. Every tragedy we know of has death as its atmosphere. But dying is as common on this earth as life; we scarcely notice that the world is a great graveyard and that every moment of its existence is stained by the finger of dissolution. The commonplace does not enter into tragedy; we feel that it is exceptionable and striking. And we add to the death that is implied in it the idea of violence. All tragic deaths are violent collisions of unbending wills that seek the final issue, clashings of purpose that stop not short of ultimate conclusions. Yet oftentimes duels and battles have carried no tinge of tragedy in them, leaving perhaps on the minds of the spectators only the sense of loathing or horror, not the deep feeling of the universal struggle that underlies all existence. And we have only to think of the coarse gloating over the murder columns of newspapers if we would see how far from tragic death may be even when joined with violence.

Violence and death then are only the accompaniments of tragedy and not the essence of it. There lies a deeper secret in it. In ancient times it was the clash of two destinies, national or

[1] From Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* (Whitecombe & Tombs, Ltd.). Reprinted by permission.

family or personal. In *Prometheus Bound* it is the will of the gods and the fate of man that conflict; the great protagonist of our race has for the good of his fellows done wrong to Zeus the king of the gods and he is chained to Caucasus for his sin and bears the never-ending agony of a vulture gnawing at his vitals. Thus the world unseen and the world of men encounter and the result is tragedy even without the intervention of death. And this is ever the noblest kind of tragedy amongst the Greeks wherein sin against the gods seeks expiation in the life of the individual or the family or the race. Some divine law is broken, wittingly or not, and vengeance ofttimes with slow foot and silent gait dogs the victim to his doom; he passes on all unconscious through life; but the spectators know the horror that awaits him. And even, where natural affection as in the *Antigone* comes into play, there is still a background of divine wrath to give gloom to the death of the faithful sister; it is the curse of her family coming from the unexpiated sin of the past that hurries her on to her doom.

We seem to pass to a different world when we read or see our modern tragedies. For here the vengeance of heaven has disappeared; the deity never intervenes; there is no silent, viewless wrath pursuing the victim to the death; there is no curse lowering over a race or a family. The atmosphere has become wholly human, unless here and there for some poor concession to popular superstition in the appearance of a witch or some perturbed spirit. It might seem as if modern tragedy were wholly given over to the vulgar elements of violence and bloodshed. And undoubtedly this is its tendency; it inclines to "sup full with horrors," to deluge the stage with blood at least at the close.

But that is only vulgar modern tragedy, tragedy that has not found its footing in the tide of human affairs. We have true substitutes for the old divine elements; for the will of the gods we see in our noblest tragedies the working of the laws of nature

that never leave violation of them unrevenged. For the curse that lay upon a race or a family we have heredity that stirs our pity for the victims that so innocently suffer by it. For sin or outrage on the laws of heaven, we have crime and the scorn of those undying laws that nature and the wisdom of the ages have evolved within the breast of man. For the clash of destinies, of the will of Zeus and the fate of man, we have the hero dashing himself against the prison bars of life, trying to solve its sad and insoluble problems. It is not his death or the death of the victims of his fate that forms the tragedy, but the long agony that will not pass away except into the grave; death is but the natural and fit crown of all the pain and woe. In all this we have left behind the theological idea and come into the purely human world. It is, in short, character that is now the soil of tragedy, the nature of man himself and not the laws that unseen deities compel him to accept, whether he understands them or not. It is now his own nature with its foreign and self-originating elements that he has to struggle with and shape to nobler ends; and the tragedy lies in the noble failure. It is now in character that destiny lies, character molded by ancestral deeds and by our own. It is the first word and the last of modern tragedy.

LOYALTY [1]

Josiah Royce

THREE sorts of persons, I have noticed, are fond of using the term "loyalty." These are quite different types of persons; or, in any case, they use the word upon very different occasions. But these very differences are to my mind important.

[1] From *William James and Other Essays* (Macmillan Company). Reprinted by permission.

The first type of those who love to use the term "loyalty" consists of those who employ it to express a certain glow of enthusiastic devotion, the type of the lovers, of the students when the athletic contests are near, of the partisans in the heat of a political contest, or of the friends of an institution upon a day like this. To such persons, or at least at such moments, loyalty is conceived as something brilliantly emotional, as a passion of devotion. The second class of those who are fond of the word "loyalty" are the warriors and their admirers. To such persons loyalty means a willingness to do dangerous service, to sacrifice life, to toil long and hard for the flag that one follows. But for a third type of those who employ the word, loyalty especially means steady, often unobtrusive, fidelity to more or less formal obligations, such as the business world and the workshop impose upon us. Such persons think of loyalty as, first of all, faithfulness in obeying the law of the land, or in executing the plans of one's official superiors, or in serving one's employer or one's client or one's chief, or one's fraternity or other social union. In this sense the loyal servant may be obscure and unemotional. But he is trustworthy.

Now, a word which thus so forcibly appeals to the lovers who want to express their passionate devotion, and also to the soldiers who want to name that obstinate following of the flag which makes victory possible; a word which business men also sometimes use to characterize the quietly and industriously faithful employee who obeys orders, who betrays no secrets, and who regards the firm's interest as his own;—well, such a word, I think, is not as much ambiguous as deep in its meaning. For, after all, loyal emotions, loyal sacrifice of life, loyal steadiness in obscure service, are but various symptoms of a certain spirit which lies beneath all its various expressions. This spirit is a well-known one. All the higher life of society depends upon it. It may manifest itself as enthusiasm upon an occasion like this, or as con-

tempt for death upon the battle field, or as quiet service when the toil of life is grim, or as the cool fidelity that pursues the daily routine of office or of workshop or of kitchen with a steady persistence and with a simple acceptance of traditional duties or of the day's toil. But the spirit thus manifested is not exhausted by any of its symptoms. The appearances of loyalty are manifold. Its meaning is one. And I myself venture to state what the true spirit of loyalty is by defining the term thus: By loyalty I mean the thorough-going, the voluntary, and the practical devotion of a self to a cause. And by a cause I mean something of the nature that the true lover has in mind when he is wisely devoted to his love; that the faithful member of a family serves when the family itself is the cause dear to him; that the member of a fraternity, or the child of a college, or the devoted professional man, or the patriot, or the martyr, or the faithful workman conceives when he thinks of that to which he gives his life.

As all these illustrations suggest, the cause to which one can be loyal is never a mere collection of individuals; nor is it ever a mere abstract principle. This cause, whether in the church or the army or the workshop, in the home or in the friendship, is some sort of unity whereby many persons are joined in one common life. The cause to which a loyal man is devoted is of the nature of an institution, or of a home life, or of a fraternity, wherein two or more persons aim to become one; or of a religion, wherein the unity of the spirit is sought through the communion of the faithful. Loyalty respects individuals, but aims to bring them together into one common life. Its command to the loyal is: "Be 'one undivided soul of many a soul.'" It recognizes that, when apart, individuals fail; but that when they try to unite their lives into one common higher selfhood, to live as if they were the expressions, the instruments, the organs of one ideally beautiful social group, they win the only possible fulfillment of the meaning of human existence. Through loyalty to such a cause,

through devotion to an ideally united social group, and only through such loyalty, can the problems of human personality be solved. By nature, and apart from some cause to which we are loyal, each of us is but a mass of caprices, a chaos of distracting passions, a longing for happiness that is never fulfilled, a seeking for success which never attains its goal. Meanwhile, no merely customary morality ever adequately guides our lives. Mere social authority never meets our needs. But a cause, some unity of many lives in one, some call upon the individual to give himself over to the service of an idealized community—this gives sense to life.

This, when we feel its presence, as we do upon this occasion, we love, as the lovers love the common life of friendship that is to make them one, or as the mothers delight in the life that is to unite themselves and their children in the family, or as the devout feel that through their communion in the life of their church they become one with the Divine Spirit. For such a cause we can make sacrifices, such as the soldier makes in following the flag. For what is the fortune of any detached self as compared with the one cause of the whole country? And just such a voluntary devotion to a cause can ennoble the routine of the humblest daily business, in the office, in the household, in the school, at the desk, or in the market place, if one only finds the cause that can hold his devotion—be this cause his business firm or his profession or his household or his country or his church, or all these at once. For all these causes have their value in this: that through the business firm, or the household, or the profession, or the spiritual community, the lives of many human selves are woven into one, so that our fortunes and interests are no longer conceived as detached and private, but as a giving of ourselves in order that the social group to which we are devoted should live its own united life.

WHAT IS EDUCATION? [1]

Thomas Henry Huxley

What is education? Above all things, what is our ideal of a thoroughly liberal education?—of that education which, if we could begin life again, we would give ourselves—of that education which, if we could mold the fates to our own will, we would give our children? Well, I know not what may be your conceptions upon this matter, but I will tell you mine, and I hope I shall find that our views are not very discrepant.

Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn, upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth, that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just and patient. But also we know, to our cost,

[1] From *A Liberal Education; and Where to Find It.*

that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.

My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win—and I should accept it as an image of human life.

Well, what I mean by education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me, education means neither more nor less than this. Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard, and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education, whatever may be the force of authority, or of numbers, upon the other side.

It is important to remember that, in strictness, there is no such thing as an uneducated man. Take an extreme case. Suppose that an adult man, in the full vigor of his faculties, could be suddenly placed in the world, as Adam is said to have been, and then left to do as he best might. How long would he be left uneducated? Not five minutes. Nature would begin to teach him, through the eye, the ear, the touch, the properties of objects. Pain and pleasure would be at his elbow telling him to do this and avoid that; and by slow degrees the man would receive an education which, if narrow, would be thorough, real, and ade-

quate to his circumstances, though there would be no extras and very few accomplishments.

And if to this solitary man entered a second Adam, or, better still, an Eve, a new and greater world, that of social and moral phenomena, would be revealed. Joys and woes, compared with which all others might seem but faint shadows, would spring from the new relations. Happiness and sorrow would take the place of the coarser monitors, pleasure and pain; but conduct would still be shaped by the observation of the natural consequences of actions; or, in other words, by the laws of the nature of man.

To every one of us the world was once as fresh and new as to Adam. And then, long before we were susceptible of any other modes of instruction, Nature took us in hand, and every minute of waking life brought its educational influence, shaping our actions into rough accordance with Nature's laws, so that we might not be ended untimely by too gross disobedience. Nor should I speak of this process of education as past for any one, be he as old as he may. For every man the world is as fresh as it was at the first day, and as full of untold novelties for him who has the eyes to see them. And Nature is still continuing her patient education of us in that great university, the universe, of which we are all members—Nature having no Test-Acts.

Those who take honors in Nature's university, who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them, are the really great and successful men in this world. The great mass of mankind are the "Poll," [1] who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.

Thus the question of compulsory education is settled so far as Nature is concerned. Her bill on that question was framed

[1] *Poll,* those who take a degree without honors.

and passed long ago. But, like all compulsory legislation, that of Nature is harsh and wasteful in its operation. Ignorance is visited as sharply as willful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.

The object of what we commonly call education—that education in which man intervenes and which I shall distinguish as artificial education—is to make good these defects in Nature's methods; to prepare the child to receive Nature's education, neither incapably nor ignorantly, nor with willful disobedience; and to understand the preliminary symptoms of her pleasure, without waiting for the box on the ear. In short, all artificial education ought to be an anticipation of natural education. And a liberal education is an artificial education which has not only prepared a man to escape the great evils of disobedience to natural laws, but has trained him to appreciate and to seize upon the rewards, which Nature scatters with as free a hand as her penalties.

That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

Such an one, and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with Nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely; she as his ever beneficent mother; he as her mouthpiece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter.

GENTLEMEN[1]

Robert Louis Stevenson

I

WHAT do we mean to-day by that phrase, a gentleman? By the lights of history, from *gens, gentilis,* it should mean a man of family, "one of a kent house," one of notable descent: thus embodying an ancient stupid belief and implying a modern scientific theory. The ancient and stupid belief came to the ground, with a prodigious dust and the collapse of several polities, in the latter half of the last century. There followed upon this an interregnum, during which it was believed that all men were born "free and equal," and that it really did not matter who your father was. Man has always been nobly irrational, bandaging his eyes against the facts of life, feeding himself on the wind of ambitious falsehood, counting his stock to be the children of the gods; and yet perhaps he never showed it in a more touching light than when he embraced this boyish theory. Freedom we now know for a thing incompatible with corporate life and a blessing probably peculiar to the solitary robber; we know besides that every advance of richness of existence, whether moral or material, is paid for by a loss of liberty; that liberty is man's coin in which he pays his way; that luxury and knowledge

[1] From *Scribner's Magazine.* Reprinted by permission.

and virtue, and love and the family affections, are all so many fresh fetters on the naked and solitary freeman. And the ancient stupid belief having come to the ground and the dust of its fall subsided, behold the modern scientific theory beginning to rise very nearly on the old foundation; and individuals no longer (as was fondly imagined) springing into life from God knows where, incalculable, untrammelled, abstract, equal to one another—but issuing modestly from a race; with virtues and vices, fortitudes and frailties, ready made; the slaves of their inheritance of blood; eternally unequal. So that we in the present, and yet more our scientific descendants in the future, must use, when we desire to praise a character, the old expression, gentleman, in nearly the old sense: one of happy strain of blood, one fortunate in descent from brave and self-respecting ancestors, whether clowns or counts. And yet plainly this is of but little help. The intricacy of descent defies prediction; so that even the heir of a hundred sovereigns may be born a brute or a vulgarian. We may be told that a picture is an heirloom; that does not tell us what the picture represents. All qualities are inherited, and all characters; but which are the qualities that belong to the gentleman? what is the character that earns and deserves that honorable style?

II

The current ideas vary with every class, and need scarce be combated, need scarce be mentioned save for the love of fun. In one class, and not long ago, he was regarded as a gentleman who kept a gig. He is a gentleman in one house who does not eat peas with his knife; in another, who is not to be discountenanced by any created form of butler. In my own case I have learned to move among pompous menials without much terror, never without much respect. In the narrow sense, and so long as they publicly tread the boards of their profession, it would be

difficult to find more finished gentlemen; and it would often be a matter of grave thought with me, sitting in my club, to compare the bearing of the servants with that of those on whom they waited. There could be no question which were the better gentlemen. And yet I was hurried into no democratic theories; for I saw the members' part was the more difficult to play, I saw that to serve was a more graceful attitude than to be served, I knew besides that much of the servants' gentility was *ad hoc* and would be laid aside with their livery jackets; and to put the matter in a nutshell; that some of the members would have made very civil footmen and many of the servants intolerable members. For all that, one of the prettiest gentlemen I ever knew was a servant. A gentleman he happened to be, even in the old stupid sense, only on the wrong side of the blanket; and a man besides of much experience; having served in the Guards' Club and been valet to old Cooke of the *Saturday Review,* and visited the States with Madame Sinico (I think it was) and Portugal with Madame Some-one-else, so that he had studied, at least from the chair-backs, many phases of society. It chanced he was waiter in a hotel where I was staying with my mother; it was midwinter and we were the only guests; all afternoons, he and I passed on a perfect equality in the smoking-room; and at meal-time, he waited on my mother and me as a servant. Now here was a trial of manners from which few could have come forth successful. To take refuge in a frozen bearing would have been the timid, the inelegant resource of almost all. My friend was much more bold; he joined in the talk, he ventured to be jocular, he pushed familiarity to the nice margin, and yet preserved the indefinable and proper distance of the English servant, and yet never embarrassed, never even alarmed, the comrade with whom he had just been smoking a pipe. It was a masterpiece of social dexterity—on artificial lines no doubt, and dealing with difficulties that should never have existed, that exist much less

in France, and that will exist nowhere long—but a masterpiece for all that, and one that I observed with despairing admiration, as I have watched Sargent paint.

I say these difficulties should never have existed; for the whole relation of master and servant is to-day corrupt and vulgar. At home in England it is the master who is degraded; here in the States, by a triumph of inverted tact, the servant often so contrives that he degrades himself. He must be above his place; and it is the mark of a gentleman to be at home. He thinks perpetually of his own dignity; it is the proof of a gentleman to be jealous of the dignity of others. He is ashamed of his trade, which is the essence of vulgarity. He is paid to do certain services, yet he does them so gruffly that any man of spirit would resent them if they were gratuitous favors; and this (if he will reflect upon it tenderly) is so far from the genteel as to be not even coarsely honest. Yet we must not blame the man for these mistakes; the vulgarity is in the air. There is a tone in popular literature much to be deplored; deprecating service, like a disgrace; honoring those who are ashamed of it; honoring even (I speak not without book) such as prefer to live by the charity of poor neighbors instead of blacking the shoes of the rich. Blacking shoes is counted (in these works) a thing specially disgraceful. To the philosophic mind, it will seem a less exceptional trade than to deal in stocks, and one in which it is more easy to be honest than to write books. Why, then, should it be marked out for reprobation by the popular authors? It is taken, I think, for a type; inoffensive in itself, it stands for many disagreeable household duties; disagreeable to fulfill, I had nearly said shameful to impose; and with the dullness of their tribe, the popular authors transfer the shame to the wrong party. Truly, in this matter there seems a lack of gentility somewhere; a lack of refinement, of reserve, of common modesty; a strain of the spirit of those ladies in the past, who did not hesitate to

bathe before a footman. And one thing at least is easy to prophesy, not many years will have gone by before those shall be held the most "elegant" gentlemen, and those the most "refined" ladies, who wait (in a dozen particulars) upon themselves. But the shame is for the masters only. The servants stand quite clear. He has one of the easiest parts to play upon the face of the earth; he must be far misled, if he so grossly fails in it.

III

It is a fairly common accomplishment to behave with decency in one character and among those to whom we are accustomed and with whom we have been brought up. The trial of gentility lies in some such problem as that of my waiter's, in foreign travel, or in some sudden and sharp change of class. I once sailed on the emigrant side from the Clyde to New York; among my fellow-passengers I passed generally as a mason, for the excellent reason that there was a mason on board *who happened to know;* and this fortunate event enabled me to mix with these working people on a footing of equality. I thus saw them at their best, using their own civility; while I, on the other hand, stood naked to their criticism. The workmen were at home, I was abroad, I was the shoe-black in the drawing-room, the Huron at Versailles; and I used to have hot and cold fits, lest perchance I made a beast of myself in this new environment. I had no allowances to hope for; I could not plead that I was "only a gentleman after all," for I was known to be a mason; and I must stand and fall by my transplanted manners on their own intrinsic decency. It chanced there was a Welsh blacksmith on board, who was not only well-mannered of himself and a judge of manners, but a fellow besides of an original mind. He had clearly diagnosed me for a masquerader and a person out of place; and as we had grown intimate upon the

voyage, I carried him my troubles. How did I behave? Was I, upon this crucial test, at all a gentleman? I might have asked eight hundred thousand blacksmiths (if Wales or the world contain so many) and they would have held my question for a mockery; but Jones was a man of genuine perception, thought a long time before he answered; looking at me comically and reviewing (I could see) the events of the voyage, and then told me that "on the whole" I did "pretty well." Mr. Jones was a humane man and very much my friend, and he could get no further than "on the whole" and "pretty well." I was chagrined at the moment for myself; on a larger basis of experience, I am now only concerned for my class. My co-equals would have done but little better, and many of them worse. Indeed, I have never seen a sight more pitiable than that of the current gentleman unbending; unless it were the current lady! It is these stiff-necked condescensions, it is that graceless assumption, that make the diabolic element in times of riot. A man may be willing to starve in silence like a hero; it is a rare man indeed who can accept the unspoken slights of the unworthy, and not be embittered. There was a visit paid to the steerage quarters on this same voyage, by a young gentleman and two young ladies; and as I was by that time pretty well accustomed to the workman's standard, I had a chance to see my own class from below. God help them, poor creatures! As they ambled back to their saloon, they left behind, in the minds of my companions, and in my mind also, an image and an influence that might well have set them weeping, could they have guessed its nature. I spoke a few lines back of a shoeblack in the drawing-room, it is what I never saw; but I did see that young gentleman and these young ladies on the forward deck, and the picture remains with me, and the offense they managed to convey is not forgotten.

IV

And yet for all this ambiguity, for all these imperfect examples, we know clearly what we mean by the word. When we meet a gentleman of another class, through all contrariety of habits the essentials of the matter stand confessed: I never had a doubt of Jones. More than that, we recognize the type in books; the actors of history, the characters of fiction, bear the mark upon their brow; at a word, by a bare act, we discern and segregate the mass, this one a gentleman, the others not. To take but the last hundred years, Scott, Gordon, Wellington in his cold way, Grant in his plain way, Shelley for all his follies, these were clearly gentlemen; Napoleon, Byron, Lockhart, these were as surely cads, and the two first cads of a rare water.

Let us take an anecdote of Grant and one of Wellington. On the day of the capitulation, Lee wore his presentation sword; it was the first thing Grant observed, and from that moment he had but one thought: how to avoid taking it. A man, who should perhaps have had the nature of an angel, but assuredly not the special virtues of the gentleman, might have received the sword, and no more words about it: he would have done well in a plain way. One who wished to be a gentleman, and knew not how, might have received and returned it: he would have done infamously ill, he would have proved himself a cad; taking the stage for himself, leaving to his adversary confusion of countenance and the ungracious posture of the man condemned to offer thanks. Grant, without a word said, added to the terms of this article: "All officers to retain their side-arms"; and the problem was solved and Lee kept his sword, and Grant went down to posterity, not perhaps a fine gentleman, but a great one. And now for Wellington. The tale is on a lower plane, is elegant rather than noble; yet is a tale of a gentleman

too, and raises besides a pleasant and instructive question. Wellington and Marshal Marmont were adversaries (it will not have been forgotten) in one of the prettiest recorded acts of military fencing, the campaign of Salamanca: it was a brilliant business on both sides, just what Count Tolstoï ought to study before he writes again upon the inutility of generals; indeed, it was so very brilliant on the Marshal's part that on the last day, in one of those extremes of cleverness that come so near stupidity, he fairly overreached himself, was taken "in flagrant delict," was beaten like a sack, and had his own arm shot off as a reminder not to be so clever the next time. It appears he was incurable; a more distinguished example of the same precipitate, ingenious blundering will be present to the minds of all—his treachery in 1814; and even the tale I am now telling shows, on a lilliputian scale, the man's besetting weakness. Years after Salamanca, the two generals met, and the Marshal (willing to be agreeable) asked the Duke his opinion of the battle. With that promptitude, wit, and willingness to spare pain which make so large a part of the armory of the gentleman, Wellington had his answer ready, impossible to surpass on its own ground: "I early perceived your excellency had been wounded." And you see what a pleasant position he had created for the Marshal, who had no more to do than just to bow and smile and take the stage at his leisure. But here we come to our problem. The Duke's answer (whether true or false) created a pleasant position for the Marshal. But what sort of position had the Marshal's question created for the Duke? and had not Marmont the maneuverer once more maneuvered himself into a false position? I conceive so. It is the man who has gained the victory, not the man who has suffered the defeat, who finds his ground embarrassing. The vanquished has an easy part, it is easy for him to make a handsome reference; but how hard for the victor to make a handsome reply! An un-

answerable compliment is the social bludgeon; and Marmont (with the most graceful intentions in the world) had propounded one of the most desperate. Wellington escaped from his embarrassment by a happy and courtly inspiration. Grant, I imagine, since he had a genius for silence, would have found some means to hold his peace. Lincoln with his half tact, and unhappy readiness, might have placed an appropriate anecdote and raised a laugh; not an unkindly laugh, for he was a kindly man; but under the circumstances the best natured laugh would have been death to Marmont. Shelley (if we can conceive him to have gained a battle at all) would have blushed and stammered, feeling the Marshal's false position like some grossness of his own; and when the blush had communicated itself to the cheeks of his unlucky questioner, some stupid, generous word (such as I cannot invent for him) would have found its way to his lips and set them both at ease. Byron? well, he would have managed to do wrong: I have too little sympathy with that unmatched vulgarian to create his part. Napoleon? that would have depended: had he been angry, he would have left all competitors behind in cruel coarseness: had he been in a good humor, it might have been the other way. For this man, the very model of a cad, was so well served with truths by the clear insight of his mind, and with words by his great though shallow gift of literature, that he has left behind him one of the most gentlemanly utterances on record: *"Madame, respectez le fardeau."* And he could do the right thing too, as well as say it; and any character in history might envy him that moment when he gave his sword, the sword of the world-subduer, to his old, loyal enemy, Macdonald. A strange thing to consider two generations of a Skye family, and two generations of the same virtue, fidelity to the defeated: the father braving the rains of the Hebrides with the tattered beggar-lad that was his rightful sovereign; the son, in that princely house of Fontaine-

bleau, himself a marshal of the empire, receiving from the gratitude of one whom he had never feared and who had never loved him, the tool and symbol of the world's most splendid domination. I am glad, since I deal with the name of gentleman, to touch for one moment on its nobler sense, embodied, on the historic scale and with epic circumstance, in the lives of these Macdonalds. Nor is there any man but must be conscious of a thrill of gratitude to Napoleon, for his worthy recognition of the worthiest virtue. Yes, that was done *like* a gentleman; and yet in our hearts we must think it was done like a performer. For to feel precisely what it is to be a gentleman and what it is to be a cad, we have but to study Napoleon's action after Trafalgar, and compare it with that beautiful letter of Louis the Fourteenth's in which he acknowledges the news of Blenheim. We hear much about the Sun-king nowadays, and Michelet is very sad reading about his government, and Thackeray was very droll about his wig, but when we read this letter from the vainest king in Europe smarting under the deadliest reverse, we know that at least he was a gentleman. In the battle, Tallard had lost his son, Louis the primacy of Europe; it is only with the son the letter deals. Poor Louis! if his wig had been twice as great, and his sins twice as numerous, here is a letter to throw wide the gates of Heaven for his entrance. I wonder what would Louis have said to Marshal Marmont? Something infinitely condescending; for he was too much of a king to be quite a gentleman. And Marcus Aurelius, how would he have met the question? With some reference to the gods no doubt, uttered not quite without a twang; for the good emperor and great gentleman of Rome was of the methodists of his day and race.

And now to make the point at which I have been aiming. The perfectly straightforward person who should have said to Marmont, "I was uncommonly glad to get you beaten," would

have done the next best to Wellington who had the inspiration of graceful speech; just as the perfectly straightforward person who should have taken Lee's sword and kept it, would have done the next best to Grant who had the inspiration of the truly graceful act. Lee would have given up his sword and preserved his dignity; Marmont might have laughed, his pride need not have suffered. Not to try to spare people's feeling is so much kinder than to try in a wrong way; and not to try to be a gentleman at all is so much more gentlemanly than to try and fail! So that this gift, or grace, or virtue, resides not so much in conduct as in knowledge; not so much in refraining from the wrong, as in knowing the precisely right. A quality of exquisite aptitude marks out the gentlemanly act; without an element of wit, we can be only gentlemen by negatives.

V

More and more, as our knowledge widens, we have to reply to those who ask for a definition: "I can't give you that, but I will tell you a story." We cannot say what a thing will be, nor what it ought to be; but we can say what it has been, and how it came to be what it is: History instead of Definition. It is this which (if we continue teachable) will make short work of all political theories; it is on this we must fall back to explain our word, gentleman.

The life of our fathers was highly ceremonial; a man's steps were counted; his acts, his gestures were prescribed; marriage, sale, adoption, and not only legal contracts, but the simplest necessary movements, must be all conventionally ordered and performed to rule. Life was a rehearsed piece; and only those who had been drilled in the rehearsals could appear with decency in the performance. A gentile man, one of a dominant race, hereditary priest, hereditary leader, was, by the circum-

stance of his birth and education, versed in this symbolic etiquette. Whatever circumstances arose, he would be prepared to utter the sacramental word, to perform the ceremonial act. For every exigence of family or tribal life, peace or war, marriage or sacrifice, fortune or mishap, he stood easily waiting, like the well-graded actor for his cue. The clan that he guided would be safe from shame, it would be ensured from loss; for the man's attitude would be always becoming, his bargains legal, and his sacrifices pleasing to the gods. It is from this gentile man, the priest, the chief, the expert in legal forms and attitudes, the bulwark and the ornament of his tribe, that our name of gentleman descends. So much of the sense still clings to it, it still points the man who, in every circumstance of life, knows what to do and how to do it gracefully; so much of its sense it has lost, for this grace and knowledge are no longer of value in practical affairs; so much of a new sense it has taken on, for as well as the nicest fitness, it now implies a punctual loyalty of word and act. And note the word loyalty; here is a parallel advance from the proficiency of the gentile man to the honor of the gentleman, and from the sense of legality to that of loyalty. With the decay of the ceremonial element in life, the gentleman has lost some of his prestige, I had nearly said some of his importance; and yet his part is the more difficult to play. It is hard to preserve the figures of a dance when many of our partners dance at random. It is easy to be a gentleman in a very stiff society where (as it seems) almost any word or act may come by inspiration. The rehearsed piece is at an end; we are now floundering through an impromptu charade. Far more of ceremonial remains (to be sure) traditional in the terms of our association, far more hereditary in the texture of brains, than is dreamed by the superficial; it is our fortress against many perils, the cement of states, the meeting ground of classes. But much of life comes

up for the first time, unrehearsed, and must be acted on upon the instant. Knowledge there can here be none; the man must invent an attitude, he must be inspired with speech; and the most perfect gentleman is he who, in these irregular cases, acts and speaks with most aplomb and fitness. His tact stimulates knowledge; to see him so easy and secure and graceful, you would think he had been through it all before; you would think he was the gentile man of old, repeating for the thousandth time, upon some public business, the sacramental words and ceremonial gestures of his race.

Lastly, the club footman, so long as he is in his livery jacket, appears the perfect gentleman and visibly outshines the members; and the same man, in the public-house, among his equals, becomes perhaps plain and dull, perhaps even brutal. He has learned the one part of service perfectly; there he has knowledge, he shines in the prepared performance; outside of that he must rely on tact, and sometimes flounders sadly in the unrehearsed charade. The gentleman, again, may be put to open shame as he changes from one country, or from one rank of society to another. The footman was a gentleman only *ad hoc;* the other (at the most) *ad haec;* and when he has got beyond his knowledge, he begins to flounder in the charade. Even so the gentile man was only gentile among those of his own gens and their subordinates and neighbors; in a distant city, he too was peregrine and inexpert, and must become the client of another, or find his bargains insecure and be excluded from the service of the gods.

COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS

Of first importance in exposition is accurate, exact definition. As the derivation implies, "definition" means to set boundaries or limits. Even when we seek dictionary aid in understanding an unfamiliar word, we want to ascertain the exact limits in which we may use

that word. Likewise when we deal with any of the many vague terms that confront us in discussions, such as "protective tariff," "college spirit," "vocational education," "socialism," and scores of others, we find it helpful to know just how much territory it covers, even though we only ascertain what it means to the particular person whose writing we happen at the moment to be reading. Futile and useless discussion often arises from confusion in the use of terms.

Two kinds of definition are usually discussed in connection with exposition: (1) *logical or exact definition,* and (2) *extended definition.* The former is brief always, and attempts usually in a sentence to place the term to be defined in a class (sometimes called the *genus*) and then to segregate it from all other members of the class by certain distinguishing features (sometimes called the *differentia*).

With logical definition, the writer of exposition has little to do directly, for it is too compact and rigid to be easily comprehensible. He does, however, frequently find it useful as a starting point for the more extended type of definition. In this second kind, the writer goes into detail, thus giving the mind time to eddy about the meaning and come to an understanding of it with less effort.

In building up an extended definition, various procedures are open to the writer. He may examine several of the meanings usually given to the term under consideration, and effect a combination of these into a new definition, or he may reject all of them and present one of his own devising. He may elect to make clear a given definition by a good deal of explanation or illustration, the final result being perhaps a lengthy discussion. In the case of some very broad term, definition may be facilitated by breaking it up into segments. Each of these may then be defined adequately, and at the end all assembled into a whole.

After reading one or more of the foregoing selections illustrating definition, work out for yourself what they show about the principles of definition, using the following suggestions:

1. What is the difference between such expository definitions as these and the dictionary definitions of words?

2. Can you formulate for each selection a sentence definition that

was probably the nucleus? Why would this compact definition be insufficient?

What means were used to develop the extended definition? (Some of the more frequent devices are: giving the history or derivation of the term, eliminating that with which the term might be confused, breaking the term into its component parts and then defining each of these, giving convincing examples of the term, contrasting it with other terms, etc.)

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

1. The following expressions are of somewhat uncertain meaning and application although frequently on the lips of people. Attempt definite and accurate definitions of them. Make use of such methods as seem appropriate to the particular case. (1) Heroism; (2) Scholarship; (3) Success; (4) Charity; (5) Science; (6) Liberty; (7) The Idle Rich; (8) College Spirit; (9) A Square Deal; (10) A High Brow; (11) An Officer and a Gentleman; (12) A Great Man; (13) The Honor System; (14) Free Verse; (15) A Man of the World; (16) "Making Whoopee."

2. Write a discussion of the meaning of "Americanism." As aid in this assignment, you are given below the material presented by *The Forum* to its readers in one of its definition contests. When the definitions submitted had been sifted down to the twenty here given, the readers of the magazine were given the opportunity to select the best by ballot. Which one would you have voted for, or could you have offered one that might be an improvement over the others? Your discussion might be a comparative evaluation of the more important of the twenty definitions here quoted; or you might select the best in your opinion and attempt an elaboration of it.

In judging the manuscripts submitted, it became apparent at the outset that it would be virtually impossible to find one succinct definition that comprehended all the shades and meanings that attach to the term. The definitions fell into several groups which the Definition Editor, with the phlegm of his kind, laconically labeled as follows: (1) Dithyrambic (Cherry-tree-Gettysburg-My-country-right-or-wrong); (2) 1776 (Mayflower Fathers-Liberty-Equality); (3) Earnest

(constructive adaptation of inherited principles to modern conditions); (4) Fifty-fifty (holdup gangs *vs.* uplift ditto); (5) Radical (axe-hammer-tongs); (6) Wisecracks; (7) Cuckoo. The great majority fell into the first three groups.

As was to be expected, many of the most thoughtful and readable manuscripts submitted were not strictly definitions at all, and could not be entered as candidates. Into this class falls an exceedingly neat remark which was offered by Professor Harry W. Ayres as an "aside" to the Editor. "Americanism," he reflected, "is the sum of the emotions which I should experience if I learned my daughter proposed to marry a foreigner. I might be all wrong about it, but it is what I should feel, and I should feel there was something to justify the feeling. O mores!" That is far too vague for the dictionary, but is there any American in whom it does not evoke as clear a concept as the everlasting references to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?

The definitions finally selected for publication are not necessarily the most clever, nor the most original, but those which in the opinion of the editors best cover the whole ground. For most of those selected there are scores which might with almost equal reason have been substituted. Many admirable contributions must go unrecognized. As the object is to offer a composite picture of the things meant by "Americanism" in the public mind, we have in some cases chosen definitions from a minor group which agree in substance though varying in shade.

We now leave the floor to the public:

(1) Americanism is the uncrystallized and murmuring expression of organized America, as she endeavors for her own protection to locate the roadway of her destiny, among the crisscrossing bypaths of all nations. (*Clark Clement, Lemoore, Calif.*)

(2) Americanism: the developed national consciousness of a nation of many races—conceived in an ideal, begotten of the practical, nurtured and grown to manhood in the school of necessity—evidenced in its laws, its customs and in all its pursuits of human activity as a characteristic self-confidence, self-reliance, self-sufficiency, and pride that it as a nation is the best and shall ever remain the best, though quite readily stirred to experiment upon itself in methods of self-improvement by law, well satisfied that so it can work out its own destiny and thus stand as a leader of nations. (*Adelrick Benziger, Denver, Col.*)

(3) Americanism: a word of strictly subjective meaning, denoting our likes or dislikes, according as we like or dislike America. (*Francis F. Davis, New York.*)

(4) Americanism: an idea of loyal patriotism, religious tolerance, righteous freedom, fearless courage, honest integrity, abiding faith in the commanding destiny of the United States, and a fathomless love for the principles which led our forefathers to found this commonwealth. (*Ivan C. Hall, Denver, Col.*)

(5) Americanism: an attempt to secure maximum expression in all directions at once; maximum internationalism and maximum self-sufficiency; maximum spiritual attainment and maximum materialism; maximum freedom of speech and thought and maximum security; and maximum education everywhere, in every way, for, of, and by everybody. (*Elizabeth E. Hoyt, Ames, Iowa.*)

(6) Hardy sons and daughters of Britain, truthful, loyal, adventurous, resourceful, sea-loving, seek new lands and new freedom in America, subdue Indians, cross rivers and mountains, fell forests, till farms. With faith in God and love of home they build churches, schools, colleges, in honor of law, of property, of equal duties and rights. From stockades and settlements arise well-ruled towns and states. In the break with the motherland they renew the older choice of their best manhood, their strongest and wisest counselors,—Washington, then Lincoln. Free yet controlled, independent yet united, slow to war yet ready to fight for righteousness. (*Henry Fairfield Osborn, New York.*)

(7) Americanism is *not* identical with Americanitis, that unhappy combination of selfishness and conceit which, shouting "America first!" and purblind to whatever faults America may have, covets a maximum of possessions, prosperity, and influence, with a minimum of obligation to the rest of the world; but genuine Americanism combines, rather, an intelligent and discriminating appreciation of the achievements and the perils of America, and of her transcendent opportunities for greatness and usefulness, with a loyal and unselfish devotion to her ideal development, material, political, social, and moral, including the fulfillment of her preëminent possibilities for world service and international leadership. (*K. P. Harrington, Middletown, Conn.*)

(8) Americanism means: Tolerance to the Tolerant. An excuse for Intolerance to the Intolerant. Glory to the Patriot. A Mask to the Traitor. Tradition to the Brave. A Refuge to the Coward. A Mecca to the Oppressed. Liberty to the Oppressor. Opportunity to the Poor. A Nationality to the Homeless. It symbolizes Party to the Partisan. A Platform to Congressmen. A Rumor to Wall Street. A Plot to Main Street. Rehabilitation to Noblemen. Easy money to Europe. Mixed feelings in Mexico. Extinction to the Indian. An Experiment to God. (*Steeve Baker, Lincoln, Neb.*)

(9) Americanism is the heart of the typical American as evolved in a century and a half of American independence. Its roots are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; its flowers are American ideals unsurpassed in beauty and fragrance; its fruits satisfaction and service, progress and peace. (*W. S. Pitts, Brooklyn, N. Y.*)

(10) Americanism is the national inferiority complex of the citizens of the United States. (*H. T. Stowell, Buffalo, N. Y.*)

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(11) Americanism consists in knowing America intimately, loving her passionately, and being ever ready to ward off the attacks of her enemies from within as well as from without. It is a sacred word denoting sympathy and helpfulness and a willingness to forego self-interest in order to promote the welfare, happiness, and contentment of others. It is synonymous with genuine patriotism which is founded upon stanch, robust, sterling, self-sacrificing moral character. It means obedience to and respect for our laws and ordinances, and a deep appreciation of our national principles. It is service "For God, for home, for country." (*Patrick J. Shelly, New York.*)

(12) Americanism is Little Jack Horner enlightening the world. (*T. J. Mosley, Madison, Wis.*)

(13) Americanism stands for world-wide freedom and democracy. It is akin to that age-old, universal yearning to be free from tyranny and oppression, and is not a product of America so much as America is a product of it. Indeed its universality is its cardinal principle and insures the abundant life for all humanity. Wherever a people, tolerant and forbearing, scornful of haughtiness and bigotry, stand together mutually striving to make free to all an equal opportunity to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, there is Americanism pure and undefiled. Americanism is applied Christianity. (*A. V. Curtis, Terre Haute, Ind.*)

(14) Americanism is that marvelous combination of sentiment, optimism, and acumen which permits a great nation to retain a sober face while transacting modern business with the aid of a coin stamped "In God We Trust." (*Valance Patriarche, Winnipeg, Canada.*)

(15) Americanism: the essential character of a nation more versatile and less casual than the English, more shrewd and less intellectual than the Scotch, more ingenious and less melancholy than the Irish, more open-handed and less subtle than the Jew, more stable and less flamboyant than the Italian, more enterprising and less abstractly logical than the French, more nimble-witted and less methodical than the German, more business-like and less spiritual than the Russian. (*Llewellyn M. Buell, Syracuse, N. Y.*)

(16) Americanism: a snarled and frayed string of prejudice and instinct, upon which an amorphous population, suddenly self-conscious, is trying to crystallize a racial character and a national purpose. (*Stanley Frost, Oakland, N. J.*)

(17) Define Americanism? Simple enough! Just find the common denominator for: George Washington, Washington Irving, Irving Berlin; Mary Garden, Mary Pickford, Mary Baker G. Eddy; Henry Ford, Henry Adams, O. Henry; Joseph Smith, Al Smith, Smith Brothers; Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson; Stephen Wise, Jesse Lasky, Oscar Straus; Judge Gary, Gene Debs, Babe Ruth; Jackie Coogan, Marion

Talley, Red Grange; Jonathan Edwards, Billy Sunday, Harry Emerson Fosdick, and so forth. (*Llewellyn M. Buell, Syracuse, N. Y.*)

(18) Americanism: the greatest common denominator of vast physical resources, opportunity, greed, and organized philanthropy; Puritanism, Harvard, and the Y. M. C. A.; women's clubs, Rotary, and the K. K. K.; Roman Catholicism and African Methodism; architecture, plumbing, and shoes; advertising, mass production, and installment sales; commercialized sports, bootlegging, murder trials, and irresponsible statements; jazz and the movies: steam, electricity, and gasoline; Washington, Franklin, and Lincoln; Emerson, Longfellow, and Phillips Brooks; Mark Twain, Poe, and Stephen Foster; Robert E. Lee and Theodore Roosevelt; Morgan, Gary, Ford, and Bishop Manning; Edison, the Mayos, Goethals, and the Rockefeller Foundation. (*F. D. Rose, Muncie, Ind.*)

(19) Americanism is Democracy with partisanship; Patriotism without apathy; Liberty with fetters; Faith without question; Free speech with censorship; Enthusiasm without restraint; Religious freedom with the Klan; Progress without parallel; Sincerity with prohibition; Pride without limit. (*A. L. Babcock, Massapequa, Long Island, N. Y.*)

(20) Americanism: the nationalistic catchphrase of the heirs of Jefferson, rising crescendo as they rewrite his last will and testament. (*Hartwell Hatton, Clinton, S. C.*)

CLASSIFICATION AND DIVISION

TYPES OF MONOPOLIES[1]

Richard T. Ely

As our first step in the discussion of monopolies is the definition of monopoly, so the second step is the classification of monopolies, with an examination of their causes. What we need here as elsewhere in the scientific and popular discussions of economic problems is analysis, for the tendency in discussions of both kinds is to generalize too hastily. The inclination is to say that monopolies are bad, or perhaps sometimes a desire may be discovered to say that on the whole they are good. Analysis, however, may reveal such differences in monopolies that we shall be able to say little if anything applicable to all monopolistic businesses save the simple statement that over them unified control is exercised—in other words, that they are monopolies!

One further preliminary observation suggests itself, namely, that classification of monopolies is not only based upon their causes, but reveals their causes; consequently they may best be discussed together.

The first great separation of monopolies is into main classes, and it has regard to ownership and the direct and immediate beneficiary. The two classes are:

A. Public Monopolies.

B. Private Monopolies.

[1] From *Monopolies and Trusts* (The Macmillan Company). Reprinted by permission.

Public Monopolies are those businesses which are owned and operated by some political unit, and this political unit is the direct and immediate beneficiary; in other words, to this political unit in the first place flow all the benefits of the monopoly. *A Private Monopoly, on the other hand, is a monopoly owned and operated by a private person;* it may be a natural person—that is, a human being—or some association of natural persons, as a partnership, or it may be the artificial person called a private corporation. In this case the first and immediate beneficiary of the benefits of the property and business is the private person, although large benefits may flow to the general public.

We may also have *mixed monopolies,* as where a political unit owns monopolistic property which is managed by a private person, or where a private person owns monopolistic property which is managed by a public agency. The former case is illustrated by those railways owned by our commonwealths or cities and operated by private corporations; the latter case finds illustration in privately owned railways operated by the State.

There are private corporations which have what is called a quasi-public character, because the businesses owned and managed by them are of vital importance to society at large, and because society, through government, reserves special rights of regulation over their business operations. When, however, these businesses are monopolies, they fall within the class of private monopolies. They are privately owned, and the benefits of private property flow directly and immediately into private pockets. It is believed that this great fundamental distinction between public and private monopolies is essential both to clear thinking and to sound policy. Whoever undertakes to tell us what is true about monopolies, and what is wise for society to do with respect to monopolies, must make it plain whether he is talking

about public monopolies or whether he is discussing private monopolies.

The second classification of monopolies is made with reference to the source of monopoly-power, and is based upon a different principle of classification, so that this second classification will cut across the first. We have again two main classes, and these are:

A. Social Monopolies.

B. Natural Monopolies.

A Social Monopoly is a monopoly which arises out of social arrangement and is an expression of the will of society as a whole, through government, or of a section of society strong enough to impose its will on society. A Natural Monopoly, on the other hand, is a monopoly which rests back on natural arrangements as distinguished from social arrangements.

The term natural here is used in its well-understood and customary sense, to indicate something external to man's mind. A natural monopoly is one which, so far from giving expression to the will of society, grows up apart from man's will and desire, as expressed socially, and frequently in direct opposition to his will and desire thus expressed.

Social monopolies and natural monopolies may be divided into classes and sub-classes, as follows:

A. Social Monopolies

I. General Welfare Monopolies.
   1. Patents.
   2. Copyrights.
   3. Public Consumption Monopolies.
   4. Trade-marks.
   5. Fiscal Monopolies.

II. Special Privilege Monopolies.
   1. Those based on public favoritism.
   2. Those based on private favoritism.

B. Natural Monopolies

I. Those arising from a limited supply of raw material.
II. Those arising from properties inherent in the business.
III. Those arising from secrecy.

With reference to the completeness of the monopoly, we have a classification into:

A. Absolute Monopolies.

By this we mean a complete control over the entire supply of the article or service. A gas business, in the hands of one corporation, alone furnishing gas to the inhabitants of a given city, affords an illustration.

B. Complete Monopolies.

By a complete monopoly we mean a monopoly which results from substantial unity of action on the part of those in business —what people ordinarily call a monopoly, although there may not be absolute control over the entire business. We might say, perhaps, that the Standard Oil Company is a complete monopoly, but it does not have an absolute monopoly. It is sometimes said that a combination of those furnishing from seventy-five to ninety-five per cent. of the supply of a commodity results in substantial control over price, and thus gives a monopoly. The proportion of supply necessary to establish a monopoly must vary with the circumstance of each particular case. Monopoly, as it is defined in the present work, includes complete monopoly, and a higher form would be absolute monopoly.

C. Partial or Incomplete Monopolies.

Partial monopolies have already been explained in another connection. They exist whenever one or more persons control so large a portion of the field of a particular business that they are able to restrain competition and secure some of the advantages of monopoly; so that the conditions determining price

and other conditions are appreciably different from what they would be under free competition.

We may make another classification with reference to the increase in the supply of the monopolized articles:

A. Monopolies which permit no Increase in the Supply of the Monopolized Articles.

An example would be the works of an old master like Raphael. There is no increase of the supply possible.

B. Monopolies permitting an Increased Supply of the Monopolized Articles.

The supply of a monopolized article may frequently be increased by those who control the monopoly. That is the case, for example, with reference to the gas supply.

We may also have at this point a sub-classification with reference to the conditions under which the supply may be increased:

I. With Increasing Difficulty.

It is alleged that the telephone service in a great city is of this kind, but the author does not know whether it is true or not. It is so claimed by our private companies, but it is unfortunately true that their claim is not sufficient to convince some of us. To find out whether this is true or not, we would have to go to a place where the service is provided by public bodies.

Unless the point of full utilization of an existing plant has been reached, the alleged increasing expenses per unit of increasing business in the case of the telephone must refer to single items, especially those immediately belonging to that department of the service which has to do with establishing connections between the increasing numbers of users of the telephone. Obviously many other expenses do not increase in proportion as the business increases. Manifestly, also, the telephone business of any city can be conducted for less by one plant than by two competing plants, provided that the same

ends are even approximately secured; for rivalry implies two telephones for a large proportion of the subscribers; and even if every subscriber had two telephones, the same ends would be only approximately reached, as the absence of unity would be an inconvenience involving considerable annoyance and loss.

Apropos of the salt which must frequently accompany acceptance of the claims of great corporations, it may be remarked that the Western Union Telegraph Company claimed for years that it was impossible to have underground wires, although it was known at the time, and had long been known, that such an arrangement was quite possible.

Another illustration of this sub-class would be the pictures of a great living artist, who had already painted as many as he could easily, but with a certain increasing difficulty might increase the number.

Another possible case would be some choice wines from vineyards in a particular section of the country.

II. With Constant Difficulty.

Possibly, after a certain point is reached, a copyrighted book would be an illustration. Up to that point, the larger the supply the less will be the cost per book. By the time we reach one hundred thousand we have perhaps got as low in price as possible. The publisher, in that case, could not furnish two hundred thousand for less per book than he could one hundred thousand.

III. With Decreasing Difficulty.

The gas business affords an illustration: but the qualifications already mentioned must be borne in mind.

The above classification is one which has especial importance in the discussion of price and of the taxation of monopolies.

A. Local Monopolies.

These are monopolies extending over a relatively small area. The gas supply of any city is an illustration. There are various monopolies which are confined to a single locality. Then there

are temporary local monopolies which under peculiar exigencies may arise. Two young men in Chicago last winter cornered the market on eggs and made fifteen thousand dollars out of the operation. The weather was so cold that eggs could not be shipped to the city, and for a few days these speculators had a monopoly, accounts of which appeared in the newspapers.

B. National Monopolies.

C. International or Universal Monopolies.

There have been various attempts to secure universal monopoly, of which the copper monopoly of 1899 affords an illustration.

These are more or less arbitrary divisions, because a protective tariff may enable a monopoly to exist in one country when the same article or service is not monopolized in another country. There are attempts to establish monopolies beyond the nation, but how large will be the number of cases in which success will be achieved remains to be seen. There is no doubt that the oil companies of the United States and Russia are endeavoring to establish an international and even a world-monopoly. The Standard Oil Company has a complete monopoly in this country, in Germany, in England, and in France.

We may have a classification based upon the position which the monopolists hold with reference to sales and purchases. This gives us:

A. Sellers' Monopolies.

B. Buyers' Monopolies.

Buyers' monopolies are less frequent than sellers' monopolies, because the buyers of any commodity or service are so often more numerous than the sellers. There are, however, cases in which buyers have special facilities for establishing monopolies. Wholesale buyers have some facilities, because they are not so large in number as those from whom they purchase. The buyers of labor power, especially, have facilities for establishing a monopoly. Professor Wilhelm Lexis mentions the buyers of

second-hand goods. It is hard to see how a second-hand dealer has, in general, anything which can properly be called a monopoly, although, as Professor Lexis says, a man may feel a certain reluctance to sell a second-hand suit of clothes, and this may give the buyer an advantage.

We may also have the following classification with reference to the objects of monopoly:

A. Material Goods.

B. Services.

I. Services which are incorporated in material goods—what the Germans call "material labor services, *e.g.* the service in the transportation of freight.

II. Personal services; as those of a physician or nurse. But it is only rarely that a monopoly of this sort exists on a large scale. Where it is found, it is usually in some small town or rural district.

These, then, are the various classifications. Doubtless we could extend the classifications indefinitely from one point of view or another, but the classifications given are sufficient for our purposes. The most important classification, and the most thoroughgoing, is the second one, which is the classification with reference to the sources of monopoly-power.

It will be convenient now to present by themselves, without comment, the classifications of monopolies which the author offers, before passing on to classifications which other writers have given:

First Classification:

A. Public Monopolies.

B. Private Monopolies.

Second Classification:

A. Social Monopolies.

I. General Welfare Monopolies.

1. Patents.

2. Copyrights.
3. Public Consumption Monopolies.
4. Trade-marks.
5. Fiscal Monopolies.

II. Special Privilege Monopolies.
1. Those based on Public Favoritism.
2. Those based on Private Favoritism.

B. Natural Monopolies.
I. Those arising from a limited supply of raw material.
II. Those arising from properties inherent in the business.
III. Those arising from secrecy.

Third Classification:

A. Absolute Monopolies.
B. Complete Monopolies.
C. Partial or Incomplete Monopolies.

Fourth Classification:

A. Monopolies which admit of no increase in the supply of the monopolized articles.
B. Monopolies which admit of an increased supply of the monopolized articles.
I. With Increasing Difficulty.
II. With Constant Difficulty.
III. With Decreasing Difficulty.

Fifth Classification:

A. Local Monopolies.
B. National Monopolies.
C. International or Universal Monopolies.

Sixth Classification:

A. Sellers' Monopolies.
B. Buyers' Monopolies.

Seventh Classification:

A. Monopolies of Material Goods.
B. Monopolies of Services.
I. Services Incorporated in Material Goods.
II. Personal Services.

THE ACT OF COMPOSITION[1]

Wilbur L. Cross

Everybody who reads what may be said here has doubtless read also books on the *art* of composition. Some may, perhaps, recall the perusal of one or more of them among the less exciting incidents of college days. These books on the *art* of composition began—though they were then of less practical import—with Aristotle some two thousand years ago; and they have been frequent ever since the revival of interest in ancient letters. It is, however, only within the last decade or so that they have come thick and fast. A reviewer who makes a specialty of dealing with these books finds a bunch of five or six arriving every season. Some of them treat of "the broad principles underlying all literature"; while others narrow down to the technique of the drama or the novel. It would ill become any one to speak with the slightest disrespect of the numerous successors to Aristotle—whether critics or rhetoricians—who have expanded and adjusted the ancient master to new times and new literary conditions. Their work is one of the large items in the history of letters. But it, nevertheless, seems strange that it has occurred to no one in all these twenty-odd centuries to try the public with a book on the *act* of composition.

For a book with this theme might be made, I should think, quite as interesting and profitable as one built on the old lines. The point of view would shift, you readily see, from the objective to the subjective; from the cold and heartless dissection of a piece of literature to the author's very self in the act of composing the poem or novel that we had just read with delight. As a result of the inquiry, we might not be able, it is true,

[1] From *The Atlantic Monthly*. Reprinted by permission.

to write a poem or a novel as good as the one just laid aside; neither, for that matter, are we likely to write an epic because we have been told by Aristotle that the *Iliad* has a beginning, a middle, and an end. In either case the chances are equally against us.

It should also be admitted as the outset that the man who tries his fortune with the new theme must have a very sane head. Contemporary writers—especially the novelists—who talk for publication are not as trustworthy as one might desire. Not that they always intend to say what is untrue about themselves; but in the first flush of success, they suffer from a redundancy of the imagination, and consequently see things that never were on land or sea. So it might be necessary to drop from the account most authors still living. But there would still remain all the dead authors who have left behind them letters, journals, and confessions for their most intimate friends.

Authors, when you get a sight of them at their desks, fall into two or three classes distinct enough for separate treatment. There are, first of all, the men who write with a glance now and then at the clock. They are the men of business who go down to their office at eight o'clock sharp, leave for lunch at one, and sometimes return for the afternoon. Their perfect type is Anthony Trollope. When at home he was out of bed at half-past five in the morning, and seated at his desk with watch before him. For three hours thereafter, he turned off two hundred and fifty words every fifteen minutes, and then went to breakfast, and the real business or pleasure of the day. It was all like Hotspur's killing some score of Scots on a morning, and then complaining to his wife Kate, as he came in to breakfast with bloody hands, that life was becoming dull along the Scottish Border. Trollope repeated the feat at other hours and in other places,—in lodgings, at the club, and, he takes pains to add, on ship amid the interruptions of seasickness. In this manner he wrote within twenty years forty novels, including *Barchester Towers* and the

rest of those delightful cathedral tales. Southey was likewise as regular in his pace as "clockwork." That he might take all he could out of himself, he wrote not only through the morning, but through most of the afternoon, and far into the night by one solitary candle in a large room, turning for relief from one epic to another, to history, and a magazine article, all in one day. And so he kept it up for weeks and months, in a long succession of years, till the last pathetic scene when the brain gave way.

In illustration of this class of writers, who have made time and circumstance suit their own convenience, examples may be found without number. Like Trollope, Macaulay liked to get his literary work out of the way in the morning. Dr. Johnson wrote when in bed or on a visit to a friend in the country as well as when at his desk. Shorthouse, who was engaged in business, took a day off every week, and in the course of eight or ten years produced *John Inglesant,* a romance of singular beauty. *Waverley* was written with lightning speed at night. A gentleman who lived opposite the famous Edinburgh house where the romancer lived and worked was greatly annoyed by the sight of Scott at the window during those strenuous weeks. "That confounded hand," he remarked to Scott's future biographer, as they sat together late one afternoon over their cups, "fascinates my eye,—it never stops,—page after page is finished and thrown on that heap of manuscript, and still it goes on unwearied,—and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night." But after Scott settled at Abbotsford, he chose the morning for the later novels; and when health failed him, he found that he could manage dictation, though there were many misgivings at first. No one could imagine that *The Bride of Lammermoor* came from a man suffering intense pain from cramps in the stomach. Lockhart tells the story. An old Scotch servant was called in to take the dictation. As Scott rolled about on the sofa, dictating and groaning in the same breath,

or as, under the excitement of the great scenes, he rose from his couch and walked up and down the room, spilling the blood of the detested bridegroom about the bridal chamber, the old Scotchman at first broke out in exclamations of wonder, and finally became mute and rigid, thinking that the devil had for sure got possession of his dear master.

Scott and his group illustrate, no doubt, what a tremendous will may do in literature. But there is a rather more interesting set of men who can do nothing without a sedative or a stimulant. To tobacco especially the world owes an immense debt. It is,—wrote an old bard who perhaps had enjoyed a smoke with Sir Walter Raleigh himself,—it is—

"The herb whereby this earthly orb is blest."

Bulwer's novels were all composed in dense tobacco smoke. After a hasty breakfast, consisting of "a piece of dry toast and a cup of cold tea," Bulwer withdrew at once to his study, where he worked and smoked incessantly till dinner. Ten minutes for the meal, and a little recreation thereafter, and he was at his desk again till midnight, with *Lucretia* and *The Caxtons,* or *Kenelm Chillingly* and *The Parisians,* each pair of which was carried on simultaneously. If this example is not quite satisfactory on the virtue of tobacco,—for Bulwer's novels are not, to say the truth, exactly masterpieces of the human understanding,—there is at hand Lockhart, who was lighting one cigar after another all the time he was at the second best biography in the English language. And Flaubert, in whose art the most fastidious critics find no flaw, required on one day fifteen pipes for eight pages of manuscript. That seems an excessive amount of smoking for so few pages. At any rate, the moderation of Kant is rather to be recommended. The great philosopher discovered, besides time and space and the famous categories, that one small pipe—no

more and no less—was just sufficient to wake the pure reason to action after a good night's sleep.

Instead of tobacco, some have preferred alcohol in small quantities. With Fielding, Sheridan, and most in the eighteenth century, claret was the favorite drink. Balzac chose champagne. Medwin was, of course, mistaken when he said that Byron drank a pint of pure Hollands every night. It was only gin greatly diluted with water that produced *Don Juan*. Some have gone so far as to say that an author's drink "has great influence on the forms within which the imagination creates," wherefore the inference is that it is possible to determine from a particular work what the author was drinking at the time of its composition. Whether this is so or not, I cannot tell. But, with reference to the notion, Ibsen once remarked that his *Peer Gynt,* which was written in Italy, had to him all "the intoxication of wine," while his *Young Men's Union,* written in the northland, made him think "of smoked sausage and beer."

A few books have come from opium or chloral. There is, for instance, De Quincey's famous *Confessions,* most of Coleridge's exquisite verse, and some of Rossetti's. Coleridge—so runs his own account—fell asleep after a dose of laudanum over a fine passage in Purchas's *Pilgrimage,* and dreamed out *Kubla Khan*. Many a man of letters, I dare say, would gladly sleep away the rest of his life, could he thereby have so beautiful a poem set down to his credit. But the penalty is so frightful that I pass to the less harmful aids to the imagination. Montaigne has a passage on the various odors which "change and alter and move my spirits, and work strange effects on me." But it remained for Schiller to discover the virtue of an odor not in Montaigne's list. Before sitting down to his work,—with *Wallenstein,* say, or *Wilhelm Tell,*—it was Schiller's custom to place inside his desk a few apples just beyond the mellow stage. The aroma from their slow decay proved to be just the gentle stimulus that was needed

in his case to stir the imagination and keep it going. The sensation was, as any one may prove by experiment, not at all disagreeable. It was not the odor of a cider-mill that Schiller had about him, but the sweet smell of an old garret where apples are stored till early winter. And so one might go on forever with the eccentricities of genius. There was the old humorist who sometimes found it necessary to open a vein and let out a little blood before setting out with a new book; another who took a pinch of snuff and then a stride across the room, with perhaps the addition of a clean shave, for he could never write when his beard grew long; and finally there was Dumas, who, according to Thackeray, was accustomed to lie "silent on his back for two whole days on the deck of a yacht in a Mediterranean port," and at the end of the period rise up, call for dinner, and have the plot of a new story all worked out in his head.

Women, it may be assumed, have never resorted much to stimulants or other artificial aids to the imagination. Still, we do not know this, as they have all been so exceedingly shy about their literary work. Christina Rossetti, the third and last of the great poetesses, after Sappho and Elizabeth Browning, was never seen in "the act of composition" by the most intimate members of her household, says William Rossetti, except when making playful verses in rivalry with her brothers. "She consulted nobody, and solicited no advice," it is said further. Frances Burney wrote and published *Evelina* before her father knew anything about it. The creak of a bad door-hinge warned Jane Austen of the approach of intruders, whereupon the small sheets of paper, cut for easy concealment, were slipped into the mahogany writing-desk or covered with hand or blotter. A niece of hers—a child when the incidents occurred—did, however, remember "how Aunt Jane would sit quietly beside the fire" in the family circle, "saying nothing for a good while, would then suddenly

burst out laughing, jump up, and run across the room" to pen and paper. Of women, George Sand has perhaps said most on the subject in hand, for she wrote an autobiography. To the stories about the heavy drinking of Byron and Balzac she gave little or no credence, saying, by the way, that she herself never bedewed her mind with anything stronger than milk or lemonade. The only drink, in her view, that can really avail, is the celestial liquor that the gods sip. The great writer, she held, is directly inspired from above, and must keep perfect control of his faculties, else the divine wave will pass over him without his being able to give distinct form to the thoughts or emotions that it brings.

Just as George Sand says, the very great writers, and some besides who have spoken to the point, confess to inspiration. They rarely feel the need of a stimulant, for to them the exercise of the imagination is of itself an intense emotion of pleasure or pain. They rarely keep fixed times for their work, but wait for the inspired moments, "sleeping and trifling away," in Goethe's phrase, "all unprofitable days and hours." The inspired moments, it is held by all, come without the slightest premonition. "The artist," so Balzac puts it, "is not in the secret of his intelligence. He works under the empire of certain circumstances, the union of which is a mystery. . . . On one day, without his knowing it, an air is stirring, and all is relaxed. For an empire, for millions . . . he could not write a line. . . . Then some night in the street, some morning on rising, or in the midst of a joyous revel, a coal of fire touches that brain . . . that tongue; suddenly a word awakens ideas; they are born, they grow, they ferment." The experience of Balzac was also Ibsen's. Writing to Björnson from Italy back in 1865, Ibsen said that for a year or more he had not known which way to turn, for his literary work would not advance at all. "Then one day," to quote him exactly, "I went into St. Peter's . . . and there all at once there dawned upon me

a strong and clear form for what I had to say." What dawned upon Ibsen on that day was the *motif* of the most impressive tragedy of the nineteenth century. He began writing at once, both forenoon and afternoon,—which he had never before been able to do,—and within two months *Brand* was complete. In explaining how he was able to maintain through five acts his uncompromising attitude toward modern civilization, Ibsen said at a later date, most curiously: "In the time when I was writing *Brand* I had standing on my table a scorpion in an empty beer glass. From time to time the animal fell sick; and I used to throw down to it a bit of soft fruit, upon which it cast itself with frenzy, and poured out its venom therein; and so it grew well again."

As writers have looked back upon some period of inspiration such as came to Ibsen, they have felt that there was a mysterious power working in and through them at the time, wholly apart from their ordinary consciousness. Horace called the power the *deus in nobis*. So did George Eliot. This great novelist was, as we all know, an agnostic. On a visit to Cambridge she once took the occasion to declare with terrible earnestness, as she stood there in the presence of the historic church, her disbelief in God and immortality. But when, some years later, she described how "the creative effort affected her," she could find nothing better than the old language of supernatural direction. "She told me," says the account by her husband, "that in all her best writing, there was a 'not her-self' which took possession of her, and that she felt her own personality to be merely the instrument through which this spirit, as it were, was acting. Particularly she dwelt on this in regard to the scene in *Middlemarch* between Dorothea and Rosamond, saying that, although she always knew they had sooner or later to come together, she kept the idea resolutely out of her mind until Dorothea was in Rosamond's drawing-room. Then, abandoning herself to the in-

spiration of the moment, she wrote the whole scene exactly as it stands, without alteration or erasure, in an intense state of excitement and agitation."

This power that guides the hand has seemed, in the view of many, too capricious to come from above. Scott, when taken to task by Captain Clutterbuck for his poor plots, replied that he had sometimes laid out his work by compass and rule, but that a demon seated himself on the feather of his pen whenever he began to write, and led it astray from the purpose. Sterne tells a story directly in this line about a certain John de la Casse, sometime archbishop of Benevento, who discovered "the state of composition" to be "a state of desperate warfare" with the devil and his imps. For whenever the archbishop sat down to his *Galatea,* it is related, myriads of devils rushed from their lurking-places to cajole him with a multitude of profane thoughts and fancies. Wherefore it took the said John de la Casse more than forty years to eliminate from his romance the contributions of his infernal collaborators; and there was left for his own only a small pamphlet of some few pages. So by implication we are to infer that if there is anything in *Tristram Shandy* unbecoming to a country parson, it is to be set down to Benevento's devils, who likewise pursued Sterne.

What appeared to Sterne and Scott as caprice has taken with others, who have regarded the matter more seriously, the aspect of impelling fate. So real was the presence of fate to Hawthorne that he once thought of making it the subject of a short story. When the idea came to him, he wrote out this remarkable memorandum: "A person to be writing a tale, and to find that it shapes itself against his intentions; that the characters act otherwise than he thought; that unforeseen events occur; and a catastrophe occurs which he tries in vain to avert." As if to confirm by fact what Hawthorne only imagined, Thackeray wrote about himself some thirty years later. After complaining that his

Pegasus refuses the bit, and goes as he pleases at slow or swift pace, the humorist adds: "I wonder, do other novel-writers experience this fatalism? They *must* go a certain way, in spite of themselves. I have been surprised at the observations made by some of my characters. It seems as if an occult Power was moving the pen. The personage does or says something, and I ask, how the dickens did he come to think of that? . . . We spake anon of the inflated style of some writers. What also if there is an *afflated* style,—when a writer is like a Pythoness on her oracle tripod, and mighty words, words which he cannot help, come blowing, and bellowing, and whistling, and moaning through the speaking pipes of his bodily organ?"

When the great writers go on to describe the psychic states they are in during the process of composition, we come to most interesting phenomena. To the ancients, the inspired writer was a madman; but to distinguish his state from ordinary madness, it was called "amiable madness." Shakespeare but repeated Horace and Plato when he spoke of "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling." Macaulay, Balzac, and Disraeli also insisted on an unsoundness of mind in the poet, just short of insanity. And Schopenhauer tried to determine the exact line between the two states. But nearer the truth are probably more pleasing analogies. Thackeray, on finishing *The Newcomes,* told his children, as he was walking with them in the fields near Berne in Switzerland, that the story had all been revealed to him somehow, as in a dream. George Sand, when writing a novel, was under the spell of an hallucination, wherein a crowd of half-distinct characters hovered about her, separated from her, as it were, by a transparent veil, and speaking in thin voices. And when the novel was completed, they all vanished, leaving no trace behind. So apart from her ordinary self were they, that not even the names she gave them were afterward remembered. Of her first novel, she says: "I felt, on beginning *Indiana,* an emotion of a very definite

and intense kind, resembling nothing that I had experienced in my preceding literary work. But that emotion was rather painful than agreeable. I wrote continuously and without plan, and literally without knowing whither I was going,—even without being aware of the social problem I was elaborating." The words of George Sand would seem incredible, were it not for the testimony of Goethe to the unconsciousness of much of his own work. Some of his lyrics, Goethe told Eckermann, he carried about in his head for many years as beautiful dreams that came and went, and finally he wrote them out for Schiller, who wanted them for publication. "But others of them," he added, in the most extraordinary confession I have to relate, "have been preceded by no impressions of forebodings, but have come suddenly upon me, and have insisted on being composed immediately, so that I have felt an instinctive and dreamy impulse to write them down on the spot. In such a somnambulistic condition, it has often happened that I have had a sheet of paper lying quite askew before me, and I have not discovered it till all has been written, or I have found no room to write any more."

The mind as here presented in the act of composition suggests views of literary creation that run mostly counter to what is found in books descriptive of the painful evolution of literary masterpieces. If Sheridan said that "easy writing makes d—d hard reading," he could have referred only to neglect of details in execution, else all are against him. Shakespeare may have known, as Freytag neatly explains him, that to a drama is necessary a rise and fall in the action, cut by a climax, and leading on to a catastrophe; but he was not thinking of that when he wrote Macbeth. He was there and elsewhere guided by an inward and unconscious logic more rigorous than any critic's formal account of it, illustrated by diagrams. "What he thought," said his first editors, who knew him, "he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in the papers."

So it has been with men of less genius. Scott used to be immensely amused at the critics who selected a scene for praise and another for censure on the ground that the one was composed slowly and the other in haste. For they always, said Scott, got the scenes in reverse order. So rapidly did Macaulay write, that the first draft of his *History of England* looks like "columns of dashes and flourishes," says Trevelyan. There was only one manuscript of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall;* and the same is true of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets.* "I appeal," says Shelley, "to the greatest poets of the present day, whether it is not an error to assert that the finest passages of poetry are produced by labour and study. The toil and the delay recommended by critics can be justly interpreted to mean no more than a careful observation of the inspired moments, and an artificial connexion of the spaces between their suggestions, by the intertexture of conventional expressions."

Shelley's word is final, and completes the subject. Any poem, drama, or novel, worthy of the name, springs direct and spontaneously from an emotional mood, and it is invariably written under a strong and steady impulse. A writer may surrender himself completely to his emotions, and then he becomes to an extent unconscious and impersonal, as he pours forth his soul in a lyric, or as rise in his imagination characters, incidents, and situations, all assuming a succession he never dreamed of.

> . . . As imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
> A local habitation and a name.

So wrote one who knew. The incentive to a lyric may be merely a strain of music running in the poet's head. "What produces works of inspiration," said Schiller in one of his letters, "is not always, I think, the vivid image of the subject, but only the need

of a subject, a vague impetus toward the expression of struggling emotions. The music of a poem floats before my soul when I sit down to write it, far more often than the clear concept of its content, concerning which I have often scarcely made up my mind. I am led to this remark by my *Hymn to Light,* with which I am occupied at many odd moments. Of this poem I have still no Idea, but only a presentiment, and yet I feel certain that it will work itself out."

Schiller's lyric is, of course, an extreme case. A playwright or novelist commonly sets out with some general plan, which he may or may not follow to the end. It was Alfieri's practice, when he had hit upon a theme for a play, to sketch the scenes and characters rapidly under the impulse of his first emotions, and then to throw the work aside until the original plan was forgotten. "If, on reperusing the manuscript after that period had elapsed," he says, "I felt myself assailed by such a crowd of ideas and emotions as compelled me, so to speak, to take up my pen, I concluded that my sketch was worthy of being unfolded; but if, on the contrary, I felt not an enthusiasm equal at least to what I had experienced on conceiving the design, I either changed my plan or threw the papers into the fire. As soon as I became satisfied that my first idea was perfect, I expanded it with the greatest rapidity, frequently writing two acts a day, and seldom less than one, so that in six days my tragedy was, I will not say finished, but created."

Alfieri does not mean to say that there was not after-labor of a most serious and painful kind. In six days his tragedy was *created,* but not *finished.* He had yet "to polish, correct, and amend." For not all minds move with the unconscious logic of Shakespeare's, Gibbon's, or George Eliot's. Rossetti, the most fastidious of writers, illustrates the point exactly. There are extant three versions of *The Blessed Damozel,* separated by the extremes of a quarter-century. The first version was made in Ros-

setti's youth, long before the period of opium and chloral. For the idea of it he did not "cudgel his brains," says his brother; it came to him in the course of his reading in Dante. But when the poem was once written out under the sway of a clear inspiration, Rossetti spared no pains "in clarifying and perfecting." Old stanzas were transposed or dropped altogether, and new ones were added; a cockney rhyme fell out here and there, and for an obscure or weak image was substituted just the phrase that makes for perfection. As Rossetti first published it, *The Blessed Damozel* is a poem of entrancing but irregular beauty; as he finally left it, every detail has been weighed and considered with reference to every other detail, that its art may be faultless. And yet, after all that may be said in praise of the execution, *The Blessed Damozel* remains in all prime essentials what it was when first printed in an amateur art journal. Had not the original conception been "a thing of beauty," no superadded labor could have availed; the manuscript would have gone, with Alfieri's useless papers, into the fire. One must first have the diamond before he can polish it.

COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS

Complementary to definition is an important process of expository writing called *division*. In attempting a definition of the term "animal," for example, we would simply concern ourselves with the animal as a species in the larger class of material things, and endeavor to indicate what features distinguish it from the rest of this rather large class. But, if we should take the term "animal" as itself a class, and seek to find out how many kinds of animals there might be in the entire class and how they are to be distinguished from each other, we should have made what would be called a *division* of the class.

Two kinds of division are used by writers. There is first what is called *classification*, which aims at scientific thoroughness and com-

pleteness; and secondly what is called *partition* (sometimes the term *division* is itself used in this sense), which aims not at exhaustiveness but convenience in its analysis of a term. When a writer is confronted by a bewildering mass of details or examples, he is able, either by the rigid process of classification or the informal process of partition, to make a simplification that will greatly facilitate his discussion. In fact, a good division of material is a mark of complete and thoroughgoing grasp, and is done in a greater or less degree in handling many subjects, even when the writer does not expressly make an attempt to indulge in this process.

Although for ordinary purposes it is seldom necessary to make scientific classifications, yet it is helpful in even informal division to consider such perfect and complete work as the ideal and as far as possible to observe the rules for logical classification. What these are may be indicated briefly: (1) Classify altogether on the basis of one principle; for if more than one is adopted, cross-division and confusion will follow. (2) The classification must be all-inclusive for the whole field selected.

After reading one or more of the selections illustrating classification and division, make a study of methods by the aid of the following hints.

1. Has the selection made use of classification in the strict sense or of mere partition?

2. Show how the resulting simplification is helpful to the reader.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

1. After the manner of Professor Ely's discussion of monopolies, make a careful and systematic classification of the following occupations: Blacksmithing, farming, stage-driving, medicine, shoe-making, teaching, mining, hair-cutting, watch-making, ice cutting, pleasure seeking by an idle rich person, tramping or begging, quarrying, driving a locomotive, tailoring.

2. In various discussions of the essay the following different types have been noted: Scientific essays, narrative essays, conversational

essays, literary essays, didactic essays, expository essays, argumentative essays, essays concerning manners and morals, historical essays, familiar essays, critical essays, philosophical essays, descriptive essays, lyrical essays. Make a careful classification of these as if preliminary to a discussion of the essay as a literary form.

3. Make two complete classifications according to different principles, of bridges, or of rocks, or of engines, or of colleges.

4. Break up into the necessary number of principal sub-headings one or more of the following: (1) College Athletics; (2) Undergraduate Activities; (3) Famous Inventions; (4) The Army of the United States; (5) Student Recreations; (6) The News Items in the Daily Newspaper; (7) Water-Wheels; (8) Musical Instruments.

EXPOSITION BY CONTRAST

TWO CONTRASTED TYPES OF MIND[1]

H. G. Wells

It will lead into my subject most conveniently to contrast and separate two divergent types of mind, types which are to be distinguished chiefly by their attitude toward time, and more particularly by the relative importance they attach and the relative amount of thought they give to the future of things.

The first of these two types of mind, and it is, I think, the predominant type, the type of the majority of living people, is that which seems scarcely to think of the future at all, which regards it as a sort of black nonexistence upon which the advancing present will presently write events. The second type, which is, I think, a more modern and much less abundant type of mind, thinks constantly and by preference of things to come, and of present things mainly in relation to the results that must arise from them. The former type of mind, when one gets it in its purity, is retrospective in habit, and it interprets the things of the present, and gives value to this and denies it to that, entirely with relation to the past. The latter type of mind is constructive in habit, it interprets the things of the present and gives value to this or that, entirely in relation to things designed or foreseen. While from that former point of view our life is simply to reap the consequences of the past, from this our life is to prepare the future. The former type one might speak of as the legal or submissive type of mind, because the business, the prac-

[1] Portion of an article first printed in *Nature* (London).

tice, and the training of a lawyer dispose him toward it; he of all men must most constantly refer to the law made, the right established, the precedent set, and most consistently ignore or condemn the thing that is only seeking to establish itself. The latter type of mind I might for contrast call the legislative, creative, organizing, or masterful type, because it is perpetually attacking and altering the established order of things, perpetually falling away from respect for what the past has given us. It sees the world as one great workshop, and the present is no more than material for the future, for the thing that is yet destined to be. It is in the active mood of thought, while the former is in the passive; it is the mind of youth, it is the mind more manifest among the western nations, while the former is the mind of age, the mind of the oriental.

Things have been, says the legal mind, and so we are here. And the creative mind says we are here because things have yet to be.

Now I do not wish to suggest that the great mass of people belong to either of these two types. Indeed, I speak of them as two distinct and distinguishable types mainly for convenience and in order to accentuate their distinction. There are probably very few people who brood constantly upon the past without any thought of the future at all, and there are probably scarcely any who live and think consistently in relation to the future. The great mass of people occupy an intermediate position between these extremes, they pass daily and hourly from the passive mood to the active, they see this thing in relation to its associations and that thing in relation to its consequences, and they do not even suspect that they are using two distinct methods in their minds.

But for all that they are distinct methods, the method of reference to the past and the method of reference to the future, and their mingling in many of our minds no more abolishes

their difference than the existence of piebald horses proves that white is black.

I believe that it is not sufficiently recognized just how different in their consequences these two methods are, and just where their difference and where the failure to appreciate their difference takes one. This present time is a period of quite extraordinary uncertainty and indecision upon endless questions—moral questions, esthetic questions, religious and political questions—upon which we should all of us be happier to feel assured and settled, and a very large amount of this floating uncertainty about these important matters is due to the fact that with most of us these two insufficiently distinguished ways of looking at things are not only present together, but in actual conflict in our minds, in unsuspected conflict; we pass from one to the other heedlessly without any clear recognition of the fundamental difference in conclusions that exists between the two, and we do this with disastrous results to our confidence and to our consistency in dealing with all sorts of things.

But before pointing out how divergent these two types or habits of mind really are, it is necessary to meet a possible objection to what has been said. I may put that objection in this form: Is not this distinction between a type of mind that thinks of the past and of a type of mind that thinks of the future a sort of hair-splitting, almost like distinguishing between people who have left hands and people who have right? Everybody believes that the present is entirely determined by the past, you say; but then everybody believes also that the present determines the future. Are we simply separating and contrasting two sides of everybody's opinion? To which one replies that we are not discussing what we know and believe about the relations of past, present, and future, or of the relation of cause and effect to each other in time. We all know the present depends for its causes on the past, and that the future depends

for its causes upon the present. But this discussion concerns the way in which we approach things upon this common ground of knowledge and belief. We may all know there is an east and a west, but if some of us always approach and look at things from the west, if some of us always approach and look at things from the east, and if others again wander about with a pretty disregard of direction, looking at things as chance determines, some of us will get to a westward conclusion of this journey, and some of us will get to an eastward conclusion, and some of us will get to no definite conclusion at all about all sorts of important matters. And yet those who are traveling east, and those who are traveling west, and those who are wandering haphazard, may be all upon the same ground of belief and statement and amidst the same assembly of proven facts. Precisely the same thing will happen if you always approach things from the point of view of their causes, or if you approach them always with a view to their probable effects. And in several very important groups of human affairs it is possible to show quite clearly just how widely apart the two methods, pursued each in its purity, take those who follow them.

I suppose that three hundred years ago all people who thought at all about moral questions, about questions of right and wrong, deduced their rules of conduct absolutely and unreservedly from the past, from some dogmatic injunction, some finally settled decree. The great mass of people do so to-day. It is written, they say. Thou shalt not steal, for example—that is the sole, complete, and sufficient reason why you should not steal, and even to-day there is a strong aversion to admit that there is any relation between the actual consequences of acts and the imperatives of right and wrong. Our lives are to reap the fruits of determinate things, and it is still a fundamental presumption of the established morality that one must do right

though the heavens fall. But there are people coming into this world who would refuse to call it right if it brought the heavens about our heads, however authoritative its sources and sanctions, and this new disposition is, I believe, a growing one. I suppose in all ages people in a timid, hesitating, guilty way have tempered the austerity of a dogmatic moral code by small infractions to secure obviously kindly ends, but it was, I am told, the Jesuits who first deliberately sought to qualify the moral interpretation of acts by a consideration of their results. To-day there are few people who have not more or less clearly discovered the future as a more or less important factor in moral considerations. To-day there is a certain small proportion of people who frankly regard morality as a means to an end, as an overriding of immediate and personal considerations out of regard to something to be attained in the future, and who break away altogether from the idea of a code dogmatically established for ever. Most of us are not so definite as that, but most of us are deeply tinged with the spirit of compromise between the past and the future; we profess an unbounded allegiance to the prescriptions of the past, and we practice a general observance of its injunctions, but we qualify to a vague, variable extent with considerations of expediency. We hold, for example, that we must respect our promises. But suppose we find unexpectedly that for one of us to keep a promise, which has been sealed and sworn in the most sacred fashion, must lead to the great suffering of some other human being, must lead, in fact, to practical evil? Would a man do right or wrong if he broke such a promise? The practical decision most modern people would make would be to break the promise. Most would say that they did evil to avoid a greater evil. But suppose it was not such very great suffering we were going to inflict, but only some suffering? And suppose it was a rather important promise? With most of us it would then come to be a matter of

weighing the promise, the thing of the past, against this unexpected bad consequence, the thing of the future. And the smaller the overplus of evil consequences the more most of us would vacillate. But neither of the two types of mind we are contrasting would vacillate at all. The legal type of mind would obey the past unhesitatingly, the creative would unhesitatingly sacrifice it to the future. The legal mind would say, "they who break the law at any point break it altogether," while the creative mind would say, "let the dead past bury its dead." It is convenient to take my illustration from the sphere of promises, but it is in the realm of sexual morality that the two methods are most acutely in conflict.

And I would like to suggest that until you have definitely determined either to obey the real or imaginary imperatives of the past, or to set yourself toward the demands of some ideal of the future, until you have made up your mind to adhere to one or other of these two types of mental action in these matters, you are not even within hope of a sustained consistency in the thought that underlies your acts, that in every issue of principle that comes upon you, you will be entirely at the mercy of the intellectual mood that happens to be ascendant at that particular moment in your mind.

In the sphere of public affairs also these two ways of looking at things work out into equally divergent and incompatible consequences. The legal mind insists upon treaties, constitutions, legitimacies, and charters; the legislative incessantly assails these. Whenever some period of stress sets in, some great conflict between institutions and the forces in things, there comes a sorting between these two types of mind. The legal mind becomes glorified and transfigured in the form of hopeless loyalty, the creative mind inspires revolutions and reconstructions. And particularly is this difference of attitude accentuated in the disputes that arise out of wars. In most modern wars

there is no doubt quite traceable on one side or the other a distinct creative idea, a distinct regard for some future consequence; but the main dispute even in most modern wars and the sole dispute in most mediæval wars will be found to be a reference, not to the future, but to the past; to turn upon a question of fact and right. The wars of Plantagenet and Lancastrian England with France, for example, were based entirely upon a dummy claim, supported by obscure legal arguments, upon the crown of France. And the arguments that center about the present war in South Africa ignore any ideal of a great united South African state almost entirely, and quibble this way and that about who began the fighting and what was or was not written in some obscure revision of a treaty a score of years ago; yet beneath the legal issues the broad creative idea has been very apparent in the public mind during this war. It will be found more or less definitely formulated beneath almost all the great wars of the past century, and a comparison of the wars of the nineteenth century with the wars of the middle ages will show, I think, that in this field also there has been a discovery of the future, an increasing disposition to shift the reference and values from things accomplished to things to come.

Yet though foresight creeps into our politics and a reference to consequence into our morality, it is still the past that dominates our lives. But why? Why are we so bound to it? It is into the future we go, to-morrow is the eventful thing for us. There lies all that remains to be felt by us and our children and all those that are dear to us. Yet we marshal and order men into classes entirely with regard to the past, we draw shame and honor out of the past; against the rights of property, the vested interests, the agreements and establishments of the past the future has no rights. Literature is for the most part history or history at one remove, and what is culture but a mold of interpretation into which new things are thrust, a collection of standards, a

sort of bed of King Og, to which all new expressions must be lopped or stretched? Our conveniences, like our thoughts, are all retrospective. We travel on roads so narrow that they suffocate our traffic; we live in uncomfortable, inconvenient, life-wasting houses out of a love of familiar shapes and familiar customs and a dread of strangeness, all our public affairs are cramped by local boundaries impossibly restricted and small. Our clothing, our habits of speech, our spelling, our weights and measures, our coinage, our religious and political theories, all witness to the binding power of the past upon our minds. Yet we do not serve the past as the Chinese have done. There are degrees. We do not worship our ancestors or prescribe a rigid local costume; we venture to enlarge our stock of knowledge, and we qualify the classics with occasional adventures into original thought. Compared with the Chinese we are distinctly aware of the future. But compared with what we might be the past is all our world.

The reason why the retrospective habit, the legal habit, is so dominant, and always has been so predominant, is of course a perfectly obvious one. We follow the fundamental human principle and take what we can get. All people believe the past is certain, defined, and knowable, and only a few people believe that it is possible to know anything about the future. Man has acquired the habit of going to the past because it was the line of least resistance for his mind. While a certain variable portion of the past is serviceable matter for knowledge in the case of every one, the future is, to a mind without an imagination trained in scientific habits of thought, nonexistent. All our minds are made of memories. In our memories each of us has something that without any special training whatever will go back into the past and grip firmly and convincingly all sorts of workable facts, sometimes more convincingly than firmly. But the imagination, unless it is strengthened by a very sound train-

ing in the laws of causation, wanders like a lost child in the blackness of things to come and returns empty.

Many people believe, therefore, that there can be no sort of certainty about the future. You can know no more about the future, I was recently assured by a friend, than you can know which way a kitten will jump next. And to all who hold that view, who regard the future as a perpetual source of convulsive surprises, as an impenetrable, incurable, perpetual blackness, it is right and reasonable to derive such values as it is necessary to attach to things from the events that have certainly happened with regard to them. It is our ignorance of the future and our persuasion that that ignorance is absolutely incurable that alone gives the past its enormous predominance in our thoughts. But through the ages, the long unbroken succession of fortune tellers—and they flourish still—witnesses to the perpetually smoldering feeling that after all there may be a better sort of knowledge—a more serviceable sort of knowledge than that we now possess.

On the whole there is something sympathetic for the dupe of the fortune-teller in the spirit of modern science; it is one of the persuasions that come into one's mind, as one assimilates the broad conceptions of science, that the adequacy of causation is universal; that in absolute fact, if not in that little bubble of relative fact, which constitutes the individual life, in absolute fact the future is just as fixed and determinate, just as settled and inevitable, just as possible a matter of knowledge as the past. Our personal memory gives us an impression of the superior reality and trustworthiness of things in the past, as of things that have finally committed themselves and said their say, but the more clearly we master the leading conceptions of science the better we understand that this impression is one of the results of the peculiar conditions of our lives, and not an absolute truth. The man of science comes to believe at last that the events of

the year A.D. 4000 are as fixed, settled, and unchangeable as the events of the year 1600. Only about the latter he has some material for belief and about the former practically none. And the question arises how far this absolute ignorance of the future is a fixed and necessary condition of human life, and how far some application of intellectual methods may not attenuate even if it does not absolutely set aside the veil between ourselves and things to come. And I am venturing to suggest to you that along certain lines and with certain qualifications and limitations a working knowledge of things in the future is a possible and practicable thing. And in order to support this suggestion I would call your attention to certain facts about our knowledge of the past, and more particularly I would insist upon this, that about the past our range of absolute certainty is very limited indeed. About the past I would suggest we are inclined to overestimate our certainty, just as I think we are inclined to underestimate the certainties of the future. And such a knowledge of the past as we have is not all of the same sort or derived from the same sources. Let us consider just what an educated man of to-day knows of the past. First of all he has the realest of all knowledge—the knowledge of his own personal experiences, his memory. Uneducated people believe their memories absolutely, and most educated people believe them with a few reservations. Some of us take up a critical attitude even toward our own memories; we know that they not only sometimes drop things out, but that sometimes a sort of dreaming or a strong suggestion will put things in. But for all that, memory remains vivid and real as no other knowledge can be, and to have seen and heard and felt is to be nearest to absolute conviction. Yet our memory of direct impressions is only the smallest part of what we know. Outside that bright area comes knowledge of a different order—the knowledge brought to us by other people. Outside our immediate personal memory there comes this wider

area of facts or quasi facts told us by more or less trustworthy people, told us by word of mouth or by the written word of living and of dead writers. This is the past of report, rumor, tradition, and history—the second sort of knowledge of the past. The nearer knowledge of this sort is abundant and clear and detailed, remoter it becomes vaguer, still more remotely in time and space it dies down to brief, imperfect inscriptions and enigmatical traditions, and at last dies away, so far as the records and traditions of humanity go, into a doubt and darkness as black, just as black, as futurity. And now let me remind you that this second zone of knowledge outside the bright area of what we have felt and witnessed and handled for ourselves—this zone of hearsay and history and tradition—completed the whole knowledge of the past that was accessible to Shakespeare, for example. To these limits man's knowledge of the past was absolutely confined save for some inklings and guesses, save for some small, almost negligible beginnings, until the nineteenth century began. Besides the correct knowledge in this scheme of hearsay and history a man had a certain amount of legend and error that rounded off the picture in a very satisfying and misleading way, according to Bishop Ussher, just exactly 4004 years B.C. And that was man's universal history—that was his all—until the scientific epoch began. And beyond those limits—? Well, I suppose the educated man of the sixteenth century was as certain of the nonexistence of anything before the creation of the world as he was, and as most of us are still, of the practical nonexistence of the future, or at any rate he was as satisfied of the impossibility of knowledge in the one direction as in the other.

But modern science, that is to say the relentless systematic criticism of phenomena, has in the past hundred years absolutely destroyed the conception of a finitely distant beginning of things; has abolished such limits to the past as a dated creation

set, and added an enormous vista to that limited sixteenth century outlook. And what I would insist upon is that this further knowledge is a new kind of knowledge, obtained in a new kind of way. We know to-day, quite as confidently and in many respects more intimately than we know Sargon or Zenobia or Caractacus, the form and the habits of creatures that no living being has ever met, that no human eye has ever regarded, and the character of scenery that no man has ever seen or can ever possibly see; we picture to ourselves the labyrinthodon raising its clumsy head above the waters of the carboniferous swamps in which he lived, and we figure the pterodactyls, those great bird lizards, flapping their way athwart the forests of the Mesozoic age with exactly the same certainty as that with which we picture the rhinoceros or the vulture. I doubt no more about the facts in this further picture than I do about those in the nearest. I believe in the megatherium which I have never seen as confidently as I believe in the hippopotamus that has engulfed buns from my hand. A vast amount of detail in that further picture is now fixed and finite for all time. And a countless number of investigators are persistently and confidently enlarging, amplifying, correcting, and pushing further and further back the boundaries of this greater past—this prehuman past—that the scientific criticism of existing phenomena has discovered and restored and brought for the first time into the world of human thought. We have become possessed of a new and once unsuspected history of the world—of which all the history that was known, for example, to Dr. Johnson is only the brief concluding chapter; and even that concluding chapter has been greatly enlarged and corrected by the exploring achæologists working strictly upon the lines of the new method—that is to say, the comparison and criticism of suggestive facts.

I want particularly to insist upon this, that all this outer

past—this nonhistorical past—is the product of a new and keener habit of inquiry, and no sort of revelation. It is simply due to a new and more critical way of looking at things. Our knowledge of the geological past, clear and definite as it has become, is of a different and lower order than the knowledge of our memory, and yet of a quite practicable and trustworthy order—a knowledge good enough to go upon; and if one were to speak of the private memory as the personal past, of the next wider area of knowledge as the traditional or historical past, then one might call all that great and inspiring background of remoter geological time the inductive past.

And this great discovery of the inductive past was got, by the discussion and rediscussion and effective criticism of a number of existing facts, odd-shaped lumps of stone, streaks and bandings in quarries and cliffs, anatomical and developmental details that had always been about in the world, that had been lying at the feet of mankind so long as mankind had existed, but that no one had ever dreamed before could supply any information at all, much more reveal such astounding and enlightening vistas. Looked at in a new way they became sources of dazzling and penetrating light. The remoter past lit up and became a picture. Considered as effects, compared and criticized, they yielded a clairvoyant vision of the history of interminable years.

And now, if it has been possible for men by picking out a number of suggestive and significant looking things in the present, by comparing them, criticizing them, and discussing them, with a perpetual insistence upon why? without any guiding tradition, and indeed in the teeth of established beliefs, to construct this amazing searchlight of inference into the remoter past, is it really, after all, such an extravagant and hopeless thing to suggest that, by seeking for operating causes instead of for fossils, and by criticizing them as persistently

and thoroughly as the geological record has been criticized, it may be possible to throw a searchlight of inference forward instead of backward, and to attain to a knowledge of coming things as clear, as universally convincing, and infinitely more important to mankind than the clear vision of the past that geology has opened to us during the nineteenth century?

SAILORS AND SHOPKEEPERS[1]

Clifford Bax

I

It is said that when Sir Francis Drake set out on his voyage round the world, the shopkeepers of Plymouth were so contemptuous of the enterprise that, without staying to wish him God-speed, they returned to their shops and to a sensible mode of life. The story stuck in my memory because it is an ideal illustration of two temperaments, the Romantic and the Rationalistic.

In the literary world, for the time being, the Rationalist is triumphant. The very word "romantic" is now frequently used by authors and reviewers as though it were a synonym for "childish" or "muddle-headed." This frame of mind has, no doubt, many causes, and one of them, unquestionably, is the strong influence which Bernard Shaw has had upon many people who are now between twenty and forty-five. Just as the prestige of Queen Elizabeth made dark hair unfashionable at her court, so has the bias of Shaw's temperament made romance unfashionable among the *intelligentsia* to-day. An after-war Romantic, indeed, must feel like a canary among sparrows. All

[1] From *The North American Review*. Reprinted by permission.

the books or plays that he or she will hear discussed or commended are the work of writers who assume that the romantic spirit has been finally pecked to death by ridicule. Shaw and his disciples, however, achieve their effect by means of a trick. They pretend that an attack upon Sentimentality is an exposure of Romance. A brief article does not give scope for precise definitions of the words "romantic," "rationalistic," and "sentimental," and accordingly I can only offer suggestions, honestly made, of what they mean, and hope that, from point to point, the reader concurs.

The Rationalist is a man whose intelligence is stronger than his emotions. The Sentimentalist is his true complement. The Romantic stands halfway between the two; for although he values life chiefly for its emotional yield, he disputes the claim of the Rationalist to a monopoly of intelligence. Now, when the Rationalist says that a film producer is romantic, we see him performing his trick. He is implying that the Romantic persistently falsifies reality (of which more hereafter), presents life as though "love" were its only great interest and, with his instinct for concealing the dustbin behind a rosetree, insists upon a happy ending to every story. Those, however, who plume themselves upon their immunity from mental astigmatism, ought to see that Romance may be present as much in a voyage of discovery or a search for buried treasure as in a quest for the ideal companion; and ought to reflect that Prince Charlie, Mary Stuart, the Emperor Julian, and indeed most of the historical persons who are generally accepted as romantic figures, were persons who failed and whose lives had certainly no comfortable ending. If I say, then, that the film producer is sentimental and not romantic, I am suggesting that Sentimentality is a spilling of emotion—is emotion unconstrained by intelligence.

The Old Maid who treats her dog as though it had human sensibilities; the Old Man who resorts to a packet of faded

love-letters, as another might to the bottle; and the Anti-Vivisectionist who talks as though a surgeon were actuated by a passion for giving pain—all these are Sentimentalists: for the Old Maid ought to know that her dog does not suffer if somebody calls him ugly; the Old Man that, in the sum of things, he is according too much value to his personal memories; and the humanitarian that the surgeon, perhaps mistakenly, believes himself to be about to prevent incalculable suffering. So, too, any person whose intelligence is not under-developed ought to know that art and science, the ruling of a country, the winning of wealth or renown, or a fight with injustice, are objects in life that are as interesting as "love" itself, and that a happy ending is, in reality, not more common than the triumph of virtue.

When the Rationalist claims that the Romantic falsifies the truth about life, he brings us to the core of the quarrel. What truth does the Romantic falsify? Truth as seen by the Rationalist. Suppose, though, that Romance is a flavor in life which only some people can detect? The man who should say that it is not there, would be twin to the man for whom nothing is comic. If you do not "see" a joke, you will say that it is not amusing: if you do not feel Romance, you will say that Romance is nonsense. The Romantic regards "love," for example, as a major experience of life, and women as, at best, fit objects of idealization. The Rationalist is nothing if not "knowing." He sees clearly that the Romantic is being fooled, for he "knows" that women use the male idealization of themselves for the simple purposes of Nature and that, in consequence, a sex relationship is a plain and practical business. Manifestly, if he takes this view of women he precludes himself from discovering anything else in them. Dante's view was considerably different; and if Shaw were to say that Dante was deceiving himself, Dante might well rejoin that Shaw is no better qualified to pronounce upon the subject than were the shopkeepers of Plymouth to describe the South Seas.

II

If Romance, then, is not Sentimentality, what are the factors of which it is composed? Perhaps we may say that they are three and that all three must be present together. The Romantic aims at self-realization through his feelings. He considers that he will have misused life if he does not try to make it yield up the fullest and highest emotional experience of which he is capable. The first factor, then, is that, whether the emotion be adventurous, amorous or religious, there must be an emotional quest. Only the journalist, the nursemaid and the Rationalist assume that "love" is always romantic. There is nothing romantic in the decision of two people to live together, and the journalist reports every wedding as a romance because he assumes that it is the culmen of an emotional quest.

He is using the word, however, too glibly. Neither Paolo nor Drake would be romantic figures if the former could at once have married Francesca or the latter have bought a Cook's coupon for the South Seas: for where there is no difficulty to overcome, there is no romance. The Romantic wants a great happiness so intensely that he will dare any danger and endure any hardship in order to obtain it; and if no dangers or difficulties confront him, the romance in his nature remains potential. And here is a spirit not common at the present time, for the after-war generation either does not believe that a high emotional experience is possible or is unwilling to try for it at the cost of much suffering.

To these two factors—the emotional quest and the tackling of obstacles—we must add a third. We must say that in a life or a story that is romantic there will be something of the unusual—that which Pater called "an element of strangeness." Why is the life of a city clerk, whatever he may be potentially, not a romantic spectacle? Because it is repetitive and suggests no un-

expected events. For the same reason we do not associate Romance with machinery. For the same reason, again, there is less romance, by suggestion, in a straight road than in one that winds, in the streets of New York than in those of Naples, in a modern liner than in a sailing-ship. Moreover, if a millionaire marries the daughter of a stevedore, the journalist uses the word "romance" with redoubled gusto because, in addition to the emotional quest on the part of the millionaire, he perceives the factor of unexpected change in the life of the stevedore's daughter. The jogtrot of ordinary life has been varied. It is because of his liking for the gay unexpected that the Romantic, who more rejoices over the one Neapolitan barrel pusher who became a world-famous tenor than he grieves over the ninety-and-nine who were left, ardently hopes that the Rationalist will never achieve a society of complete equality. And the Rationalist has usually a tendency toward Socialism because, being predominantly intellectual, he had rather that society should have the uniformity of a machine product than the variety of something produced by nature. He had rather that the world should be dull than that it should not be as neat as a mathematical demonstration.

Literature will support, I think, these indications of what it is that makes up Romance. Which are the high peaks of romantic fiction? Here, I submit, are some of them: *Sakuntala,* the *Odyssey, Aucassin and Nicolette, La Morte d'Arthur, Romeo and Juliet,* and *The Tempest.* What do we find in them? *Sakuntala* is the story of a king who hunts in a forest, finds a maiden whose personality is still fragrant after fifteen hundred years, falls in love with her and intends to marry her. After prolonged separation and distress, they reunite. The *Odyssey* tells of a king who, after long absence, experiences immense difficulty in coming to his home, his wife and his son; who kills those that have usurped his place and finds the happiness which he

sought. *Aucassin and Nicolette* are two very young lovers who, forbidden to marry, become separated, and only reunite after much wandering and distress. The *Morte d'Arthur* is the story of a king who inspires his knights with a longing to find the Holy Grail—the object which, of all objects in the world, has for them the greatest emotional value. Romeo and Juliet are lovers who risk everything for the hope of a great happiness, and who do not survive the difficulties which they encounter. *The Tempest* is a story of various people (not excluding Ariel and Caliban) who are seeking for various kinds of happiness and who, after persevering through many difficulties, achieve their desires. In all these stories we follow the fortunes of some one who goes all out for the sake of experiencing a great emotion, and who meets with difficulties and with unusual events.

If I omit the wild story of Sindbad the Sailor it is because the protagonist is not inspired by any emotional quest. Just as a king may be royal in everything except in his nature, so may a man be the center of romantic events and yet not be himself romantic. The life of Bernard Shaw, so far as I know of it, provides an excellent illustration. It has, in fact, so many parallels to the story of Sindbad that, in due time, Bernard Shaw is likely to be regarded as a fabulous figure. Think of it: He sets out from a small green island to seek his fortune; he comes to another and larger island; he is frequently capsized into the sea of poverty; he is carried aloft, not by a great roc, but by a powerful editor; he knocks the serpent of hypocrisy on the head; he is plagued by the Old Man of the Sea, who is now known as Popular Prejudice, and gets rid of the Old Man by intoxicating him with sparkling jests; he meets a Strange Lady who conjures up the phantoms of his imagination in the dark cave of the Avenue Theatre; another Sorceress befriends him in like manner at a terrifying city which is perpetually overhung by smoke; he begins to consort with princes and viziers; he gains

vast wealth, his renown becomes immense; and finally his life, in at least one respect, out-marvels the life of his prototype, for now "when Sindbad's beard was whitened by age" his lightest whisper travels immediately round the earth.

III

Every disputant knows that it is easier to attack a statement than to justify it. The Romantic asserts that life can be beautiful if we keep ourselves at high tension. He aims at a fine thing. Now, it is the fine thing that can most easily be ridiculed. Who can parody the mediocre? And the easy device by which the Rationalist ridicules the Romantic is the use of anti-climax. An anti-climax is produced by thwarting an expectation of beauty, and it amuses us because we all have an inclination to let ourselves "run down." The Rationalist enjoys a play in which Julius Cæsar is presented as a funny old gentleman and Cleopatra as a thimble headed schoolgirl. These persons, once fancied to be of more than common stature, have been reduced to his own size, and he need not stretch his personality in order to understand them. Again, he applauds the notion of using the early Christian martyrs as figures in a farcical comedy. *Androcles and the Lion* delighted its audience because they welcomed the invitation of an able writer to belittle the great. In reality, they were behaving like the oafs who, when they see a portrait of Nelson (let us say) on an advertisement boarding, display their wit by adding to it a pipe and a monocle, or like those ladies-in-waiting who, when their old mistress would no longer look in a mirror, blackened the face of Queen Elizabeth (as Ben Jonson tells us) and rejoiced in their comic genius.

Or again, we might say that the Romantic is like a man who attempts the high dive and the Rationalist like one who remains on the brink of the bath, paddling his toes. The latter

is not only safe from making himself absurd but can complacently deride the failure of the unlucky, and, even if the diver succeeds, can readily prove that it is more sensible to slip into the water than to imitate the swallow. So, too, when middle-aged people refer to Romance as a mere illusion of youth, they are usually parading the fact that they have let themselves run down. It is easier to become paunchy than to keep athletic. And if they are dropping into the common error of identifying Romance with sex love, they are talking as foolishly as if they were to deride youth for being able to run faster than they themselves can any longer run.

IV

If we say that life has, for some people, a romantic flavor, we are not saying that it seems to them continuously or even predominantly happy. I sometimes think that the *Odyssey* is an immortal story because it is the typical story of human life. For we must remember that when Odysseus arrived at Ithaca, he arrived alone, and that many of his companions had perished on the way. Only the hero completely triumphs. Most of the voyagers neither triumph nor perish but meet with an intermediate fate.

Indeed, I should say that every man might recognize a large part of his own life when he reads the *Odyssey*. He has only to translate the events of the old story into modern terms. What though it be an abstract evil, instead of a physical monster, that we have to slay? The emotional experience will be no different, and that is the romantic element. Similarly, though we do not steer a ship in an unknown sea, we steer our consciousness through sixty or seventy uncharted years. Once we have started upon our voyage, we find about us a world of inexhaustible interest, a setting sufficiently beautiful and strange to befit the most romantic of journeys. And is it not, too, in the spirit of

Romance that at last—perhaps in pain, perhaps in a dream—we should disembark on the boundary of the familiar world and go, as if across a range of blue hills, into the void or the new and unimaginable country that lies beyond them? All that is lacking to make life a romance is that the traveler should believe in the possibility of finding a great beauty; and if we have no such belief, we are not perhaps wiser than those who have, but are merely like the shopkeepers of Plymouth.

Love will not give to us anything finer than what we ask of it, nor will the ruler of a country direct it more nobly than we require of him. We are poor-spirited if we wantonly allow life to run down, and vulgar if we deride those who strive to maintain it at a level of some beauty. No Romantic, looking back on experience, however far it had fallen short of his hope, would envy the temperament of a Rationalist.

COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS

Exposition by contrast is another commonly occurring type. The conception "poetry," for example, might be made clearer by contrasting it with "prose," or the conception "pride" might be made clearer by contrasting it with "humility." Such a method is usually very stimulating to attention on the part of the reader and results in giving quick possession of the idea under consideration. But to be most effective, care must be taken to contrast what is unfamiliar with what is familiar.

After reading one or more of the selections in this section, make a study of the method used with aid from the following questions.

1. What two matters are thrown into contrast?

2. Show that the contrast helps the quick comprehension of the idea.

3. Has one member of the contrast been presented and then left for the second member, or has there been a constant criss-crossing between the two ideas?

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

1. Discriminate by a clean-cut and searching contrast of the following: (1) Conventionality and Propriety; (2) News and Gossip; (3) Work and Exercise; (4) Comfort and Luxury; (5) Truth and Fact; (6) Salary and Wages; (7) Charity and Alms-giving; (8) Men of Thought and Men of Action; (9) Learning and Knowledge; (10) The Real Farmer and the Comic-Paper Farmer; (11) A Trade and a Profession; (12) A Fisherman and an Angler; (13) A Canoe and a Boat; (14) A House and a Home; (15) A Game and a Sport; (16) A Material Error *versus* a Trivial Blunder.

EXPOSITION BY COMPARISON OR ANALOGY

TUBERCULOSIS [1]

Dougall Macdougall King

The worst enemy of the human race is the tubercle bacillus. Like some of the warriors of old, he is clad in a coat of mail which is well-nigh impenetrable, and it is with considerable difficulty that the bacteriologist is able to stain him for examination. It is quite impossible to kill him by freezing; indeed he has been found quite lively after being kept continuously frozen for four months. Twenty-four hours in a five-per-cent solution of carbolic acid does not end his activity; even boiling him for five minutes fails to annihilate him. When his body is dyed a deep red and placed under a powerful microscope which magnifies a thousand times, he looks like a tiny clipping of red silk, about one sixteenth of an inch in length. It is because he has this rod-like shape that he is called a *bacillus;* if he were round-shaped like a period, he would be called a *coccus.*

His legions are divided into four divisions. One attacks fishes and snakes and cold-blooded animals; another is death on birds. Fortunately, neither of these attacks human beings. It is not so, however, with the tubercle germ that attacks cattle; beef and milk from tuberculous cattle may cause tuberculosis in human beings, and particularly in little children.

The tubercle that specializes on human beings is, like all

[1] From *The Battle with Tuberculosis and How to Win It.* (J. B. Lippincott Company). Reprinted by permission.

good fighters, well nourished; he is enveloped with from ten to forty per cent of fat; and just as the very fat soldier is slow and inclined to be lazy, so also the very fat tubercle bacillus is less active, while the lean fellow is deadly or very virulent in the poison he produces. One can readily imagine what an asset his diminutive size is to him. He and thousands of his friends can rest with perfect safety in one of the little grooves of your fingers without in any way changing its perceptible cleanliness. They can ride in hundreds on the tiny fragments of dust which one sees peacefully floating in the single sunbeam that steals through a hole in the blind. An entire regiment of the bacilli can readily obtain transportation on the hairy foot of another foe, the house-fly. Thus it happens that we are surrounded by enemies looking for an entrance to our bodies, and were it not for opposing forces, every living being would rapidly succumb to the attack.

Sunlight is of more importance than all else in preserving our lives against the attack of the tubercle bacillus. Day by day it is actively engaged in slaying millions of the enemy; indeed, could the rays of the sun gain access to the germs in the interior of every dwelling, in the depths of every cellar, in every nook and cranny of the world, all regiments of bacilli would speedily be annihilated.

Next in importance to sunlight in saving us from destruction is the splendid army of defense with which every individual is equipped. This army consists of enormous divisions of blood-corpuscles, antitoxins, opsonins, lysins, and many other units. A volume could be filled with a description of these forces and their tactics, but it will suffice to become familiar with but one, and that the most important of all, at the same time remembering that practically the whole army of resistance is mobile and travels in the blood and lymph streams, thus being capable of reaching any and every part of the entire body and of concentrating at any point of attack.

In the blood-corpuscles is an immense regiment of what are called white cells. These have many names, and the regiment is divided into many divisions of varying size and appearance. In general the white cell appears under the microscope as a little disc about one quarter of an inch in its widest diameter; actually he is only one two hundred and fiftieth of an inch in diameter. He is usually more or less lopsided and is constantly changing shape. He is like a diminutive jelly-fish in movement and transparency.

Like his enemy, the germ, the white cell possesses the remarkable faculty of increasing his numerical strength many times by dividing himself in two should an invasion threaten; in fact, physicians are often able to tell that germs have entered the blood, and that a battle is in progress, by actually counting the white cells and finding that there is a very largely increased number in a given unit of blood.

The white cell's method of giving battle is to stretch one end of himself out in an arm-like process, and with this arm to encircle or embrace his adversary, who is thus engulfed or swallowed, and later digested by the white cell. Apparently he is very courageous in the attack, for it sometimes happens that he swallows alive such a large number of germs that the latter succeed in poisoning him. Should the white cell be tired and poorly nourished, you can readily understand that he is more likely to be overcome by the poison than if he is in good fighting form.

Under the whole surface of your body, whether external or internal, under your skin, under the membrane that lines your mouth, air tubes, or food passages, are millions—nay, countless billions—of minute trenches, or lymph-spaces, in which the white cell and his allies are on active service. It would be quite impossible for you to prick yourself with the point of a needle anywhere, outside or inside the body, without entering one of

these minute trenches where the white cell is on the lookout for the enemy.

Every trench is provided with a communication trench, and this great network leads back through well-defined lines of communication to many groups of little forts or blockhouses known as lymphatic glands. These glands protect every frontier of the body and guard every highway leading to its vital centers; moreover, they are not only the fortifications of the white cells, but they are for many of the latter the shelter that gives them birth.

Beyond the fortifications, and leading toward the body's more vital centers, are many well-defined roadways, and the white cell wanders from his blockhouse home through these roads to the great high-road which leads into the blood-stream. Upon reaching the blood-stream, he is sent out again towards the surface of the body, and is mobilized at any point where trouble is brewing. Indeed, as he approaches a scene of disturbance, by insinuating himself between its component cells he actually wiggles through the wall of the blood-vessel in which he travels, and so gets out into the lymphatic spaces. Thus you must imagine him as continually doing outpost and sentry duty, marching up and down every avenue in the body where the enemy is likely to appear, and hurrying to assist his comrades wherever and whenever a germ may seek to make its entry.

Only two avenues of entry need to be considered—the nose and the mouth. A germ may be breathed in with the dust, but the nose is so equipped that normally it arrests 95 per cent of the dust and germs in the air that passes through it. You must see that you are not a mouth-breather, for your chances of breathing in germs are thereby twenty times greater than if you breathed through a healthy nose.

What happens most frequently is that the germ enemy gets in through the wall of the air passages, enters the trenches of

the white cells, and makes his way under disguise to the block-house gland. This happens not only through the walls of the air tubes, but through the lining of the back of the nose, the throat, and tonsil, and is very much more likely to occur when these structures are in an unhealthy condition and there are minute cracks or breaks in the membrane, as is the case in a chronically inflamed tonsil.

In the mouths of many individuals the enemy that enters by chance is greeted by a sort of reception committee. In the single recess of a decayed tooth, in the minute gum-abscess under an old-time crown, or in the fissure near an unhealthy tonsil, are millions of germs other than the tubercle bacilli, creating in the mouth an environment of the most encouraging nature to the soldiers of fortune who come wandering in. The newcomers may chance to be a very small band of weakened warriors, but a little while in this hotbed of intrigue suffices to increase their numerical strength many fold, and to fill them with a deadly virulence.

It is an easy matter for tubercle germs to enter the mouth from the world without; food itself may be tuberculous, or it may be contaminated by dust, flies, or many other agencies; but it is the business of the food inspectors to control this source of danger. Your concern should be that food is not contaminated after it reaches your home.

In children under fifteen it is probable that the tuberculosis enemy effects his entrance to the battle-field by the stomach and intestines more frequently than by riding on a dust particle direct to the lungs. Hence the milk and the food supply of the little people must be carefully regulated, and all cattle should be tested to make sure that they are free of the dreaded disease. It must also be seen to that after food comes to the shop or the home it is not left where house-flies can convey to it the countless germs that roost on the hairs of their legs.

You have now followed the enemy step by step, in through the nose or mouth, directly down to the lungs, or into some minute crack anywhere in the membrane that lines the whole interior of the body. You have seen him in this way gain access to the white cells' trenches, pass by the outermost sentinels without causing suspicion, and finally gain entrance to the blockhouse gland. And now, in this little fortress, is fought a most important engagement with the outposts, an engagement upon which depends the prestige of the white cells and their allies, and one which determines whether or not they remain a first-rate power. The white cell pounces upon his enemy and engulfs him; if he is able to go further and kill him by digesting him, he comes forth from battle not only victor, but a more experienced and a stronger fighter than he has ever been before. Just as you are made stronger by vanquishing an enemy or overcoming a temptation, so the white cell, through his conquest, gains something that he did not have before, and the next time the bacillus invades the body he finds the white cell and his allies more resistant.

But if once the tubercle enemy, not having been demolished by the white cell, gains entrance to the blockhouse gland, to the lung, to the kidney, to the bone, or to any organ of the body of an individual, that individual, to use the doctor's phrase, has become "infected with tuberculosis." This happens to at least nine out of every ten persons with whom we come in contact. In other words, 90 per cent of people have tuberculosis at some time in their lives, and this is actually proved by the findings in many thousands of post-mortems performed on the bodies of people who die from any and every cause. But while nine out of ten persons have tuberculosis, only one out of every seven dies from it. It would seem that when 84 per cent of the people infected make a successful recovery, tuberculosis is not such an incurable disease as it is popularly supposed to be.

It will probably surprise you to learn that not only did your first infection with tubercle germs probably occur in childhood, many years before you were conscious of having tuberculosis, but that you have in all probability been reinfected with the same germs many times before the final break, which filled you with dismay, and made you feel that you were face to face with death. Of course it is possible that the enemy can go on violently to an extensive invasion. In that case you are very ill. It is the rule, however, for these besiegers to adopt a policy of slowly wearing you down, and watchfully waiting, knowing that reinforcements of their own clan will be able to follow even more easily and establish a foothold.

If so, you may be all unconscious, as the years roll by, that the enemy is waiting patiently in the citadel of your being, and that new enemies are from time to time winning the skirmish at the blockhouse glands. You go gayly along the joyous path of youth, arriving home from the club or from the dance in the small hours of the morning, rising dog-tired to a hard day's work, coming home to meals at any and every hour, gobbling down your food in order that you may look after the hundred and one irons that you have in the fire; exercising to utter fatigue on one day, and the next not exercising at all. Is it any wonder that slowly but surely the day arrives when the tubercle enemy feels it safe to venture from his trenches in the blockhouse gland, feels confident that he can poison the white cell who endeavors to demolish him, and that he increases his numerical strength and goes boldly sailing in through the lymphatic high-roads into the blood-stream? This is just what he does, and more.

Reaching the blood-stream, he travels along in the current, until, as the stream divides again and again into innumerable branches, he becomes conscious that it runs more slowly, that the river has become but a rivulet, and that finally its borders

have so narrowed that they are easy of approach. Then he makes a landing, and behold, he is ashore on lung tissue! It is possible that he may be washed right through the fine capillaries in the lung and find himself landed in some other tissue like bone or kidney. But the lung is the tissue he likes best, and he generally leaves the others to a later sortie after he has conquered definite areas in the lungs.

As soon as he arrives in the lungs, he proceeds to entrench himself among the cells of the tissue. The white cells attack him in great columns, but they fall on the brink of his trenches, overcome by the terrible poison, and so the avenues of approach become blocked by the dead bodies of the little heroes, and the lines of communication are severed. Thus he is left free to destroy the tissue in his vicinity and to convert the cells which compose it into giant blocks for a fortification.

Could you now look at his camp, you would recognize it as a tiny white ball about as large as the head of a pin. This little ball is called a "tubercle," and from it the disease, tuberculosis, derives its name. All is quiet and dead in the interior of the tubercle, but not so at its outer edge. Here the battle rages in all its fury, the tubercle bacillus doing his best to enlarge his territory, and the white cell throwing himself at his enemy, engulfing him and carrying him bodily out into the air spaces. Here also the allies crowd about, doing their best to neutralize the poison, and manufacture ammunition that will outclass that of the enemy.

So it is that about this time a very little tickling begins to occur in your throat. The grim procession of the dead and perilous procession of the living with the dead, have commenced. The bodies of the valiant white cells, known as pus, and holding even in death the living and active enemy, have come from the air-spaces in the lungs, where they fell with the foe, and have been wafted along the larger air-passages by

the waving action of the little hairs that line them. Later in the disease, when the dead bodies become very numerous, they may be recognized as pus which contains also much débris from the ruins of the battle.

Once the tubercle enemy leaves the scene of battle and travels through the different air-spaces, it is not surprising that the many currents of air distribute him to fresh fields, and that in a short time where formerly there were only one or two little tubercles there should appear quite a colony. Moreover, as the enemy beats back the white cells, he gradually extends his camp until it approaches and joins with the camp of his fellows. Thus the lung territory is slowly but surely ceded to the enemy; and could you see it now, it would no longer show the isolated and scattered little white ball tubercles, but very definite tuberculous areas, yellow in appearance, cheesy in consistency, and as large as a marble, or even an egg.

It is generally about this time that you consult your doctor. By rapping with his finger he finds a little area which is "dull" —that is, that doesn't sound hollow underneath, as it ought to. It sounds solid because, as we have seen, the enemy has established his fortifications down there, and his fortifications are solid. The doctor sends some of your saliva to be examined. When the report comes back that germs have been found, you think you are the unluckiest being that ever lived. But that is where you make a mistake. Rather should you thank God that the discovery has been made in time for you to give to your white cells and their allies the backing, which is all they need, to get control of the situation.

If you follow the proper treatment, the little warriors organize for a fresh drive of a different character. They apparently realize that it is impossible to drive the enemy from his entrenchments and fortifications in the lung tissue, and so they proceed, day after day, week after week, and month after

month, to build about him a strong cordon of fine fibers, until after months, or perhaps years, of labor they finally imprison the encampment of the tubercle bacillus in strong walls of genuine gristle. Indeed the white cells and their allies often go farther, and carry load upon load of minute blocks of calcium or stone, which they not only dump in upon the enemy, but with which they encase him in a veritable vault of chalk cement. Although the enemy is so tough that he is not killed by the confinement, he is, nevertheless, as incapable of doing harm as is a prisoner in the Tombs.

As time rolls on, and the walls of the prison are made dense, and still more dense, they begin to contract; and if the location be favorable, the enemy and his encampment are literally squeezed out into one of the air tubes, and there coughed up and expelled from the body. You are cured.

FEEDING THE MIND[1]

Lewis Carroll

Breakfast, dinner, tea; in extreme cases, breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, supper, and a glass of something hot at bedtime. What care we take about feeding the lucky body! Which of us does as much for his mind? And what causes the difference? Is the body so much the more important of the two?

By no means; but life depends on the body being fed, whereas we can continue to exist as animals (scarcely as men) though the mind be utterly starved and neglected. Therefore Nature provides that, in case of serious neglect of the body, such terrible consequences of discomfort and pain shall ensue as will soon bring us back to a sense of our duty; and some of the

[1] From *Harper's Monthly*. Reprinted by permission.

functions necessary to life she does for us altogether, leaving us no choice in the matter. It would fare but ill with many of us if we were left to superintend our own digestion and circulation. "Bless me!" one would cry, "I forgot to wind up my heart this morning! To think that it has been standing still for the last three hours!" "I can't walk with you this afternoon," a friend would say, "as I have no less than eleven dinners to digest. I had to let them stand over from last week, being so busy—and my doctor says he will not answer for the consequences if I wait any longer!"

Well it is, I say, for us, that the consequences of neglecting the body can be clearly seen and felt; and it might be well for some if the mind were equally visible and tangible—if we could take it, say, to the doctor and have its pulse felt.

"Why, what have you been doing with this mind lately? How have you fed it? It looks pale, and the pulse is very slow."

"Well, doctor, it has not had much regular food lately. I gave it a lot of sugar-plums yesterday."

"Sugar-plums! What kind?"

"Well, they were a parcel of conundrums, sir."

"Ah! I thought so. Now just mind this: if you go on playing tricks like that, you'll spoil all its teeth, and get laid up with mental indigestion. You must have nothing but the plainest reading for the next few days. Take care now! No novels on any account!"

Considering the amount of painful experience many of us have had in feeding and dosing the body, it would, I think, be quite worth our while to try and translate some of the rules into corresponding ones for the mind.

First, then, we should set ourselves to provide for our mind its *proper kind* of food; we very soon learn what will, and what

will not, agree with the body, and find little difficulty in refusing a piece of the tempting pudding or pie which is associated in our memory with that terrible attack of indigestion, and whose very name irresistibly recalls rhubarb and magnesia; but it takes a great many lessons to convince us how indigestible some of our favorite lines of reading are, and again and again we make a meal of the unwholesome novel, sure to be followed by its usual train of low spirits, unwillingness to work, weariness of existence—in fact by mental nightmare.

Then we should be careful to provide this wholesome food in *proper amount*. Mental gluttony, or overreading, is a dangerous propensity, tending to weakness of digestive power, and in some cases to loss of appetite; we know that bread is a good and wholesome food, but who would like to try the experiment of eating two or three loaves at a sitting?

I have heard of a physician telling his patient—whose complaint was merely gluttony and want of exercise—that "the earliest symptom of hypernutrition is a deposition of adipose tissue," and no doubt the fine long words greatly consoled the poor man under his increasing load of fat.

I wonder if there is such a thing in nature as a *fat mind?* I really think I have met with one or two minds which could not keep up with the slowest trot in conversation, could not jump over a logical fence to save their lives, always got stuck fast in a narrow argument, and, in short, were fit for nothing but to waddle helplessly through the world.

Then, again, though the food be wholesome and in proper amount, we know that we must not consume *too many kinds at once*. Take the thirsty haymaker a quart of beer, or a quart of cider, or even a quart of cold tea, and he will probably thank you (though not so heartily in the last case!). But what think you his feelings would be if you offered him a tray containing a little mug of beer, a little mug of cider, another of cold tea,

one of hot tea, one of coffee, one of cocoa, and corresponding vessels of milk, water, brandy-and-water, and buttermilk? The sum total might be a quart, but would it be the same thing to the haymaker?

Having settled the proper kind, amount, and variety of our mental food, it remains that we should be careful to allow *proper intervals* between meal and meal, and not swallow the food hastily without mastication, so that it may be thoroughly digested; both which rules for the body are also applicable at once to the mind.

First as to the intervals: these are as really necessary as they are for the body, with this difference only, that while the body requires three or four hours' rest before it is ready for another meal, the mind will in many cases do with three or four minutes. I believe that the interval required is much shorter than is generally supposed, and from personal experience I would recommend any one who has to devote several hours together to one subject of thought to try the effect of such a break, say once an hour—leaving off for five minutes only, each time, but taking care to throw the mind absolutely "out of gear" for those five minutes, and to turn it entirely to other subjects. It is astonishing what an amount of impetus and elasticity the mind recovers during those short periods of rest.

And then as to the mastication of the food: the mental process answering to this is simply *thinking over* what we read. This is a very much greater exertion of mind than the mere passive taking in the contents of our author—so much greater an exertion is it, that, as Coleridge says, the mind often "angrily refuses" to put itself to such trouble—so much greater, that we are far too apt to neglect it altogether, and go on pouring in fresh food on the top of the undigested masses already lying there, till the unfortunate mind is fairly swamped under the

flood. But the greater the exertion, the more valuable, we may be sure, is the effect; one hour of steady thinking over a subject (a solitary walk is as good an opportunity for the process as any other) is worth two or three of reading only.

And just consider another effect of this thorough digestion of the books we read; I mean the arranging and "ticketing," so to speak, of the subjects in our minds, so that we can readily refer to them when we want them. Sam Slick tells us that he has learned several languages in his life, but somehow "couldn't keep the parcels sorted" in his mind; and many a mind that hurries through book after book, without waiting to digest or arrange anything, gets into that sort of condition, and the unfortunate owner finds himself far from fit really to support the character all his friends give him.

"A thoroughly well-read man. Just you try him in any subject, now. You can't puzzle him!"

You turn to the thoroughly well-read man: you ask him a question, say, in English history (he is understood to have just finished reading Macaulay); he smiles good-naturedly, tries to look as if he knew all about it, and proceeds to dive into his mind for the answer. Up comes a handful of very promising facts, but on examination they turn out to belong to the wrong century, and are pitched in again; a second haul brings up a fact much more like the real thing, but unfortunately along with it comes a tangle of other things—a fact in political economy, a rule in arithmetic, the ages of his brother's children, and a stanza of Gray's *Elegy;* and among all these the fact he wants has got hopelessly twisted up and entangled. Meanwhile every one is waiting for his reply, and as the silence is getting more and more awkward, our well-read friend has to stammer out some half-answer at last, not nearly so clear or so satisfactory as an ordinary schoolboy would have given. And

all this for want of making up his knowledge into proper bundles and ticketing them!

Do you know the unfortunate victim of ill-judged mental feeding when you see him? Can you doubt him? Look at him drearily wandering round a reading-room, tasting dish after dish—we beg his pardon, book after book—keeping to none. First a mouthful of novel—but no, faugh! he has had nothing but that to eat for the last week, and is quite tired of the taste; then a slice of science, but you know at once what the result of that will be—ah, of course, much too tough for *his* teeth. And so on through the old weary round, which he tried (and failed in) yesterday, and will probably try, and fail in, to-morrow.

Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his very amusing book *The Professor at the Breakfast-table,* gives the following rule for knowing whether a human being is young or old. "The crucial experiment is this. Offer a bulky bun to the suspected individual just ten minutes before dinner. If this is easily accepted and devoured, the fact of youth is established." He tells us that a human being, "if young, will eat anything at any hour of the day or night."

To ascertain the healthiness of the *mental* appetite of a human animal, place in its hands a short, well-written, but not exciting treatise on some popular subject—a mental *bun,* in fact. If it is read with eager interest and perfect attention, *and if the reader can answer questions on the subject afterwards,* the mind is in first-rate working order; if it be politely laid down again, or perhaps lounged over for a few minutes, and then, "I can't read this stupid book! Would you hand me the second volume of *The Mysterious Murder?"* you may be equally sure that there is something wrong in the mental digestion.

If this paper has given you any useful hints on the important subject of reading, and made you see that it is one's duty no

less than one's interest to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the good books that fall in your way, its purpose will be fulfilled.

COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS

Frequently an exposition is developed by likening the subject under discussion to something else. When Lewis Carroll in his article "Feeding the Mind" decided to show that the management of the mind should be conducted on lines parallel to that of the body, he adopted a comparison that was helpful to his end.

An extended analogy is simply a modification of this method. An instance is to be seen in King's "Tuberculosis" in which the writer has made vivid the fight between invading germs and the health-promoting forces of the body under the imagery of warfare. Study the selection to see how elaborately this analogy has been worked out.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

1. Select one of the topics suggested below and by finding suitable comparison or analogy develop an exposition. (1) The Destructiveness of Small Boys (liken the small boy to a destroying vandal); (2) The Variety in Historical Reading (liken it to walking through an art gallery); (3) How to Fire Thought Bullets (show how theme-writing is like rifle-firing); (4) The Seeing Eye (carry through a comparison between the eye mechanism and that of a camera); (5) Cramming for Examinations (show a parallel between stuffing the body and stuffing the mind).

EXPLANATION BY EXAMPLES

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING INTERESTED[1]

H. Addington Bruce

MANY years ago there lived in the city of Boston a small boy whose days were spent in a singularly wearisome way. At the age of ten, when most boys are dividing their time between school and play, he was busy all day boiling soap, cutting wicks for tallow candles, filling candle molds, and otherwise drudging as assistant to his father in the soap and candle business. It was a business in which the father took an honest pride, and in thus apprenticing his youngest son to it, he did so with the expectation of giving him full charge and ownership in later years.

As it happened, though, the son's mind was filled with thoughts of other things than soap and candles. He worked faithfully enough at the kettles and wicks and molds; but he worked with such scant enthusiasm and such little skill that his father soon perceived that he would never become an expert candle-maker. Bitterly disappointed, he nevertheless appreciated the folly of compelling his son to persist in an occupation manifestly uncongenial to him. To another and much older son he one day said:

"Will you take Ben into your printing shop? He will never be a successful chandler, but he may make a fair printer. At any rate, I wish you would give him a chance."

Into the printing-shop, accordingly, young Ben went, some-

[1] From *The Outlook*. Reprinted by permission.

what against his will, for the handling of inky type seemed to him only a trifle less unpleasant than dealing with greasy molds. But he presently made the important discovery that through typesetting he was in a position both to gain knowledge for himself and to make knowledge available for other people by putting it into print. Forthwith he became interested in printing as he had never been in candle-making; also, he became fired with a desire to learn all he could about as many subjects as possible, and he developed, besides, an ambition to turn author and see his own thoughts take form on the printed page.

Behold him, then, sometimes sitting up the whole night long over Plutarch's *Lives, The Spectator,* Locke's *Essays,* and kindred works of information and literary power. Behold him in the fervor of his zeal turning vegetarian at the age of sixteen, because the greater cheapness of his meals would allow him more money for books. Behold him scribbling and rescribbling in the effort to give clear expression to the ideas forming in his mind as a result of his wide reading and hard thinking. Finally, behold him timidly slipping under the door of his brother's newspaper office an unsigned essay written in a disguised hand—an essay so good that, on publication, its authorship was variously ascribed to leading writers of the day.

Thereafter he toiled more industriously than ever—printing, reading, thinking, writing. Ere he was thirty he was widely known, and long before his death he was acclaimed on two continents as one of the wisest of men. We of to-day, looking back from the vantage-point of more than a century later, feel that the praise of his contemporaries was not misplaced. For the whilom candle-maker who thus rose to eminence was none other than Benjamin Franklin, philosopher, scientist, diplomat, and apostle of America's freedom.

Take, similarly, the history of an English lad born some twenty years after Franklin died. More happily circumstanced,

being the son of a successful physician, this boy was given all the advantages of a good schooling. But he did not seem to draw much profit from his lessons. In fact, as he himself has told us, both his father and his teachers were inclined to regard him as "rather below the common standard in intellect." To make matters worse from the father's point of view, he showed a marked distaste for the tasks of the school-room, and an equally marked fondness for vagabondage.

Gun in hand, he would roam for hours through verdant lanes or across the open country. "You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family," his father once predicted, mournfully. As the boy grew older, his propensity for idling seemed only to increase. In spite of this, hoping against hope that he would settle down to serious things, his father entered him at the University of Glasgow, with the idea of fitting him for the practice of medicine. "It is no use," the boy frankly avowed after a few months at Glasgow. "I hate the work here, and I cannot possibly be a physician." So earnest were his protests that he was transferred to Cambridge University, on the understanding that he would study to be a clergyman.

At Cambridge, as good fortune would have it, he entered the natural history class of an eminent and enlightened scholar, Professor Henslow, who sent him into the woods and fields to make collections of plants and insects. Free again to roam under the clear blue skies, but this time with a lofty purpose set before his mind, a passion for achievement took possession of him. The boy whom other teachers had found dull and lazy proved himself, under Professor Henslow's inspiring guidance, a marvel of industry and mental vigor. There was no longer any thought of the "last resort" plan of putting him into the ministry. He would, he assured his now delighted father, devote his whole life to the study of nature's laws.

Thus it came about that, when his college days were over, he eagerly accepted an opportunity to accompany a Government exploring expedition. During that long voyage in Southern seas he accumulated a remarkable collection of specimens. What was far more important, he brought back with him to England, after a five years' absence filled with hardships, a mass of new ideas regarding fundamental principles in natural science—ideas which, being masterfully scrutinized and sifted, were afterwards to make him world-famous as Charles Darwin, originator of the doctrine of evolution.

Again, there was born in the German city of Salzburg, about the middle of the eighteenth century, a bright-eyed boy, the son of a Court musician. As was inevitable by reason of his father's vocation, this child, from the hour he first opened his eyes and ears to the world about him, daily heard melody from violin, clavier, and harpsichord. Before he was three years old it was noticed that he not only seemed to take great delight in listening to music, but also that he often attempted with his little fingers to strike harmonious intervals on the clavier. His father, amused but impressed, offered to give him lessons; joyfully the child accepted, and at once a start was made.

Thenceforth music dominated his waking thoughts. The toys of childhood were cast aside, and in their stead he played with the keyed and stringed instruments to which his father gave him ready access. From the first he astonished all around him by his wonderful skill. By the time he was four he could play several minuets on the harp, and he was busily composing themes and in his sixth year he was able to play the violin so well that he once assisted his father and a celebrated violinist in rehearsing trios which the latter had recently composed. Modest, unassuming, bending his every effort to progress in the art which had so fascinated him, the youngster passed in quick succession from one notable feat to another. On all sides the

prediction was heard: "If this boy keeps on as he has begun, he will be one of the world-masters of music." Those who are familiar with Mozart's marvelous compositions for church, opera-house, and concert-room know well that the prediction was amply fulfilled.

Now, I have recalled these beginnings of the careers of Franklin, Darwin and Mozart because they strikingly illustrate a profound psychological truth the significance of which can scarcely be overestimated. It is a truth, to be sure, that has long been partially recognized. But its full meaning has not been—and could not be—appreciated until quite recently. Only within the past few years has scientific research effected sundry discoveries which make its complete recognition possible and of supreme importance—of such importance that practical application of the principles involved would make for an immediate and stupendous increase in human happiness, efficiency, and welfare.

Stated briefly, the truth in question is that success in life, meaning thereby the accomplishment of results of real value to the individual and to society, depends chiefly on sustained endeavor springing out of a deep and ardent interest in the tasks of one's chosen occupation. It is not enough merely to be a "hard worker." The world is full of people who slave faithfully at their respective duties, perhaps earn a handsome living, but know in their hearts that they have failed to achieve their possibilities. Yet the trouble with them simply is that they are not really interested in what they are doing. They are "misfits," as Franklin was in his father's candle-shop and Darwin at the University of Glasgow. Unlike Franklin and Darwin, they have not been so fortunate as to stumble eventually upon a vocation capable of inciting in them a passionate enthusiasm; unlike Mozart, they have not had a father wise enough to perceive their natural inclinations and brave enough to safeguard the

development of these by an early education. Had they been thus circumstanced, who knows but that they might have attained results fairly comparable with the results attained by Franklin and Darwin and Mozart—all through the dynamic power of interest.

Indeed, evidence is accumulating that it is in this, rather than in any exceptional structure of the brain, that we have the true explanation of the wonderful achievements of so-called "men of genius." Looked at superficially, the mental processes of the man of genius undoubtedly seem to differ greatly from those of the ordinary man. In the case of the former, great ideal, marvelous "inspirations," often spring into consciousness seemingly of their own accord. Napoleon used to say that his battles frequently were won by tactics devised by him on the spur of the moment. "The decisive moment approached, the spark burst forth, and one was victorious." Goethe has testified that not a few of his themes, and sometimes whole poems, came to him from he knew not where. On Schiller's own testimony, when he was consciously at work, creating and constructing, his imagination did not serve him "with the same freedom as it had done when nobody was loking over its shoulder." Likewise we have Mozart's statement that his compositions "came involuntarily, like dreams."

All this, I say, seems very different from the workings of the mind of the ordinary man. Yet, after all, exactly the same sort of thing occurs to the latter. He, too, has his "happy thoughts," his occasional "flashings" of wise decisions, correct solutions of baffling problems, etc. Noticeably, however, his happy thoughts and flashings are always connected with matters to which he has devoted much conscious attention, matters which have been of great interest to him. It is as though, by thinking of them earnestly, he has set in motion some hidden mechanism that has enabled him, smoothly and easily, and all unknown to himself,

to arrive at definite conclusions *beneath the threshold of consciousness.*

Precisely thus with the man of genius. A Napoleon's inspirations are not concerned with nature's laws; those of a Darwin have nothing to do with military conquest; those of a Mozart relate neither to problems of science nor problems of war. No, the inspirations of every man of genius are concerned solely with the subjects in which, perhaps from earliest childhood, he has taken the greatest interest, and to which he has devoted the greatest thought. Napoleon, it is known, was so absorbed in military matters that, even at the opera, his mind would be incessantly occupied with some such problem as: "I have ten thousand men at Strasbourg, fifteen thousand at Magdeburg, twenty thousand at Wurzburg. By what stages must they march so as to reach Ratisbon on three successive days?" The flowering of Darwin's great discovery was not the work of a moment, but was preceded by years of patient, arduous observation.

Mozart, beginning the study of music at the age of three, remained a zealous student all his days.

"Nobody," runs his own account, "takes as much pains in the study of composition as I. You could not easily name a famous master in music whom I have not industriously studied, often going through his works several times." Walking, or at the theater, or even while engaged in social amusements, he lived in a self-created atmosphere of music. "In Prague," Otto Jahn has recorded, "it once happened that Mozart, while he was playing billiards, was humming a motif, and from time to time would look into a book he had with him. Afterward he confessed he had been at work upon the first quintette of the 'Zauberflöte'!" And we have his wife's testimony: "In truth, his head was working all the time, his mind was ever moving, he composed almost unceasingly." As with Napoleon, Darwin, and

Mozart, so with all men of genius of whose lives we have any detailed record.

It may, then, be stated as a well-established fact that intense interest plus persistent effort is the prime essential to the highest success in any sphere of human activity. Of importance, also, is the fact that, as a general thing, the "set" of a man's mind, the direction which his interest most readily takes, is indicated more or less clearly in the first years of life. This is proved not only by the early lives of the world's most eminent men and women, but also by the results of careful statistical investigations into the life histories of "average" people. Perhaps especially impressive are the findings of an inquiry carried out not long ago by that well-known American psychologist, Edward L. Thorndike.

Professor Thorndike submitted to one hundred third-year students in Columbia College, Barnard College, and Teachers College a list of subjects of study, including mathematics, history, literature, science, drawing, and such hand-work as carving, carpentering, gardening, etc. Each student was required to fill in a tabular blank showing the order in which the various subjects were of greatest interest to that particular student: (1) during the last three years of the elementary school attendance; (2) during the high school period; and (3) at the time of the investigation. Blanks were also to be filled indicating the student's judgment as to his or her ability in each of the respective subjects during the period covered by the inquiry.

From the statistics thus gathered two things stood out clearly: No fewer than sixty per cent of the students made returns showing that the subjects which appealed to them most strongly in their college work were the subjects that had most interested them in early life; and an even closer correspondence (sixty-five per cent) was shown between intensity of interest and intellectual ability. Professor Thorndike then extended his investi-

gation to include two hundred other individuals, and obtained virtually the same result. "These facts," it is not surprising to find him saying, "unanimously witness to the importance of early interests. They are shown to be far from fickle and evanescent. It would indeed be hard to find any feature of a human being which was a more permanent fact of his nature than his relative degree of interest in different lines of thought and action."

What this means, unquestionably, is that every parent, in planning the education of his children or in assisting them to choose a vocation, should make a real effort to gain some insight into their special interests. Not only so, but there is reason for adding that he should also endeavor to ascertain and cultivate those interests while his children are still quite young. Otherwise he is likely to find them growing to manhood and womanhood —as, under present conditions, most children do grow—with the strongest of their "worth-while" interests so attenuated that really effective mental effort is next to impossible. In these circumstances—unless they happen, as Darwin did, to come under the influence of a personality able to arouse their dormant powers into exceptional activity—the chances are that they will achieve only mediocre results, muddling along through life even when they happen to hit upon vocations truly suited to them.

Are we to infer that children, at a tender age, should be encouraged to think seriously about serious subjects? Assuredly, provided the subjects are made sufficiently interesting to them. It is not without significance that a large majority of men of genius have been distinguished for their precocity; or, if not precocious in the ordinary sense of the term, they have busied themselves in childhood with mental activities allied to those for which they afterwards attained eminence. The precocity of Mozart has already been mentioned. Lord Kelvin, the foremost physicist of the nineteenth century, was making electrical

machines when only nine years old, and playing with them as other children play with dolls and marbles. Thomas Hobbes translated the *Medea* of Euripides into Latin iambic verse before he was fourteen. By the age of eight John Stuart Mill had read Plato and other Greek authors. Cicero at thirteen is credited with having written a treatise on the art of oratory. Pliny the Younger wrote a tragedy at sixteen. Fénelon preached his first sermon when only fifteen years old. Grotius at the age of fourteen was widely known for his learning. Hallam, the famous historian, could read well before he was five, and had turned author four years later. Galileo, like Lord Kelvin, constructed mechanical toys in his childhood.

Not to accumulate instances tediously, it need only be added that, in making a survey of the biographies of a thousand eminent British men and women, the English psychologist, Havelock Ellis, found that only forty-four were specifically mentioned as not having been precocious, while nearly three hundred were mentioned as having been distinctly precocious in one sense or another. Even in the case of the forty-four, Mr. Ellis discovered, several were really as precocious as any of the three hundred, being "already absorbed in their own lines of mental activity." To this class belong, for example, Landor, Byron, and Wiseman, the last of whom is described as having been in boyhood "dull and stupid, always reading and thinking." Nor, according to the results of Mr. Ellis' investigation, did precocity have any unfavorable effect on the health of these men and women of genius.

All similar investigations, in fact, go to show that intellectual activity makes for longevity—that those who think hardest are likely to live longest. Of one group of nearly eight hundred and fifty men of genius it was found that only two hundred and fifty died before they were sixty years old, while one hundred and thirty-six lived to be eighty or older. For another group

of five hundred, an average life-span of nearly sixty-five years was found as against fifty-one years for all classes of people who pass the age of twenty. In the case of still another group, studied by a third investigator, an average of seventy-one years was established.

What gives these figures greater significance is the fact that in many instances the man of genius is exceptionally frail in early life. Mr. Ellis, in his statistical study, found that more than two hundred—or more than twenty per cent of the eminent men and women included in his survey—were "congenitally of a notably feeble constitution," yet that among these were some of the longest lived. How is this to be explained? Only on the theory that the joy they felt in doing work congenial to them promoted bodily as well as mental vigor. And, in point of fact, it is to-day a commonplace among psychologists that pleasurable emotions make for increased strength, while disagreeable feelings make for weakness. With this in mind not a few physicians are actually making use of what may be called "the interest cure" in the treatment of certain classes of patients. They encourage them to take up hobbies, to lay hold of and prosecute earnestly some special interest—whether it is collecting postage-stamps, studying Oriental rugs, engaging in social service work, or what not. Invariably, when a real interest is aroused, beneficial results follow.

Viewed from whatever angle, therefore, "being interested" is one of the most important things in the world to every one of us. The earlier we become interested—intensely interested—in some specific field of activity, the brighter our future prospects will be. But, be it early or be it late, the development of interest—of a real and heart, not a feeble and wan, interest—is certain to bring to us a wonderful augmentation of power to achieve, power to enjoy life, and power to resist the ordinary ills to which flesh is heir.

PRESENCE OF MIND, AND HAPPY GUESSING[1]

John Brown, M.D.

Dr. Chalmers used to say that in the dynamics of human affairs, two qualities were essential to greatness—power and promptitude. One man might have both, another power without promptitude, another promptitude without power. We must all feel the common sense of this, and can readily see how it applies to a general in the field, to a pilot in a storm, to a sportsman, to a fencer, to a debater. It is the same with an operating surgeon at all times, and may be at any time with the practitioner of the art of healing. He must be ready for what are called emergencies—cases which rise up at your feet, and must be dealt with on the instant—he must have power and promptitude.

It is a curious condition of mind that this requires: it is like sleeping with your pistol under your pillow, and it on full cock; a moment lost and all may be lost. There is the very nick of time. This is what we mean by presence of mind; by a man having such a subject at his finger ends; that part of the mind lying nearest the outer world, and having to act on it through the bodily organs, through the will—the outposts must be always awake. It is of course, so to speak, only a portion of the mind that is thus needed and thus available; if the whole mind were forever at the advanced posts, it would soon lose itself in this endeavor to keep it. Now, though the thing needed to be done may be simple enough, what goes to the doing of it, and to the being at once ready and able to do it, involves much: the wedge would not be a wedge, or do a wedge's work, without the width behind as well as the edge in front. Your men of promptitude without genius or power, including knowledge and

[1] From *Spare Hours.*

will, are those who present the wedge the wrong way. Thus your extremely prompt people are often doing the wrong thing, which is almost always worse than nothing. Our vague friend who bit "Yarrow's" tail instead of "the Chicken's," was full of promptitude; as was also that other man, probably a relative, who barred the door with a boiled carrot; each knew what was needed—the biting the tail, the barring the door; both erred as to the means—the one by want of presence of mind, the other by lack of mind itself. We must have just enough of the right knowledge and no more; we must have the habit of using this; we must have self-reliance, and the consentaneousness of the entire mind; and what our hand finds to do, we must do with our might as well as with it. Therefore it is that this master act of the man, under some sudden and great unexpected crisis, is in a great measure performed unconsciously as to its mental means. The man is so *totus in illo* that there is no bit of the mind left to watch and record the acts of the rest; therefore men, when they have done some signal feat of presence of mind, if asked how they did it, generally don't very well know—they just did it; it was, in fact, done and then thought of, not thought of and then done, in which case it would likely never have been done. Not that the act was uncaused by mind; it is one of the highest powers of mind thus to act; but it is done, if I may use the phrase, by an acquired instinct. You will find all this in that wonderful old Greek who was Alexander the Great's and the Old World's schoolmaster, and ours if we were wise—whose truthfulness and clear insight one wonders at the longer he lives. He seems to have seen the human mind as a bird or an engineer does the earth—he knew the plan of it. We now-a-days see it as one sees a country, athwart and in perspective, and from the side; he saw it from above and from below. There are therefore no shadows, no foreshortenings, no clear-obscure, indeed no disturbing medium;

it is as if he examined everything *in vacuo*. I refer my readers to what he says on Ἀζχίνοια and Εὐστοψία.

My object in what I have now written and am going to write, is to impress upon medical students the value of power and promptitude in combination, for their professional purposes; the uses to them of nearness of the Νοῦς, and of happy guessing; and how you may see the sense, and neatness, and pith of that excellent thinker, as well as best of all story-tellers, Miss Austen, when she says in *Emma*, "Depend upon it, a lucky guess is never merely luck, there is always some talent in it." Talent here denoting intelligence and will in action. In all sciences except those called exact, this happy guessing plays a large part, and in none more than in medicine, which is truly a tentative art, founded upon likelihood, and is therefore what we call contingent. Instead of this view of the healing art discouraging us from making our ultimate principles as precise, as we should make our observations, it should urge us the more to this; for, depend upon it, that guess as we may often have to do, he will guess best, most happily for himself and his patient, who has the greatest amount of true knowledge, and the most serviceable amount of what we may call mental cash, ready money, and ready weapons.

We must not only have wisdom, which is knowledge assimilated and made our own, but we must, as the Lancashire men say and do, *have wit to use it*. We may carry a nugget of gold in our pocket, or a £100 bank-note, but unless we can get it *changed*, it is of little use, and we must moreover have the coin of the country we are in. This want of presence of mind, and having your wits about you, is as fatal to a surgeon as to a general.

That wise little man, Dr. Henry Marshall, little in body but not little in mind, in brain, and in worth, used to give an instance of this. A young, well-educated surgeon, attached to a

regiment quartered at Musselburgh, went out professionally with two officers who were in search of "satisfaction." One fell shot in the thigh, and in half an hour after he was found dead, the surgeon kneeling pale and grim over him, with his two thumbs sunk in his thigh *below* the wound, the grass steeped in blood. If he had put them two inches higher, or extemporized a tourniquet with his sash and the pistol's ramrod and a stone, he might have saved his friend's life and his own—for he shot himself that night.

Here is another. Robbie Watson, whom I now see walking mildly about the streets—having taken to coal—was driver of the Dumfries coach by Biggar. One day he had changed horses, and was starting down a steep hill, with an acute turn at the foot, when he found his wheelers, two new horses, utterly ignorant of backing. They got furious, and we outside got alarmed. Robbie made an attempt to pull up, and then with an odd smile took his whip, gathered up his reins, and lashed the entire four into a gallop. If we had not seen his face we would have thought him a maniac; he kept them well together, and shot down like an arrow, as far as we could see to certain destruction. Right in front at the turn was a stout gate into a field, shut; he drove them straight at that, and through we went, the gate broken into shivers, and we finding ourselves safe, and the very horses enjoying the joke. I remember we emptied our pockets into Robbie's hat, which he had taken off to wipe his head. Now, in a few seconds all this must have passed through his head—"that horse is not a wheeler, nor that one either; we'll come to mischief; there's the gate; yes, I'll do it." And he did it; but then he had to do it with his might; he had to make it impossible for his four horses to do anything but toss the gate before them.

Here is another case. Dr. Reid of Peebles, long famous in the end of last and beginning of this century, as the Doctor of

Tweeddale; a man of great force of character, and a true Philip, a lover of horses, saw one Fair day a black horse, entire, thoroughbred. The groom asked a low price, and would answer no questions. At the close of the fair the doctor bought him, amid the derision of his friends. Next morning he rode him up Tweed, came home after a long round, and had never been better carried. This went on for some weeks; the fine creature was without a fault. One Sunday morning, he was posting up by Neidpath at a great pace, the country people trooping into the town to church. Opposite the fine old castle, the thoroughbred stood stock still, and it needed all the doctor's horsemanship to counteract the law of projectiles; he did, and sat still, and not only gave no sign of urging the horse, but rather intimated that it was his particular desire that he should stop. He sat there a full hour, his friends making an excellent joke of it, and he declining, of course, all interference. At the end of the hour, the Black Duke, as he was called, turned one ear forward, then another, looked aside, shook himself, and moved on, his master intimating that this was exactly what he wished; and from that day till his death, some fifteen years after, never did these two friends allude to this little circumstance, and it was never repeated; though it turned out that he had killed his two men previously. The doctor must have, when he got him, said to himself, "if he is not stolen there is a reason for his paltry price," and he would go over all the possibilities. So that when he stood still, he would say, "Ah, this is it"; but then he saw this at once, and lost no time, and did nothing. Had he given the horse one dig with his spurs, or one cut with his whip, or an impatient jerk with his bit, the case would have failed. When a colt it had been brutally used, and being nervous, it lost its judgment, poor thing, and lost its presence of mind.

One more instance of nearness of the *Noῦs*. A lady was in front of her lawn with her children, when a mad dog made

his appearance, pursued by the peasants. What did she do? What would you have done? Shut your eyes and think. She went straight to the dog, received its head in her thick stuff gown, between her knees, and muffling it up, held it with all her might till the men came up. No one was hurt. Of course, she fainted after it was all right.

We all know (but why should we not know again?) the story of the Grecian mother who saw her child sporting on the edge of the bridge. She knew that a cry would startle it over into the raging stream—she came gently near, and opening her bosom allured the little scapegrace.

I once saw a great surgeon, after settling a particular procedure as to a life-and-death operation, as a general settles his order of battle. He began his work, and at the second cut altered the entire conduct of the operation. No one not in the secret could have told this: not a moment's pause, not a quiver of the face, not a look of doubt. This is the same master power in man, which makes the difference between Sir John Moore and Sir John Cope.

Mrs. Major Robertson, a woman of slight make, great beauty, and remarkable energy, courage, and sense (she told me the story herself), on going up to her bedroom at night—there being no one in the house but a servant girl, in the ground floor—saw a portion of a man's foot projecting from under the bed. She gave no cry of alarm, but shut the door as usual, set down her candle, and began as if to undress, when she said aloud to herself, with an impatient tone and gesture, "I've forgotten that key again, I declare"; and leaving the candle burning, and the door open, she went downstairs, got the watchman, and secured the proprietor of the foot, which had not moved an inch. How many women or men could have done, or rather been all this!

BANANA SPLIT

Tom S. Elrod

One of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the way of understanding history is the fact that historians write it. They concern themselves with wars and rumors of wars, reigns, political subdivisions, economic questions, and dynasties. Most of them overlook the all-important events that make real history—the significant happenings that start revolutions in habit and custom.

Take the case of Midwestia, for example. The most important event in the life of that town was the introduction of what a Greek named "Banana Split." Two of these Greeks came to Midwestia and opened a candy-store, equipped with the most ornate soda-fountain any of us ever had seen. Demitrius and Prokopious—we called them Pete and Jim—supplemented their soda-fountain with a mammoth mechanical musical contrivance into which the sum of five cents might be dropped, whereupon all conversation—as one toyed with the ice-cream or drew a phosphate through a straw—became a total loss. The music, of course, was terrible. One always felt that the fat cupids adorning the walls were shuddering in protest, but it gave us something of a metropolitan air. A visitor said he had heard one of the things in New York that was not half so loud.

That was the era when the strawberry soda ran the vanilla soda a close race. Some hardy and adventurous souls ordered chocolate sodas and there was a small lemon-soda *bloc,* but it was wholly without influence in the community.

When Pete came back to the polished tables and smiled at our girl and us, asking what we would have, we knew that the small amount of silver carried in the right-hand pocket of our best trousers was sufficient to see us through. A soda cost five cents, as did a phosphate. We discussed the situation and

ordered two strawberry sodas, for which we paid Pete a whole dime on the way out. After they had been consumed, down to the last gurgle that came through the straw, there was perhaps another temptation to be encountered before leaving. We had to pass display-cases filled with candy, but we knew that for another dime we could obtain enough of that candy in a paper sack to do two ordinary persons nicely. So we sauntered up to the counter and invested ten cents in chocolates. When the candy was gone we licked our fingers, or wiped them on our second-best handkerchief. We had spent twenty cents and had a perfectly delightful time.

Alas for those days that were! One day we wandered into the Greek emporium alone and noted an air of suppressed excitement about Pete—a nameless something, as the story-writers say. He went behind the soda-counter and motioned the boy attendant out of the way. From the ice-box he withdrew a banana, peeled it, and deftly split it into two long slices. These he placed in an oblong dish, added a dab of vanilla ice-cream, poured on some flavoring syrup, and dusted the whole tenderly with some grated nuts. The pest who always wished to make the salad could have taken no more pains. Surveying the concoction with the eye of an artist who has added the last needed brush touch to a masterpiece, Pete tempted us, and we did eat.

"How you like that?" Pete asked as we made sufficient progress to enable an authoritative opinion.

"Swell," we said, with our mouth almost too full of delicate sweetness for proper articulation.

"I make him up," Pete explained. "I make him up out of my head. What you think? I make four hunner per cent profit."

"How?" We wished to know.

"I call him 'banana split,'" said Pete, "an' I charge for him a dime. Nobody a sport now unless he buy banana split."

The die was cast! We might have assumed the haughty

position that we could eat a banana split or leave it alone. We might have said, "Yes, we'll have no bananas," but there was something stronger than argument that drew us to this new dish, something that had in it pride and fear, something that urged us to do reckless deeds and ruin our future peace of mind.

We made a bargain there with Pete, the Greek, and that night, when we ambled into the place with our girl, little did she suspect that she too was helping make history. Into the Greek place we went, as the mechanical musical monster informed us that "My Gal's a High-Born Lady." Well, so our girl was for that matter, and there was a desire to honor her with the best the establishment had to offer.

We exchanged knowing winks with Pete, and took our places at a table where the other young couples, toying with their five-cent drinks and dishes of ice-cream, could not help but observe us. Pete came back and stopped at our table, inquired as to the condition of our health, and asked us what we would have.

"Bring us a couple of banana splits," we ordered in loud and carrying tones.

"What's that?" asked the girl.

"You wait and see," we advised, and Pete nodded approval.

As we waited for the wonderful invention to be prepared we knew dimly that we were making history. As a result of the bargain with Pete we were the first in Midwestia to be served with banana splits. Already there was a buzz of conversation around the room. We could hear it above the tumult of music. When Pete came with the tray and the banana splits, glances of envy were cast in our direction. We handed Pete two dimes, and appeared to be unconscious of the attention we attracted.

Just then Horace and his girl stopped at our table on their way out.

"Puttin' on a lot of dog," Horace suggested.

"Oh, I don't know," was our care-free rejoinder.

"What do they call that stuff?" Horace inquired.

"Oh, that," we replied in mock surprise, "oh, that's just something special that Pete serves his best customers."

"How much does it set you back?" asked Horace.

"Only a dime," we said, in the manner of one who gives away new dimes as souvenirs.

"Huh," Horace exclaimed, and went on out as his girl looked somewhat wistfully at our girl dining in state, on the most expensive thing Pete had on his menu.

And so we place Pete along with George Washington, Christopher Columbus, Socrates, Henry VIII, Horatius, Napoleon, Abe Martin, "Abie's Irish Rose," and all others who have contributed their bit toward the making of what we know as history. For Pete certainly made history in Midwestia. He had more power in Midwestia at the moment than Mussolini has been exercising in Italy—on the days he exercised the most.

Of course our girl went across the street to the girl who lived in the white house with the honeysuckle on the porch, and told her about the banana split. And when Rufus came up that night to see the girl across the street, and they decided to stroll down to the Greeks', the girl had no way of knowing that Rufus had but fifteen cents in his possession. The X-ray was in its infancy in those days. That girl was a forward person. She asked for what she desired, and in these days she might have been called a gold-digger, but in the period of which we write she escaped with a reputation of being a trifle fresh. Anyhow, she piloted Rufus into the Greek palace and raised her voice above the music, ordering two banana splits. Rufus didn't have enough money to pay for them, and she catalogued him then and there as a cheap skate. They might have married and lived happily ever after. Rufus is a successful banker now, but he only had fifteen cents then, and their romance was ruined because he argued with a Greek boy, saying that if he had known the

darned things cost that much he never would have ordered them. Well, he didn't order them as a matter of fact. The girl who lived across the street did the ordering. It is man who pays —if he can.

The case of Rufus and his girl friend is but a citation from the many decisions of the supreme court of last resort—the court where public opinion sits and dispenses unevenhanded justice, a brand of justice never blind, never tempered with mercy—but a decree nevertheless that had to be obeyed in Midwestia and elsewhere if we pretended to keep up with the procession.

Anybody who aspired to social position in Midwestia marched into the Greeks' and ordered banana splits. Those who merely flirted around the edges of the inner circle, who were but hangers-on, spent their nickels for sodas and gave the best excuses they had to offer.

Right there, we are inclined to think, was the biggest event in the history of Midwestia. It increased the cost of at least one form of entertainment one hundred per cent. It made no difference about the profit that Pete gained from his concoction. The big thing was the tendency to reach out for whatever seemed to be just beyond our limited incomes. Somebody set the pace, and the rest of us had to follow or forever fall by the wayside.

The next blow fell when Timothy Sharp, proprietor of our leading livery-stable, bought a cab with rubber-tired wheels.

Up to that time, even counting a haircut and shave, a shine, and having our pants pressed, the expense of a dance was likely to be under a dollar, but the rubber tires changed that.

Timothy had owned two cabs, the wheels of which were shod with honest iron. The Blue Front Livery, Feed, and Sales Stable also possessed two iron-shod cabs. We had a saying in Midwestia that "r-a-i-n spells cab." If the night happened to be fair, even though conditions were bad underfoot, our girl put

on her overshoes and we walked the short distance to the City Hall auditorium, where the big dances were held, where a ten-piece orchestra, replete with trombones, clarinets, cornets, fiddles, and such things, played twenty-four numbers and six extras—to say nothing of the extra extras—before we went home. But if there was a drop of rain on dance night we had to rush around to one of the livery-stables and obligate ourselves to pay fifty cents for the privilege of riding in a vehicle that never was used at any other time, except for funerals and weddings.

Timothy usually grumbled.

"You young sports never come around here and offer me a chance to haul you when it's good weather," he would complain. "I never get to take one o' them cabs out unless it's snowin' or rainin' cats an' dogs. How do you think I like to set out in th' weather while you young squirts is nice and warm inside?"

We did not argue with Timothy. We knew that he was right and that we were cheap. It was not our fault, however, that custom had decreed such a vehicle when the weather was inclement. Frequently we rode in a cab for two or three blocks, just to keep up appearances, and then, during intermission at the dance, we took our girl for a walk in the mud and she never complained about it a bit.

There never was such a thing as having a cab to ourselves. Timothy made a schedule in his head, and he said he would have to start about eight o'clock if he made the rounds. It meant that some couples reached the dance an hour before the orchestra even thought of tuning up. Others arrived an hour late, when all of the programs were filled. However, there was no other way Timothy could arrange it. One of his cab horses might be lame and have to walk, or the streets might be slippery and he had neglected to have the horses rough-shod. And once he stopped hauling in the midst of an evening, just to drive over to the depot and wait for a member of the United States

Senate who wished a closed carriage to convey him the one block that separated the depot from the hotel. Of course, the train was late, and those of us who had to wait on Timothy were in no great good humor when he arrived, smoking a cigar the senator had given him.

When there was a really big dance, around Christmas or New Year's, and when all the boys and girls who attended college were at home for the holidays, the problem of transportation was as hard to solve as is the problem of finding a parking-space to-day. Then it was that the pall-bearers' hack was requisitioned. Intended only for the purpose of transporting a certain number of pall-bearers from the home of the deceased to the cemetery and return, the hack came in right handy during the holiday rush. The seats ran lengthwise, and eight could ride in the thing comfortably. Sitting on laps was not fashionable in those days—in public. There were good people in our community who, when they heard that four couples were riding to dances in the pall-bearers' hack, said it was a disgrace to use such a vehicle, intended for the most solemn and sacred occasions, in conveying giddy young persons to and from dens of iniquity, but Timothy gave little heed to their protests. Some of the girls said it made them feel creepy to ride in a thing reserved only for funerals, but most of us accepted it as a matter of course—an emergency measure—and lodged no protests.

Where we registered our big kick was when Timothy bought his rubber-tired cab and let us know that the price of a ride thereafter would be an even dollar. Another case of one hundred per cent increase in the cost of entertainment! Another high-handed and unwarranted raise with no public-service commission or other regulatory body to which we might appeal for a decrease in the new schedule. Sad indeed was our lot when the rubber-tired cab went rolling down Washington Street's new asphalt pavement, with no noise except a pleasant, expensive hissing

sound of rubber on wet paving and the occasional jangle of the horses' harness.

Women being women, it was only natural that they expressed great interest in the new rubber-tired cab. Society, on rainy nights, was automatically divided into two classes. The element that managed to use the rubber-tired vehicle and the others—who rode in the old conveyances. The almost unanimous demand from those who preferred to ride on rubber brought the Blue Front Livery, Feed, and Sales Stable into competition. It bought two rubber-tired cabs. Timothy had his iron-shod wheels remodeled and rubber added, with the result that no matter which way we turned in our search for suitable methods of locomotion, the price for a round trip was one dollar!

It was about this period, when the younger social set had been well-nigh disrupted by the introduction of the banana split and the rubber-tired cab, that another very important happening occurred in the life of Midwestia. Some of the boys had been reading a technical journal that our tailor left lying around his establishment. Some of us loafed in that tailor-shop and found it a warm, cozy spot to spend an idle hour. There was a stove in the rear of the room where the pressing-irons were heated, and it gave forth a comforting glow. The pants-maker always had a new story, and he could play "In the Shade of the Old Apple-Tree" by striking on his teeth with a bodkin. It was all very interesting. Also the location was such that we could see the busiest corner in town, and if any of our girl friends passed along we could run after them, or hide, as the notion struck us.

Well, some of the boys dropped into the habit of reading this tailoring journal for the lack of something better to do, and they became intrigued with the plates showing the tailor how to cut and fit evening clothes. At first the suggestion of what we called a full-dress suit was freighted with no more danger

than the traditional storm-cloud that, when first sighted, is no larger than the hand of man. Somebody merely said that he wished he had a dress suit, to which we replied with alacrity that if wishes were horses they could be traded in on automobiles—then a new-fangled form of vehicle. But this little seed was planted in fertile imaginations. It sprouted and grew. We learned that two of the boys had held a secret session with the tailor, asking for the low-down on dress suits, how much they cost, how much time would be given to pay for them, and so on. Before we realized what was about to come into our lives four of these young men had taken the fatal step. They had obligated their wages and their futures to this tailor, this man who had pretended to be a friend to all of us, and had permitted him to measure them for evening garments.

The original cost was enough, but that was not all. In addition to the original cost there was the matter of accessories. These four boys bloomed forth as do Easter flowers upon occasions, clad in their correct evening suits, and to say that they knocked out the eyes of the feminine contingent would be to damn them with the faintest of praise. There they were, with their dress suits—braid down the trouser-legs, hard-boiled shirts, studs, lawn ties, cuffs, and patent-leather shoes. There they were, about as comfortable as a man who tries to sit down in a suit of armor, but fortified with the feeling that they were the separate and collective answers to the maiden's prayer. We talked a little of riding them on a rail and letting them know in no uncertain terms that any person, firm, corporation, or co-partnership that attempted to be overly swell in our community would find that no welcome sign existed anywhere for him. That, we were advised, would be but the admission of our own shortcomings, the exhibition of a crude and crass spirit of jealousy, and the crowning act in a feast of sour grapes. After all, we permitted them to live.

There was some confusion among these four at the start. Shirts were made with detachable cuffs in those days, and round cuffs at that. We had to anchor the cuff to the bottom of the shirt-sleeve, adjust it to the proper length and then "shoot" it as often as was deemed necessary, to the end that it would show, no matter at what angle the arm was held. The four owners of dress suits wished to have a picture taken, but upon arrival at the studio of the photographer it was discovered that only two of them owned cuffs. The others had lacked the money, up to that moment, to complete their wardrobes. The photographer, however, knew a way out. Four cuffs, after all, were enough to cover four wrists. Each boy stood, with one cuffless arm behind his back. The other, displaying a generous amount of cuff, was held in such manner that all the world could see. So the picture was taken and, moreover, a print placed in the photographer's display-case at the foot of the stairway leading to his establishment. It mattered little that somebody smashed the display-case one night and stole the picture. There was no real way in which the dress suits could be kept a secret.

When the next dance came along these four young swells were there, almost with their hair in a braid. They were present in what we called their monkey suits, faultlessly attired, bowing in a manner Chesterfieldian, and increasing the heart action of the girls to a dangerous degree.

"Why don't you get a dress suit?" our girl inquired. Nor was she alone in submitting such a questionnaire. A council of war developed an alarming situation. All the other girls—except the fortunate four who went with the fortunate boys who owned dress suits—were asking their escorts the same question.

The most exciting political campaign we remember was in a little place where hogs had been permitted to run at large, to root as they would, and to grunt about the public square as if they owned it. Three candidates for town trustee made their

race on a platform that pledged them to the passage of an ordinance requiring all swine to be housed upon the premises of the owner, or elsewhere. No more were hogs to enjoy personal liberty if these men were elected. Three other candidates for places on the town board appealed to the people's sense of justice and declared that if they were chosen at the polls the hogs could run where they liked. The battle-cry was shortened and consolidated to: "Hog up or hog out." The hog-uppers won and the town was torn by dissension for several years, but even this political struggle was tame when compared to the two factions that formed in Midwestia.

Those of us who held our freedom dear and who did not roll in wealth demanded the right to dress as we willed. The other element said that the dress suit was the thing and that any of us who refused to don them were treating the ladies in a manner most discourteous. Prior to the coming of this dress-suit blight an ordinary suit of clothes was good enough for any dance. We wore collars three inches high, to be sure, and we bought a new cravat occasionally. We had our pants pressed and we patronized our barber, after which we showered our respective vests with high-powered, extreme-violet toilet-water. We smelled like a rose, or a violet, but not the shrinking kind. We spent hours parting our hair exactly in the middle and anointing it with sticky liquids in a vain effort to make it behave. We did all these things as a token of our esteem for the ladies. Why, we asked, should we be required to do more? Why should we be forced to attire ourselves as butlers, waiters, and the like and go flapping about with swallow-tails?

Sad, indeed, were those terrible days when the struggle was on. Some of the weaker brothers held on with no more tenacity than a ripe mulberry. They were almost persuaded at the start. Ohers there were who fought to the last and went down with colors flying, but the day came—or rather the night—when practically

all of us surrendered and had our measures taken. The cost of society had mounted by leaps and bounds and had become a matter of competition rather than the pleasant interchange of small talk, so dear and so economical in the past.

It was only another step—one that might have been anticipated—when Pete, the Greek, began to discourage the practice of buying chocolate candy and bon-bons in paper sacks and suggested in a most indecent and mercenary manner that we buy boxed candy instead. There was no avenue of escape when we stood before the candy-cases, urging our girl in a half-hearted way to make her own selection. Pete could have grasped a paper sack and held it open, ready to drop in such candy as she selected. Of course he could have done that, but he too had been bitten by the bug that compels its victims to seek riches and yet more riches. Instead of being our friend and helper he brought forth a box—a whole pound box—adorned with a picture of a girl who was seated in a canoe idly dabbling one hand in the water while she held a parasol with the other. "Lazy Days," we believe that picture was called. It was not lazy days for us. We had to get out and dig for the extra money that must be forthcoming when our girl, as we might have suspected, selected the box of candy in preference to the sack that would have done just as well.

The candy was no better when Pete placed paper lace inside the boxes. It reminded us of the manner in which our undertaker decorated the interiors of his best caskets, but it did not persuade the girls to turn away. The candy was no better when Pete bought some glass paper—the kind you can see through—and wrapped the boxes in that. The candy was no better when Pete attired each chocolate in a little frilly petticoat, but *it cost a lot more!*

Pete raised the price of chocolates from thirty-five to forty cents a pound, then up to forty-five, and finally to fifty. He even denied that he was making "four-hunner per cent profit," be-

cause, as he explained, it cost more for glass paper, boxes, partitions, petticoats, pink ribbon, and the like.

But why go on?

You get the drift. Perhaps you lived in a town like Midwestia and had similar experiences. If so, dear brother, you know. You understand the heartaches and the empty purses. You know all about what started the revolution, and you must be assured that if you, and you, and all of you—yea, and all of us—had been willing to fight for the old order in those days things might have been different now. We surrendered because we feared that somebody would laugh at us, that we would be wholly uncomfortable battling for a principle or a cause. We bought banana splits to maintain our social position. We rode in rubber-tired cabs because society demanded it. We poured ourself into a soup-and-fish and suffered the tortures and agonies that went with a boiled shirt, because we wished to march in the procession and sit with the elect. We bought candy by the box when a sack would have sufficed. It is no wonder in these days that the generation we call our sons and daughters is going ahead where we left off, is struggling with the problem of a sport roadster or a closed car, with plus-fours, golf shoes, English trousers, step-ins, slip-ons, full-fashioned all-silk chiffon stockings, twenty-dollar dancing-pumps, permanent waves, cover charges, fifty-cent sandwiches, blow-outs, white linen knickers, cigarette-lighters, and fraternity houses that cost $100,000 each. The frat that has a $75,000 house in the quadrangle is going to start a building campaign next fall and has plans in the making for a house that will cost $150,000. Not because the Phi Slappa Thighs need a new home, but because the Gammer Gammer Delters are just moving into a mansion that cost $101,463.79. You have to keep up with competition and be a little better than the fellow next door.

Pete, the Greek, will go to his reward some day. He's not a bad fellow as such fellows go. Perhaps he had a right to be the

author of the banana split, the most important event in all the history of Midwestia. But there is one thing about Pete for which we entertain a secret yearning. We hope that when he reaches the gate St. Peter will ask him to wait a moment. Then we sincerely trust that St. Peter will bring out a pair of perfectly good wings, dust them with grated nuts, dab some fruit juices on them, add a lump of celestial ice-cream, and charge Pete just twice as much for wings as he ordinarily charges anybody else.

COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS

Exposition by examples is one of the most effective ways to present ideas clearly. When a person is puzzled to understand something, he naturally says, "Give me an example," "Illustrate your point"; and upon having his demand satisfied, he exclaims, "Now I *see* what you mean." However, in explaining by means of examples some care must be exercised in choosing the examples. They must not be abstruse or far-fetched, and must be of character to really illuminate the topic under discussion. The examples must be presented attractively and interestingly, the methods of description and narrative being enlisted in the cause of the exposition.

After reading one or more of the selections illustrating exposition by examples, make a study of this method by the following questions.

1. How much of the article might be called exemplification as against abstract discussion?

2. Is the number of examples too great? too few? or just about sufficient?

3. Pass judgment on the appropriateness of the examples used.

4. Have the several examples been arranged so as to hold the reader's attention under a pleasurable strain?

5. Is the presentation of the examples themselves managed in an attractive manner, with resulting narrative or descriptive effects?

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

1. Select a common proverb and explain it by means of one or more carefully developed examples. Take pains to secure examples that have, as it is called, point.

2. Choose a topic from the list below and develop it into a theme by using exemplification. Determine whether the case seems to call for a single example fully presented or for a succession of numerous and briefly stated examples.

(1) The Importance of Credit in the Business World; (2) There Is No Such Thing as Luck; (3) The Boredom of Formal Banquets; (4) The Value of Curiosity; (5) Lying and Its Effects; (6) Listlessness in My Home Town; (7) The Drawbacks of the Lecture Method of Instruction.

DESCRIPTIVE EXPOSITION

THE ELECTRIC BURGLAR-ALARM [1]

Elaborate as are the ordinary agencies for the protection of property, they afford but a partial security. Well-lighted streets, careful watchmen, numerous policemen, and strong and ingeniously arranged bolts and bars, are certainly obstacles not easily overcome. But, in his quest of other men's riches, the accomplished burglar has not found them insurmountable. However extensive and vigilant a police force, it cannot have all points under its surveillance at once, and this gives the burglar the opportunity which he rarely fails to improve. Bolts and bars are, doubtless, good things in their way; but the experienced cracksman has a cunning beyond them. In the contest between him and the locksmith, the victory has not always been with the latter, though he has produced that marvel of skill and workmanship—the modern safe-lock. The burglar's tools are not such as are thwarted by nice mechanical combinations. Explosives and the simple mechanical powers in his hands have a wonderful range of utility, and are able to frequently set at naught the most elaborate contrivances. The protection afforded by these combined agencies is, however, only realizable to its full extent in the business centers of large cities. In residence districts, and in suburban and country situations where policemen are often few and far between, reliance has chiefly to be placed upon fastenings; and these often prove insufficient. Yet it is especially important for the owner of property that his pro-

[1] From *Popular Science Monthly*. Reprinted by permission.

tection be good, for recovery is very difficult. The advantages are so largely with the thieves, that they can frequently make the search a long and costly, and often a fruitless one. The cost is, in fact, the main bar to recovery. Only when stolen property is of large value does it pay to regain it. Small amounts, such as are usually taken from private houses, are practically irrecoverable.

No practical extension of the ordinary agencies can greatly increase present security. Bars and bolts have now approached very closely to their limit of strength and ingenuity, and police surveillance is as extensive and perhaps as effective as circumstances will permit. Greater protection must be sought in some further agency—one that will reproduce as nearly as possible the condition of watchfulness present in the daytime. This the electric burglar-alarm is designed to do, and does with a good degree of success. In its earlier forms there were many defects, but in a development of twenty years these have been mostly corrected. It has now attained a simplicity of construction and a certainty of action that make it one of the most useful and trustworthy of man's servitors. Though widely known and appreciated both in this country and abroad, there are probably many not acquainted with it, to whom a brief description will not be without value.

However the details of construction may differ, the essential elements of every system are: a bell to give the alarm, an annunciator to indicate the point from which it proceeds, wires from all the openings of a building, and a battery to furnish the current. The elements are combined in various ways, depending upon the special circumstances of the particular case, but the manner of use is practically the same.

The main piece of apparatus, remarkable alike for the simplicity of its construction and the range of its performance, is the annunciator. In the earlier forms of the alarm the indica-

COLLEGE

tions were made by means of a simple switchboard provided with buttons bearing the names of the apartments protected. When an alarm sounded, the depression of each of these buttons in turn, until the bell ceased ringing, was necessary to determine its locality. This is still quite largely used, as it is cheaper than the more perfect annunciator, which tells at a glance where the disturbance in the circuit is. In shape and size this latter

FIG. I.

instrument resembles an ordinary mantel-clock. The indications are given by devices on the face, which vary with different makers. In one form they are made by arrows, which lie horizontal when in normal position, and point to the names of the apartments printed above them when indicating. In another form, cards drop down in front of apertures arranged in rows on the face and in still another the name and number of a room are uncovered by a falling piece when an alarm is sounded. The needle-instrument is shown in Fig. I. Once made, the indica-

tions remain until the parts are restored by some one. A small switch at one side completes or opens the circuit through the instrument, and one on the other side controls the connection with the bell. A row of studs at the base of the apparatus allows any opening to be disconnected that may be desired. Aside from its giving an alarm when an attempt is made to enter a building, the annunciator has an important use in showing whether a place is properly closed. If any window or door has been forgotten, it will infallibly point it out. In large business houses where there are many openings, this feature is of the greatest value. By disconnecting the bell, this test can be made a silent one.

The mechanism operating the indicators is of the simplest description. In the needle-instrument, an arm on the pivot of the needle is held in position by the hooked end of a lever, the other end of which forms the armature of an electro-magnet. The connection between the lever and the supported arm is very slight, so that a small movement of the former allows the latter to fall. When the circuit is closed this takes place. The armature in moving toward the magnet raises the hook end of the lever, releasing the arm which drops and turns its needle. In the instrument using the card, the card is carried on the end of an arm held up in a similar manner by a hook on the armature of the magnet. The depression of the armature allows the arm to drop by its weight. The restoring of the arms to position is done by a sliding frame raised by a handle or button on the base of the instrument. Delicate as the movements of the apparatus are, it is not easily put out of order. The points of contact of the hook and arm are so made as to reduce the wear to a minimum. The mechanism is all inclosed, and the exposed parts, such as the needles, switch-handles, etc., finished in polished metal. The annunciator and bell are usually combined into one piece of apparatus, but they may be put up separate when desired.

This secures the proper resetting of the apparatus in readiness for a new alarm. The result is obtained very simply by making the clapper turn a switch, which cuts from the circuit the open window or door, and allows the current to pass directly from the battery to the bell.

The door and window attachments for closing the circuit by the movements of these parts are of various forms. Those used on doors are simply little push-pins placed in the casing. The pin slides in an insulated case provided with metallic strips. When it is pressed in, the contact between it and the strips is broken and the circuit opened. When the pressure is released, the pin springs out, closing the circuit. The slightest movement of a door allows this motion of the pin to take place. In one form the pin and a metallic strip are so arranged that the attempt to keep the pin pushed in, when the door is opened, by inserting a knife-blade, establishes the circuit and gives the alarm. These push-buttons may be constructed to close the circuit, either by pushing in or springing out, and in both forms have a great variety of uses. They may be placed under the carpet, in the hall, on the stairs, in front of a window, or wherever any one entering would be liable to step. A sufficient number properly disposed could make intrusion without giving alarm simply impossible. The window attachments are usually simple springs placed in the casing so that the movement of the sash presses them together. One form consists of a roller on the end of a spring arm, which keeps it pressed out from contact with a metal strip, through which the circuit is completed. Placed in the casing, the roller stands out and is received in a pocket in the edge of the sash, so that the motion of the sash brings the roller arm and metal strip into contact. For the purpose of ventilation the pocket in the upper sash is usually elongated to give a free movement through any desired distance. When the lower sash is left open, security can be gained by covering

a push-pin in the window-sill with a flower pot or other obstruction, the removal of which is necessary to gain entrance. The wires forming the circuit are of insulated copper, carefully put up so as to be completely hidden from view. They are run in grooves in the wood-work, carried beneath a floor, or on its face according to circumstances. Once in place, they remain unchanged for any period, causing neither trouble nor expense.

The Le Clanché battery is the one universally employed with this apparatus. It is very simple in construction, exhales no noxious gases when in operation, does not waste the material when no current is passing, and needs but very little attention. The positive pole is a piece of gas carbon placed in a porous cell filled with coarse-grained peroxide of manganese and carbon. The cell is sealed at the top with pitch, and a lead cap on the carbon receives the wire. The negative pole is formed with a rod of amalgamated zinc. Both poles are immersed in a solution of sal-ammoniac contained in a glass jar. Four of these elements put up in a wooden case constitute the battery usually furnished.

The bell used is that common with different forms of electrical instruments. It consists of a gong and a clapper vibrated by the combined action of an electro-magnet and spring. The magnet, when the current passes, draws the clapper to itself and in doing so opens the circuit; this destroys its magnetism and allows the spring to carry the clapper back. This "make" and "break" action, rapidly repeated as long as the current is passing, produces a continuous ringing of the bell. Reference to Fig. II will make this movement clear. One end of the wire of the coils of the magnet M M is secured to the binding-post B, and the other to the post C. The arm of the clapper k is a rather stiff spring, which in its normal position holds the armature e carried by it from the poles of the magnet. It then presses against the spring r, attached to the post D. The post A and E holding the wires from the battery are respectively connected with B and D by

metallic strips. The current enters at A, traverses the coils of the magnet M M, passes through the armature e, and out by way of spring r and posts D and E. In doing so, the soft-iron cores of the magnet are magnetized and attract the armature e. This in moving breaks its contact with the spring r, and interrupts the current. The clapper then springs back into position.

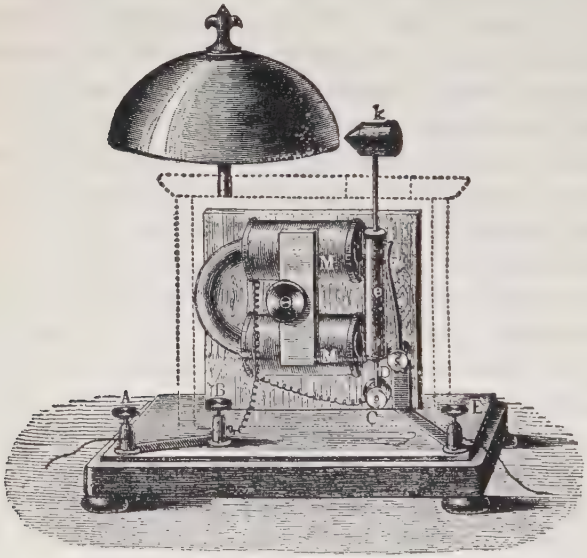

Fig. II.

In the bell now generally used the ringing continues not only while the door or window is open, but until the indicating parts of the annunciator are restored to position.

These appliances provided, the most common way of using the system is to make it complete in each building, the alarm apparatus being placed in a sleeping apartment in a private house, and in the watchman's room in a place of business. So arranged, the condition of the circuit is this: In the daytime,

when the doors and windows are open, the circuit is continuous at all points except at the alarm apparatus. At night this is reversed, the circuit being closed at the instrument, and broken at all the points protected. A movement at any of these points which closes the circuit gives the alarm and turns the proper needle in the annunciator. The connection with the alarm is made at night by an attendant, and broken at any desired time in the morning. In private houses fitted with electric bells, a clock is often provided that disconnects the alarm in the morning and turns the current on to a bell placed in the servants' rooms. The movement by which this is done is something similar to that of the ordinary alarm clock.

The protection afforded by such apparatus in good working order is probably as perfect as it can be made. It is generally impossible to cut the wires from the outside of the building, and unless this is done intrusion will start the alarm. Even if the wires be cut, buttons under the carpet or circuit-closers in interior doors will reveal the burglar's presence in perhaps every case.

Valuable as is the protection in any particular case of attempted robbery, the general immunity from such attempts that the presence of the apparatus secures is of still greater moment. Burglars will not generally take such risks as those imposed by an efficient alarm system, and will therefore give a house so protected a wide berth. The only case in which there is room for failure of the system is when the battery power is not sufficient to operate the alarm. But it is a very simple matter to provide against this. Tests once every month or two, and the experience soon gained in using the battery, will enable one to know at any time the state of the system. None of the other parts need ever cause any solicitude.

While in the great majority of cases the plan of giving the alarm to some one in the building broken into affords perfect security, in some it does not. In business centers, determined

and cunning burglars, accustomed to take large chances, might frequently overpower the watchman and stop the alarm before it excited outside attention. To meet this difficulty the plan is sometimes adopted of making the alarm sound in a central office of the company furnishing the apparatus. One company doing this has adopted a system that seems to be beyond circumvention. Each building protected is connected on a closed circuit with the central office, at which place delicate galvanometers are used as indicators. The circuit of each building is independent of all others. Any change in the resistance of any circuit is instantly shown by the deflection of the proper needle, and an alarm started. The opening of a protected door or window breaks the circuit, as does the cutting of the line, and of course gives an alarm. If the burglar could carry the wire to the ground and insert just the proper resistance, no signal would be given at the company's office, but this is impossible, as the resistance is not only that of the wire but of the apparatus in circuit. The only way to get around it is to tunnel under the building, but even then circuit-breakers judiciously disposed would generally lead to detection. Nothing is gained, so far as the safe is concerned, in this case, as it is independently protected. It is placed in a light wooden cabinet lined with a metallic casing, consisting of two sheets of tin-foil insulated from each other by a thin sheet of non-conducting material. The wires from a battery ore connected each with one of the sheets of foil. So delicate is the insulation that the sticking of a pin in the cabinet closes the circuit and deflects the needle, and sounds the alarm in the central office. This system, though not yet in extensive use, is gaining in favor among merchants having valuable stores of goods. A similar plan of protecting private houses whose occupants are away is practiced to some extent. The apparatus used in this case is much less delicate, and the protection therefore not so good.

The cost of applying the burglar-alarm to any house will vary in each case. It depends upon the size of the annunciator required and the number of openings to be protected. The prices charged by the different American manufacturers differ very little. Annunciators range in price from thirty dollars with four indications to one hundred dollars with twenty. The annunciator used should have as many indications as there are rooms protected. The cost of circuit-closers, including the placing in position and laying the wire, is three dollars a window when both sashes are connected. The same devices for doors vary from one and a half to two and a half dollars. In ordinary city houses it is only necessary to connect the windows and doors, front and back, of the first two stories and the opening in the roof. The entire cost will not generally exceed one hundred dollars. In the country the cost would of course be somewhat greater, in the average house probably between a hundred and fifty and two hundred dollars. The apparatus once in, the only expense is the maintenance of the battery. This will generally be very small, probably not more than a dollar a year. Considering the security gained, the outlay required is not excessive, and builders find that is fully made up to them in increased rents. It is not improbable that the apparatus will eventually be considered as necessary to the complete equipment of a house as now are water- and gas-pipes.

THE HERRING [1]

Thomas Henry Huxley

If any one wants to exemplify the meaning of the word "fish," he cannot choose a better animal than a herring. The body, tapering to each end, is covered with thin, flexible scales,

[1] From *Popular Science Monthly*. Reprinted by permission.

which are very easily rubbed off. The taper head, with its underhung jaw, is smooth and scaleless on the top; the large eye is partly covered by two folds of transparent skin, like eyelids—only immovable and with the slit between them vertical instead of horizontal; the cleft behind the gill-cover is very wide, and, when the cover is raised, the large red gills which lie beneath it are freely exposed. The rounded back bears the single moderately long dorsal fin about its middle. The tail-fin is deeply cleft, and on careful inspection small scales are seen to be continued from the body, on to both its upper and its lower lobes, but there is no longitudinal scaly fold on either of these. The belly comes to an edge, covered by a series of sharply-keeled bony shields between the throat and the vent; and behind the last is the anal fin, which is of the same length as the dorsal fin. There is a pair of fore-limbs, or pectoral fins, just behind the head; and a pair of hind-limbs, or ventral fins, are situated beneath the dorsal fin, a little behind a vertical line drawn from its front edge, and a long way in front of the vent. These fins have bony supports or rays, all of which are soft and jointed.

Like most fishes, the herring is propelled chiefly by the sculling action of the tail-fin, the rest serving chiefly to preserve the balance of the body, and to keep it from turning over, as it would do if left to itself, the back being the heaviest part of the fish.

The mouth of the herring is not very large, the gape extending back only to beneath the middle of the eye, and the teeth on the upper and lower jaws are so small as to be hardly visible. Moreover, when a live herring opens its mouth, or when the lower jaw of a dead herring is depressed artificially, the upper jaw, instead of remaining fixed and stationary, travels downward and forward in such a manner as to guard the sides of the gape. This movement is the result of a curious mechanical

arrangement by which the lower jaw pulls upon the upper, and I suspect that it is useful in guarding the sides of the gape when the fish gulps the small living prey upon which it feeds.

The only conspicuous teeth, and they are very small, are disposed in an elongated patch upon the tongue, and in another such patch, opposite to these, on the fore part of the roof of the mouth. The latter are attached to a bone called the vomer, and are hence termed vomerine teeth. But, if the mouth of a herring is opened widely, there will be seen, on each side, a great number of fine, long, bristle-like processes, the pointed ends of which project forward. These are what are termed the gill-rakers, inasmuch as they are fixed, like the teeth of a rake, to the inner sides of those arches of bone on the outer sides of which the gills are fixed. The sides of the throat of a herring, in fact, are, as it were, cut by four deep and wide clefts, which are separated by these gill arches, and the water which the fish constantly gulps in by the mouth flows through these clefts, over the gills and out beneath the gill-covers, aërating the blood, and thus effecting respiration, as it goes. But, since it would be highly inconvenient, and indeed injurious, were the food to slip out in the same way, these gill-rakers play the part of a fine sieve, which lets the water strain off, while it keeps the food in. The gill-rakers of the front arches are much longer than those of the hinder arches, and, as each is stiffened by a thread of bone developed in its interior, while, at the same time, its sides are beset with fine sharp teeth, like thorns on a brier, I suspect that they play some part in crushing the life out of the small animals on which the herrings prey.

Between these arches there is, in the middle line, an opening which leads into the gullet. This passes back into a curious conical sac which is commonly termed the stomach, but which has more the character of a crop. Coming off from the under side of the sac and communicating with it by a narrow opening,

there is an elongated tubular organ, the walls of which are so thick and muscular that it might almost be compared to a gizzard. It is directed forward, and opens by a narrow prominent aperture into the intestine, which runs straight back to the vent. Attached to the commencement of the intestine there is a score or more of larger and shorter tubular organs, which are called the pyloric cæca. These open into the intestine, and their apertures may be seen on one side of it, occupying an oval space, in the middle of which they are arranged three in a row.

The chief food of the herring consists of minute crustacea, some of them allied to the shrimps and prawns, but the majority belonging to the same division as the common *Cyclops* of our fresh waters. These tenant many parts of the ocean in such prodigious masses that the water is discolored by them for miles together, and every sweep of a fine net brings up its tens of thousands.

Everybody must have noticed the silvery air-bladder of the herring, which lies immediately under the backbone, and stretches from close to the head to very near the vent, being wide in the middle and tapering off to each end. In its natural state, it is distended with air; and, if it is pricked, the elastic wall shrinks and drives the air out, as if it were an India-rubber ball. When the connections of this air-bladder are fully explored, it turns out to be one of the most curious parts of the organization of the whole animal.

In the first place, the pointed end of the sac or crop into which the gullet is continued runs back into a very slender duct which turns upward and eventually opens into the middle of the air-bladder. The canal of this duct is so very small and irregularly twisted, that, even if the air-bladder is squeezed, the air does not escape into the sac. But, if air is forced into the sac by means of a blowpipe, the air passes without much difficulty

the other way, and the air-bladder becomes fully distended. When the pressure is removed, however, the air-bladder diminishes in size to a certain extent, showing that the air escapes somewhere. And, if the blowing up of the air-bladder is performed while the fish is under water, a fine stream of air-bubbles may be seen to escape close to the vent. Careful anatomical investigation, in fact, shows that the air-bladder does not really end at the point where its silvery coat finishes, but that a delicate tube is continued thence to the left side of the vent, and there ends by an opening of its own.

Now, the air-bladder of all fishes is, to begin with, an outgrowth from the front part of the alimentary canal, and there are a great many fishes in which, as in the herring, it remains throughout life in permanent communication with the gullet. But it is rare to find the duct so far back as in the herring; and, at present, I am not aware that the air-bladder opens externally in any fishes except the herring and a few of its allies.

There is a general agreement among fishermen that herrings sometimes make a squeaking noise when they are first taken out of the water. I have never heard this sound myself, but there is so much concurrent testimony to the fact that I do not doubt it; and it occurs to me that it may be produced, when the herrings are quickly brought up from some depth, by means of this arrangement. For under these circumstances the air which the air-bladder contains expands to such a degree, on being relieved from the pressure of the water, that deep-sea fishes with a closed air-bladder which are brought to the surface rapidly are sometimes fairly turned inside out by the immense distention, or even bursting, of the air-bladder. If the same thing should happen to the herring, the like misfortune would not befall it, for the air would be forced out of the opening in question, and might readily enough produce the squeak which is reported. The common loach is said to produce a piping sound by ex-

pelling the air which this fish takes into its intestine for respiratory purposes.

At the opposite end of the air-bladder there is an even more curious arrangement. The silvery coat of the air-bladder ends in front just behind the head. But the air-bladder itself does not terminate here. Two very fine canals, each of which is not more than a two-hundredth of an inch in diameter, though it is surrounded by a relatively thick wall of cartilage, pass forward, one on each side, from the air-bladder to the back of the skull. The canals enter the walls of the skull, and then each divides into two branches. Finally, each of these two dilates into a bag which lies in a spheroidal chamber of corresponding size and form; and, in consequence of the air which they contain, these bags may be seen readily enough shining through the side-walls of the skull, the bone of which has a peculiar structure where it surrounds them. Now, these two bags, which constitute the termination of the air-bladder on each side, are in close relation with the organ of hearing. Indeed, a process of that organ projects into the front chamber of each side, and is separated by only a very delicate partition from the terminal sac of the air-bladder. Any vibrations of the air in these sacs, or any change in the pressure of the air in them, must thus tell upon the hearing apparatus.

There is no doubt about the existence of these structures, which, together with the posterior opening of the air-bladder, were most accurately described, more than sixty years ago, by the eminent anatomist Weber; but I am afraid we are not much wiser regarding their meaning than we were when they were first made known. In fishes in general, there can be little doubt that the chief use of the air-bladder is to diminish the specific gravity of the fish, and, by rendering its body of nearly the same weight as so much water, to render the business of swimming easier. In those fishes in which the passage of communication

between the air-bladder and the alimentary canal is closed, the air is no doubt secreted into the air-bladder by its vessels, which are often very abundant. In the herring the vessels of the air-bladder are very scanty; and it seems probable that the air is swallowed and forced into the air-bladder just as the loach swallows air and drives it into its intestine. And, as I have already suggested, it may be that the narrow posterior canal which leads from the air-bladder to the exterior is a sort of safety-valve allowing the air to escape, when the fish, rapidly ascending or descending, alters the pressure of the water upon the contained air.

This hypothesis may be put forward with some show of probability, but I really find it difficult to suggest anything with respect to the physiological meaning of the connection between the air-bladder and the ear. Nevertheless such an elaborate apparatus must have some physiological importance; and this conclusion is strengthened by the well-known fact that there are a great many fishes in which the air-bladder and the ear become connected in one way or another. In the carp tribe, for example, the front end of the air-bladder is connected by a series of little bones with the organ of hearing, which is, as it were, prolonged backward to meet these bones in the hinder end of the skull. But here the air-bladder, which is very large, may act as a resonator; while in the herring the extreme narrowness of the passages which connect the air-bladder with the ear renders it difficult to suppose that the organ can have any such function.

In addition to the singular connection of the ear with the exterior by the roundabout way of the air-bladder, there are membranous spaces in the walls of the skull by which vibrations can more directly reach the herring's ear. And there is no doubt that the fish is very sensitive to such vibrations. In a dark night, when the water is phosphorescent, or as the fisher-

men say, there is plenty of "merefire," it is a curious spectacle to watch the effect of sharply tapping the side of the boat as it passes over a shoal. The herrings scatter in all directions, leaving streaks of light behind them, like shooting-stars.

The herring, like other fishes, breathes by means of its gills—the essential part of which consists of the delicate, highly vascular filaments which are set in a double row on the outer faces of each of the gill-arches. The venous blood, which returns from all parts of the body to be collected in the heart, is pumped thence into the gills, and there exchanges its excess of carbonic-acid gas for the gaseous oxygen which is dissolved in sea-water. The freedom of passage of the water and the great size and delicacy of the gills facilitate respiration when the fish is in its native element; but the same peculiarities permitting of the rapid drying and coherence of the gills, and thus bringing on speedy suffocation, render its tenure of life, after removal from the water, as short as that of any fish. It may be observed, in passing, that the wide clefts behind the gill-covers of the herring have some practical importance, as the fish, thrusting its head through the meshes of the drift-net, is caught behind them, and cannot extricate itself. In the herring, the upper end of the last gill-cleft is not developed into a sac or pouch, such as we shall find in some of its near neighbors.

The only other organs of the herring which need be mentioned at present are the milt and roe, found in the male and female herring respectively.

These are elongated organs attached beneath the air-bladder, which lie, one on each side of the abdominal cavity, and open behind the vent by an aperture common to the two. The spermatic fluid of the male is developed in the milt and the eggs of the female in the roe. These eggs, when fully formed, measure from one sixteenth to one twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter; and as, in the ripe female, the two roes or ovaries stretch from

one end of the abdominal cavity to the other, occupying all the space left by the other organs, and distending the cavity, the number of eggs which they contain must be very great. Probably 10,000 is an under-estimate of the number of ripe eggs shed in spawning by a moderate-sized female herring. But I think it is safer than the 30,000 of some estimates, which appear to me to be made in forgetfulness of the very simple anatomical considerations that the roe consists of an extensive vascular framework as well as of eggs; and, moreover, that a vast number of the eggs which it contains remain immature, and are not shed at the time of the spawning.

In this brief account of the structure of the herring I have touched only on those points which are peculiarly interesting, or which bear upon what I shall have to say by-and-by. An exhaustive study of the fish from this point of view alone would require a whole course of lectures to itself.

FERGUSON—REX [1]

MacGregor Jenkins

Middle Age stood before the counter of the College Drug Store and examined with reflective eye the display of college insignia ingeniously wrought on banner, pipe, and shield. The panoply and regalia of youth, the splendid uselessness of most of the articles, the tragic solemnity of it all, filled him with longing for a time when these, and not an impaired digestion and shattered nerves, were the realties of life.

The early twilight of a winter afternoon had fallen on the quiet college town. Groups of students passed the glare of the windows, boyish laughter and youthful jest marked the close

[1] From *The Atlantic Monthly*. Reprinted by permission.

of the day during which countless parental hearts had followed these boys, in imagination, to and from the classroom and shared with them their work and play. This winter day counted among its most blessed memories the thousand and one self-denials and personal sacrifices of a thousand parents, that these loitering feet might continue to tread the streets of this little college town and that these boyish voices might continue to fill the twilight air with laughter and song.

The door opened and in a whirl of snow a young man entered. He was only a boy, but he came as a monarch might enter the home of a humble subject. As he shook the light snow from his capless head and from the collar of his leather jacket, he smiled a casual greeting to the clerk behind the counter and glanced with pleasing frankness, but without a ray of interest, at the unfamiliar middle-aged figure at the pipe counter. With entire accustomedness he stepped behind the counter and slipped a package or two of cigarettes into his pocket. In leisurely circuit of the store, he acquired a bag of salted nuts, a box of matches, and a few other necessities of the moment. Then he lounged to a stool at the soda fountain. The clerk, anticipating that this would be his last stop, stood, awaiting the inevitable order. "The usual" was all the description necessary, and forthwith he was supplied with an amazing combination of fruits and syrups and ices of which he disposed slowly and silently. This done, a fresh cigarette was lighted and, stopping only to view with appraising eye the feminine beauty and pulchritude in an advertisement of the picture at the local movie-house, he nodded a farewell. He turned a moment at the door to murmur, "Charge Ferguson," and disappeared. The clerk made some entries in a dog-eared book and turned to other duties.

Middle Age watched with a curious sense of humility the slender figure of the boy as it melted into the darkness of the

street. Surely he never handled himself in that way. He felt a little as if a splendid pageant had passed; he recognized that feeling of reaction that comes when the last glittering wagon has gone by in the circus parade, or when the last soldier has hurried along trying to march in step to a distant band. He stood silent and for the moment depressed, and then he knew what the feeling was and whence it came. He recalled a coronation procession in a European capital. That was all. He knew now what had happened. Royalty had passed. The youthful king, the hope of his nation, had shown himself to his subjects, and was even now immersed in the duties of the court. Yes, the young king had passed and for a moment the dull eyes of Middle Age failed to recognize him.

As Middle Age walked with cautious step over the ice and snow, he pondered on what he had seen. What of this gallant young king, what manner of man was he, what of his court? To what advisers would he lend his ear? How would his kingdom prosper? How sure is the vision of those fearless eyes? As he tapped the frozen ground with his walking-stick he found his ears ringing with that cryptic phrase, "Charge Ferguson." How simple it all was! Those magic words had placed at youth's behest the entire glittering pharmacy. But who was Ferguson? The unseen elder Ferguson who acted as royal treasurer and met these drafts on the royal exchequer? Middle Age wondered if the royal moneys were being wisely expended.

These questions could be answered only by acquaintance with Ferguson, and to this task Middle Age devoted himself for many weeks. The Royal Personage was not difficult of approach. He met advances with the same disarming self-assurance with which he purchased his cigarettes. He looked into the eyes of Middle Age and alleged Experience with a disconcerting frankness. He treated the whole episode of this strange acquaintance without concern and without interest, but from beginning to

end with faultless and unfailing courtesy. If he did not seem abashed by the evident interest of his new friend, he certainly did not swagger. He never posed, he never evaded, he never condescended. The whole matter is now lost to him in the intricate and pressing life about him, and Middle Age has become, no doubt, a blurred and indistinct figure in the crowded canvas of undergraduate life.

Not so Ferguson—he stands out as clear as a cameo in the mind of his inquiring friend. It is this unforgettable figure, this graceful, ardent, intelligent, but often mistaken and hence much criticized, Heir of the Ages that I shall attempt to sketch. It is wise and right that we should be interested in him; he will soon inherit his kingdom and we shall all soon be under his sway. It is meet that we be concerned about him, and proper that we should see if the kind of example and instruction we have given him are the best we have to offer.

In the first place, Ferguson is no mean and unattractive figure from the eugenic standpoint. He is better made, better built, better put together, and carries himself better than the youth of past generations. Middle Age bungled through hours of gymnasium exercise under the watchful eye of a skilled and kindly trainer. He dressed and bathed with Ferguson. He watched him do his work, he saw him lounging in the dressing-rooms, and he cheered him in the heat of passionate striving for victory. He saw him win and, what is better, saw him lose like a gentleman. It is an experience not without its embarrassments to Middle Age to stand with a dozen Fergusons in shameless nudity and discuss a book, a play, a victory, or a defeat. You feel singularly out of place, for you are a rapidly decaying mortal and you find yourself standing with the young gods on the slopes of Olympus. No, dear friend, so anxious about the physical degeneration of the race, you need not worry. Ferguson will carry on.

So much for the body. How about the head? Ferguson prefers to call it his "bean." Here we are on less sure ground. Middle Age had concerned himself with other matters so long that an accurate appraisal of Ferguson's bean is a difficult matter. This much is sure. Ferguson wants to know. He does not accept the formulæ of past generations; he accepts them only when he thinks they are proved. He has become skeptical about so many of them that he has a habit of throwing them out of court without proper consideration. This is bad for Ferguson and annoys his elders and his preceptors. He must be shown the unwisdom of doing so. He is interested in very different things from those that concerned his father. On the whole they are much better and more important things. He can hold his own in a discussion without losing his temper better than his elders, but he has a tendency to stick to the weak side of a case after he knows it is lost. He likes lost causes. He will look in the eyes of the Professor of Economics and tell him he does not agree with him; this annoys some Professors of Economics and Ferguson is called "rebellious." He is less rebellious than any type of man alive, for the simple reason that he feels in the bottom of his heart that the thing is not worth the trouble of rebelling against. He knows it will all come out in the wash, and the real facts emerge if he only thinks and talks about it enough. That is one reason why he is so difficult to argue with. The principal trouble with Ferguson's bean is that he allows this habit to lead him astray. He is so sure of the unimportance of a host of unimportant things that he fails to see, sometimes, the tremendous importance of some really important things. That is one of the great problems in the training of Ferguson for the throne.

There is a certain type of elder that insists that Ferguson is "radical." He is. But bless your dear anxious heart, brother, he is at the same time the most conservative, tradition-bound,

and stand-pat of mortals. Take a look at the little world he has built. Examine its laws and its customs. He has a code more rigid than the laws of the Medes and Persians, more inflexible than Draco at his best or worst. He believes in a Code, in an Established Order, he trusts in Authority and worships Order. He is a little uncertain about the wisdom of some of the regulations governing the outside world, but he has no doubt about the wisdom and validity of his own. When he comes to the throne he will see that the same order prevails and that authority is respected as fully, and rather more fully, possibly, than it is now. The statute books may change in detail, but the underlying principles will never be altered by Ferguson.

His attitude toward his teachers and his studies baffles a dull observer, but in the main it is governed by his predominating intellectual trait. He admires manhood vastly more than scholarship. He has yet to learn the important place pure scholarship holds in the general plan of things. He is sure to learn this in time. If he finds in the scholar the man he is looking for, the scholar can lead him anywhere. But the tremendous forces that have made Ferguson what he is have left him where he refuses to see the scholar if the man is not there. It is said that he will learn nothing. No candid observer could claim that the outward and visible signs of mental accretion are overwhelming, but in private conversation Ferguson displays at times a disconcerting clearness of vision, and a wealth of real understanding about a lot of things that he regards as important. A great amount of it he gets in the classroom, but alas! the hard-working instructor too often is left in ignorance that the seed has fallen in fertile ground. Ferguson does not care for facts as facts. He is interested in principles. The problem is to show him that the facts illustrate the principles.

Ferguson's attitude toward what is called vice is a curious thing. He is an utterly sophisticated person and will talk with

entire frankness. He does not drink half what his father drank, and not a tenth of his sainted grandfather's daily potion. But when asked why he does not drink madly, wildly, as all college students are supposed to, his explanation is a little difficult to follow. He does not regard the use of liquor, its purchase, possession, or manufacture as a crime. No amount of legislation or vociferation on the part of the moralist can make him do so. But he knows that on the whole it is a bad practice, and with that curious half-blind clear-sightedness that is his salvation he promptly places its excessive use in the limbo of the things that "are not done." Temperance has found a place in his involved ethical code because he has found it good. Good for himself, good for others, and good for the little world in which he lives.

Of the other major vices which are supposed to be characteristic of the college man, he is singularly free. But do not think for a moment that the horrid visage of vice rouses him to a fine frenzy of righteous indignation. Ferguson is not given to frenzies, nor does he indulge much in indignation, righteous or otherwise. Vices of the grosser sorts he regards as bad form and worse manners. These have found their place, too, in the catalogue of things not done. Ferguson's father may have been a model youth, but his rectitude was the result more of the fear of consequences and a very tepid conventional morality than a reasoned balancing of good and evil in the terms of practical daily life. These things do not seem to be to Ferguson "moral" questions in the sense that used to be emphasized, and woe to the man, preacher or layman, who tries to inflame Ferguson's mind with the presentation of them as instruments of a personal Devil. The truth of the matter is that Ferguson is not "good." He does not care to be. But he has tucked away in his bean the elements of a practical philosophy of life vastly more durable, and of infinitely greater tensile strength, than

the somewhat flabby "morality" of his father's generation. He does many, many things that cause the judicious to grieve, but the judicious like to grieve and Ferguson just now is a favorite object of solicitude. When he comes to the throne many things may happen at his court that would not have happened in the early 'nineties, but when it becomes necessary to do so he will clean house thoroughly and effectively. He will do it with a cool head and practiced hand, but without averted face, and with no display of moral indignation. His administration will be clean.

Ferguson's religion is a much more private and personal thing than his father's. For that reason it is harder to get at and more difficult to describe. It governs his life much more than he suspects and provides him with just what he needs during a very brief and bewildering period. The men who are active in religious work he regards as no better and no worse than any one else. Their activity alone wins them no special consideration, but on the other hand it does not place them in a class alone. Ferguson's father used to call them "gospel sharks" and they were held in more or less contempt by youths who joined their associations and dabbled in their undertakings while they sneered at them behind their backs. Ferguson may or may not share their labors, but he no longer sneers at them and, if they "make good," they are elected to his clubs and receive college honors. This change is well to ponder on. It is more significant than it seems. Ferguson will never be as "religious" as his father in the class of 'ninety, but he is quite as likely to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven.

Of the lesser amenities of life, Ferguson is a past master. His manners can be perfect, so perfect that the wonder is where he acquired them. As a host he is delightful, as a guest considerate and easy. For social conventionalities he cares very little, but he seems to know instinctively what to do and not to do.

In qualities of heart he is supreme. The warmth of youth tempered with shrewdness, the quick impulsive thing done with feeling and with grace. He rarely blunders and never "slops over." His court will be gracious.

It has been said that Ferguson lives by code. Never did mortal do so more thoroughly. Of all the monuments of civil life, none can equal in architectural intricacy Ferguson's code. It has been built piece by piece to meet the requirements of the moment. Devoted as he is to it, he will scrap the whole thing to-day and replace it with another to-morrow if occasion demands. But it serves his need and, with all the somewhat grotesque detail that seems to mar its outline, it is built on solid foundations. He errs in trying to apply it to every question and in trying to make it fit every emergency, but it is a pretty safe chart, and it is very doubtful if his elders could supply him with anything better. The last test of a man is whether or not he "makes good." Now "making good" with Ferguson is a complicated proceeding, but in the rough a man "makes good" when he measures up to the code, accepts it, and lives by it.

What has the code done for Ferguson? What are the provisions of the code? The limitations of time and space make their enumeration impossible even if an outsider knew them. But there is evidence on every hand of what it has done. It has made the Honor System a reality. It has made possible a considerable degree of participation by the student in the details of college administration and discipline. It has created a sentiment for clean living. It has made fashionable and desirable some of the simple old-fashioned virtues—truthfulness, kindness, fellowship, and helpfulness. It has laid the heavy hand of student authority on many silly and unwise practices. It has given his little world a life well ordered, reasonably self-controlled, considerate of others, and in essentials healthy and normal. What more can a man-made code do?

And so Ferguson lives. Four years is a very short time and Ferguson has to take many short cuts; he has to cut a good deal of red tape and he must ignore much that might well be considered important if he is to do half what he wants to do, or what is expected of him, before he graduates. Unfortunately, too much of his time is given to the practical details of his life, and too little to the work of the classroom and laboratory. He does not use his time wisely, but it may be that his father does not.

It has doubtless been observed that the mind of Middle Age is a bit dull, and has not caught the fine lights and shades in Ferguson. This may be so, but it has caught the masses and the general outlines of the picture. Ferguson's critics will not like the picture and of course much has been omitted. Perhaps his virtues have been over-emphasized and his faults ignored. For faults there are in plenty. Ferguson is callow, but he is young, and Middle Age has long since given over the criticism of youth on that score. Time will remedy that. And Ferguson is not half so young and callow as Middle Age was at twenty. Ferguson is self-centered. He has to be. How can he help it? His life makes him so.

Ferguson is noisy and excited over his sports, dull and apathetic over his work. It occurs to Middle Age that he was, too. Ferguson is "intellectually indifferent." Possibly, but the fact remains that in 'ninety students joined debating clubs simply to "join" and left the dry shells of the organizations to be carried on the backs of a few devoted souls. "Grinds" they were called, a little higher in the social scale than the "gospel sharks," but not much. Now, while debating is not a major sport, it is a recognized student activity and preëminence in it brings a sure reward. Ferguson is not as intellectually indifferent as he sometimes appears to be. Another and more serious charge is that Ferguson's code only works one way. He insists on its

recognition only when it is to his advantage. There is some truth in this. Ferguson at present is compelled to attend chapel and church services. He does not like it. So he acts badly. He has adopted an attitude which he may think is dignified non-resistance. It may be non-resistance, but it certainly is not dignified. He slouches into chapel, and sprawls, and yawns, and reads newspapers under the noses of distinguished gentlemen who have come to talk to him for the everlasting good of his soul. It is one of a very few instances where the code does not work, and where Ferguson refuses to play the game. After witnessing this surprising exhibition it was something of a shock to Middle Age to hear Ferguson ask grace before his Sunday dinner, in the presence of forty of his fellow students, with a simplicity and dignity and lack of unctuousness that was in striking contrast to some of the visiting clergy of the 'nineties.

Yes, all the things that his critics say are more or less true. But none of them have put their finger on the real trouble. The real reason why Ferguson is a problem, both to himself and to his instructors, is that with all his shrewdness Ferguson has not a glimmering idea as to the real reason why he is where he is. 'Ninety cannot tell 1924 why he has come to college, because he has come for entirely different things, impelled by utterly different causes than those which sent 'ninety. The college should tell him: sometimes it does and sometimes it does not.

As Middle Age looked over the plant, saw the machinery working, examined the raw material, and handled the finished product of this strange and unfamiliar factory, he could not resist the conviction that with all its perfections, with all the evident care and skill exercised in the management, and with its wise choice of workmen, there was one great need. This need is recognized in the industrial world now as never before, and that need is a good "contact man"—some one who can

interpret the college to Ferguson and Ferguson to the college. He must be a rare man, but he can be found. He must make good, and if he does make good many of Ferguson's troubles will vanish, production will be speeded up, strikes will be averted, and the finished product vastly improved.

In the meantime, O elder Ferguson, a health to you! The four years will be soon over. Stand it a little longer and, in supreme confidence that the investment is a good one and extra dividends certain, respond manfully to the oft-repeated, royal command—"Charge Ferguson!"

COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS

Much exposition is accomplished by means of what is ordinarily called description. When there is no desire to make a vivid mental picture, but rather a purpose to give full information regarding the object itself, the work is clearly expository. For example, the police description of a criminal would be merely an enumeration of details, while the description of the same man by the newspaper reporter in the courtroom would comprise a briefer assortment of details bringing before a reader a much more vivid conception. In the first case we should have expository description; in the second we should have what might be called literary or artistic description.

Descriptive exposition also occurs when the subject is not an individual but a class as a whole. A good illustration of this would be an account of the American Indian. The aim would be not to speak of American Indians singly, but to present a collection of characteristics common to the whole class, American Indians. In other words, the writer makes up a composite Indian. Such accounts are sometimes spoken of as generalized descriptions, but they are clearly expository in aim.

After reading one or more of the selections illustrative of descriptive exposition, make a study of some of its methods in the light of the following suggestions.

1. Show that the writer's purpose is primarily expository. Find evidence that he is not after a series of images or mental pictures but is seeking to have his reader understand certain facts about the object under discussion.

2. Is his presentation according to a simple, clear, and adequate plan?

3. Has the writer made an effort to make his treatment attractive or does he seem disposed to ignore this and rely on the interest inherent in the topic itself?

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

1. Explain in a simple and clear fashion one of the contrivances in the following list. Let the explanation concern itself not with some particular variety of the object but with the essentials of all objects in the class. Along with the description of parts should go an explanation of the combination and uses of these parts.

(1) The Telephone; (2) The Wireless Telegraph; (3) The Cash Register; (4) Some Piece of Laboratory Apparatus; (5) The Airplane; (6) The Phonograph; (7) The Railway Switch; (8) The Compound Microscope; (9) The Six-Cylinder Gasoline Engine; (10) The Yale Lock.

2. Write an account of some natural object, complex in structure, patterning your work upon Huxley's "The Herring." Adopt a simple and natural arrangement for details; for example, from general aspects to particulars, from outside to inside, etc.

Suitable topics are: (1) The Frog; (2) The Bird (or some particular species, like the Woodpecker); (3) The Grasshopper; (4) The Black Bass; (5) The Mosquito; (6) The Mushroom; (7) The Plant Cell.

3. Write a generalized description of one of the following. Present the salient features common to the whole class rather than those of a single object. Jenkins's "McGregor—Rex" with its generalized account of the modern student will be a helpful pattern.

(1) The Football Man; (2) The Early Explorer; (3) The Trained

Nurse; (4) The Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law; (5) The Village Loafer; (6) The Postgraduate; (7) The College Professor of Today; (8) The College Student's Room; (9) An Apartment House; (10) A Hospital; (11) The Steam Shovel; (12) The Cheer Leader.

NARRATIVE EXPOSITION

HOW BOOKS ARE MADE[1]

Edwin T. Stiger

Each year the American publishers place on the market something over eight thousand new publications, the editions of which range from the aristocratic few of the expensive limited editions to the hundreds of thousands of the "best sellers." Each one of these new books represents an individual effort on the part of the author and the publisher to place something new in a new way before the public, to turn out a book which some appreciable portion of the millions of book-buying inhabitants of this country can be made to think that it wants.

Did it ever occur to you as a reader of a portion of this great output that the laying out and manufacture of this mass of reading matter calls for the employment of an immense force of professionally trained minds outside of the thousands who labor in the carrying out of the details arranged for them; that every new book which appears means the study and application of ideas stored away in the brain of some one man or some little group of men who are spending their lives in the work of producing books attractive to the purchaser, and that each of these men must have a general knowledge, at least, of all branches of work that enter into the making of a book, not only of the idiosyncrasies of the English language, with its shading of punctuation, of types and typographical eccentricities, of the technicalities of electrotyping, paper-making,

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photo-engraving, printing and bookbinding, but of every one of these and its related branches?

Here, then, is the story of the making of a book.

When a publisher receives a manuscript from an author he gives it out to one of his readers, one of a force upon which he relies for opinions as to the advisability of publishing or probable salability after publishing. These readers are generally persons who have been well trained in the merits or demerits of popularity or authority, and in spite of occasional errors of judgment inseparable from work of this nature, have developed exceptional ability in this line. If the manuscript appears hopeless for this particular publisher's use it will probably pass through the hands of but one or two readers. If, however, it shows prospects of success, it will be placed before several of these experts, each of whom will deliver an opinion, and it will go for final consideration to the head of the editorial force or a member of the publishing firm. Let us consider that the manuscript has been accepted and the contract drawn up and signed by the author and the publisher. The next step is the sending of the manuscript to the head of the manufacturing department of the publishing house. This gentleman generally tries to talk the book over with the author, in an effort to include as many of his ideas in the production as may be possible considering the limits and the cost of manufacture. He is then ready to begin the building of the book.

Of course, if a new volume is to be added to a series which has already been begun, or if it is to be patterned after some book which has already been made, the plan of procedure is simple, the work to a great extent merely mechanical. If the book, however, must be constructed on lines of its own, the first thing to be done is to obtain a count of the number of words the manuscript contains. This is necessary as giving a gauge from which to determine the size of type and of the type page,

and to arrive approximately at the number of pages the book will make. This counting is not as easy as it sounds, and it is quite an art to do it accurately, since manuscript will vary considerably in different parts, and often the "copy," as the manuscript now becomes called, is made up of writing by different hands, or of magazine or newspaper extracts of varying sizes pasted or laid in. Then, too, the different sizes of types to be used must be considered, for long quotations or correspondence must be set in a different size from the text, and the estimator will also find that portions of the same manuscript will vary materially, according to the nature of the subject. For instance, in a novel, a part given up to broken or short conversation will carry more words to a page than a similar amount of longer worded description. The words having been counted, the next proceeding is to decide on the type and type page.

While in the selection of type there are many fonts from which to choose, most of them, except for the more ornamental styles often used for booklets and special gift books, narrow themselves down to adaptations of three or four faces, their variations being due to peculiarities in the cut of the letters belonging to one or the other of these few standard styles. Some of these adaptations will get more letters on a line of a given length, and some less, than others set in the same size of type. In addition to the changes of types the manufacturing man is allowed some leeway by the "leading," or blanks between the lines of type. Having decided whether the book is to be of approximately the size known by the book-buying public as "octavo" or "12mo," or some such designation, it is his work to settle upon a type and type page which will not run the book to such a length as to make its publishing too expensive, or, on the other hand, to make a book so small that the buyer will feel that he is not getting the worth of his money. In all of this he is bound down by the fact that his type page, whatever it is,

must not be laid out contrary to certain proportions which the good taste of the past has made definite. After getting these matters worked out he sends the manuscript to the printer with instructions for a sample page to be set to confirm him in his decision, and often with a request to the printer to count the words and verify his estimate of the number of pages. Very often this sample page must be juggled, a line added, a fraction of an inch taken off, a page number put at the foot, a running head changed in style, or even an entirely new start made on an entirely different basis before an O. K. can be given. It might be said here that unless a manuscript offers unusual features a publisher does not necessarily ask the printer for an estimate of cost, for the manufacturing man has a schedule of the printer's prices and can figure this out for himself as closely as the printer himself could do it.

The sample page having finally been approved, the order is given to begin the work, the printer is told how many proofs will be required and where they are to be sent, and the last details about any irregularities to be met in the work are put in his hands. The printer starts his compositors to work, or, if the book is to be set by machine, arranges for the machines and operators who are to begin the composition, and the kind of progress that can be seen commences. Then follows the period of proofs and proof reading. The first proof, which is a galley proof, or one "pulled" (printed) on long slips of paper without any division into pages, is read and corrected several times before it leaves the printer's hands and is then read and marked for correction by the author and by some of the publisher's editorial force before its return to the printer. If the corrections required are many, it is customary to have further galley proofs, or "galley revises," sent out, so that the changes may be reduced to a minimum before the matter is made up into pages, when all corrections are apt to be more expensive to the

publisher or author than if made in the galleys. Then, all the palpable errors having been corrected, and all the additions and excisions made which have up to that time been discovered by the author, the type is put into page form, the running heads and the page numbers added, and the proper sinkage allowed for the beginnings of chapters. More proofs follow, and perhaps page revises, before the final word is given that everything is correct and that electrotypes of the pages may now be made. Even then a plate proof is often required and oftentimes late corrections are sent to be made in the plates themselves—an expensive proceeding, and one avoided whenever possible.

A word should here be said about this matter of corrections, for there is probably no one thing which causes as much friction between the author and the publisher, and the publisher and printer, as alterations from copy. The author, when he sees his work in type, naturally sees many things which escaped his notice in manuscript form. Moreover, there are often new developments of his subject or suggestions from friends brought to his notice, all of which he is anxious to include in his first edition. He cannot understand why just a few words added here or a line taken out there should, when repeated now and then, make such a seemingly excessive bill of errors. Such changes, however, which appear to him to be very slight, and which are so judged by their length, may require the changing of words and spaces throughout several lines, or, after paging, the readjustment of a number of pages. All of this takes a compositor's time, the printer has to pay the compositor for this time, and at the end of the work a considerable bill is rendered. If the author or editor will only remember that where a word or a sentence is taken out, another word or sentence as near the same length as possible should be inserted whenever it can be done, or if he can cut out enough old matter to allow space for

new he may wish to add, much wear and tear of feelings might be saved.

The making the electrotype plates, although an intensely interesting process, need not be taken up in this article. It is enough to say of it that the type is pressed in page form into a waxen mold, that the mold is placed in a bath having copper in solution, that this copper is deposited on the mold by an electric current and chemical action, taking an exact impression of it, and that this copper shell, when backed with metal and trimmed to the required size, is ready for the printing press.

All this time, while the proofs are going back and forth, while the corrections are being made, and while the electrotypes are being produced, the manufacturing man is busily arranging the later details of the book. He is ordering the paper, seeing that it is delivered in time, arranging with the artist for illustrations if the book is to be embellished in that way, deciding upon the cover decoration and the binding, and perhaps even getting out partially finished books showing the binding and a few pages of printed matter from which the salesmen can take orders.

As soon as enough of the book is in type to insure accuracy as to the number of pages, or often merely taking the original estimate as a basis for the order, steps must be taken to have the paper on hand as soon as the electrotyping has been finished. When the size of the edition will permit it, the paper is generally made to order, a process requiring from two weeks up, according to the amount of business the paper mills are handling at the time. If the edition is small, or if such a paper is to be used as may readily be found in the stock regularly carried by a paper dealer, the paper is ordered from this stock, cutting it down to the proper size if the sheet required is smaller than the sizes ordinarily sold. The manufacturing man must decide upon the quality of the paper to be used, its size, weight and finish, where it is to be obtained, how much is to be paid for

it, and how large a quantity is to be used. He must obtain samples from different mills, consider these in relation to the price asked, make his decision and place his order, and then, often the hardest work of all, follow up the paper men incessantly to make sure that it is on the spot when it is wanted. The type page being fixed, he allows for the proper margins, considers whether he will print eight, sixteen, thirty-two or sixty-four pages at one impression, and then figures the quantity by a scale which allows enough extra sheets for spoilage in the printing and binding. While all of this work may sound as a simple proposition, it is often far from that, for the paper must be chosen with some regard for the face of type which is to be used upon it, and it must very often be selected with a view toward making a too fat book thin and easy to hold, or toward padding out a small, insignificant book into something worth while to a prospective purchaser.

While the proofs are shuttling back and forth and while the paper is being made, it is also time for the supervisor of the work to be closing in any of the illustrative and decorative portions of the book. If cuts are to print with the text, the drawings and the cuts must be made in advance, in order not to hold back the paging; if, however, the cuts are to print separately and are to be pasted in by the binder, the work may be carried on while the composition is being done, the manuscript having been given the artist to read in advance of its being sent to the printer, or an early set of proofs sent him, that he may choose the situations that appeal to him for illustration. In a general way it may be said that the illustrative processes are two in number, although these branch out into infinity in their variations, and although there are more than these two and their variations required in special work. The two in question, used in the general run of books sold at retail, are the line cut, or zinc etching, made for line drawings and drawings with solid

blacks and whites, and the half tone, made from photographs and wash drawings. Both of these cuts, or engravings, are made by photography and chemical action, both may be reduced, or even enlarged to a certain degree, to any size proportional to the original subject, and both may be printed at the same time as the text page, except for the fact that the finish of the paper must be adapted to the cuts. The line cut may be used on any paper whose surface is smooth enough to print without breaking the printed line, but the half tone, on account of its delicacy of line, may be used only on a coated paper or a paper of high finish. The printing of colored illustrations is simply the adaptation of one or the other of these two processes, breaking up the colors of a picture in such a way as to produce practically any of the colors of the spectrum—a complete art in itself and often carried out by printers who do no other kind of work, or else the arbitrary division of a picture into two or three colors and the printing of portions in each color, without regard to the fact that the combination of two certain colors will produce a third. Unless a book is so filled with cuts as to require a highly finished or a coated paper throughout, it is customary to print the cuts separately from the text.

Another of the artistic features to be looked after before the presswork has been completed is the designing of the cover and the making of the brass dies from which the binder stamps the design on the outside of the book. The artist to whom is delegated the work of making the cover design submits a scheme in its colors, usually painted on cloth or paper of the color suggested for use, so that an idea may be had of the general effect and a tentative estimate made of the cost. In general, the artist is held down to as few colors as possible, and is restricted in the use of gold and silver, on account of the extra cost of dies and stamping in the former case, and of precious gold and silver leaf in the latter. When the design is finally

accepted it is given into the hands of the manufacturing man, who, determining the size of the cover and the thickness of the book, passes it along to the die cutter in order that the design or lettering may be cut in hard brass, from which any quantity of covers may be stamped or printed without showing any evidence of wear on the part of the die itself. Of late the cover inset has come into much vogue, this inset being generally an illustration printed on paper in one or more colors and pasted on the cover in relation to some part of the stamped design, thus giving an added attraction to the cover and making it more in keeping with the book, while at the same time holding down the cost.

Let us consider, then, that the electrotype plates are now ready for the press and that the paper is in the printer's hands. The book is ready to be printed. The publisher therefore tells the printer how large an edition he requires and the signal is given to begin the printing. Any one unacquainted with the work and going into a pressroom for the first time must be struck by the large number of presses seemingly lying idle when he has been given to understand that a pressroom is always a scene of whirring activity. This seeming quiet is on account of what is known as the "make ready"—the principal cause for expense in printing and the work which brings out the pressman's art and skill. This is the labor required to get the eight, or sixteen, or thirty-two, or sixty-four pages ready to be printed. The pressman lays out his form on the bed of his press, using a large block upon which the electrotypes may be placed and fastened, or else a number of small blocks, one to a page, arranged in their proper positions by wooden or metal strips laid between the blocks—"furniture," as these are called. As type matter or plates can never be absolutely even on the top, it is necessary for the pressman to build up the low spots and cut down the impression where it is too black. After placing the form on press, therefore,

he runs a trial sheet of paper through the press, from which he is able to know where in the form his work of evening the impression is required. Then he starts this work, which is known as the "make ready," a labor which may require an hour or even two or three days, according to the character of the form or the quality of the work desired. Pieces of thin paper are pasted on the cylinder of the press in such positions as to touch certain spots in the form at the point where the cylinder carrying the sheet of paper to be printed meets the plates, thus increasing the strength of the impression at that point, while other pieces are cut in the right size and shape and pasted under the plate, between it and the block, to gain a similar end. The former method is known as "overlaying" and the later as "underlaying." This same process is carried out in printing the illustrations, only to a greater degree and generally with more care. When the "make ready" has been finished, the sheets of blank paper are lifted up on the press and fed one by one on to the cylinder, which carries them in its revolution against the plates, after which they are deposited in a pile to be removed, printed again on the other side, counted and packed for shipment to the binder. Similar work is carried out for every form of the book until it is all printed, when the scene is shifted to the bindery.

The first step in the binding is the folding of the sheets. While this was generally done in the past by hand by girls working with a flat piece of smooth ivory or similar substance, it is now almost universally executed by ingenious machines which take the sheet of paper, cut it, fold it accurately, insert one folded sheet within another if necessary, and deliver the folded signatures, as each single folded sheet is called, ready for the next process. These signatures are next "gathered," either by hand or machinery, in the order in which they are to appear in the finished book, and they are then "collated," that is, verified, the collator making sure that all signatures are arranged in

proper order and that none is missing. They are then sent to the sewing machines, which stitch the signatures together in one continuous row, making no division between the volumes, which have to be cut apart by hand. If the books are to have gilt tops it is here that this work comes in, the gilder placing a number of books in his press, squeezing them up very tightly, with the edge to be gilded uppermost, scraping this edge very smooth, painting on it a thin albumen size, and then laying on the thin gold leaf, which is burnished down to smooth brilliancy by a tool worked by the hand of the gilder. The sewed and gilded book then moves along to be rounded and backed; that is, to be given the circular effect shown on the back of the book and to have the edge of the back, where the sewing is, forced out by pressure to make a groove in which the covers may have play. A piece of coarse, tough cloth, reënforced by a pasted strip of paper, is glued on the back, the edges of the cloth overhanging the edges by an inch or so on each side, a flexible glue is smeared on the back to strengthen it and to hold the signatures more closely together, and the book is ready for the cover, which in all probability has been made while this other work was going on in order to save time at the end.

Although machines are now generally used for the making of the cover itself, or "case," as it is called in the trade, they have simply adopted the method of the hand worker with more uniformity and speed. The plan of this work begins with the cutting of the stiff pasteboard into pieces of the proper size for each side, a similar cutting of the book cloth for the entire cover, the gluing of the inner surface of the cloth, the placing of the pieces of board in their proper positions and of a strip of paper down the back, and the turning over of the edges of the cloth upon the board to give a finished edge and strengthen the case. The case then goes to the stamper, who places the brass dies the publisher has supplied for the lettering and the design

on a metal block, inks them with colored ink, or, if gold or some other foil is to be used, has this foil stuck on with a size to the cover, and prints the design or lettering on it with his stamping press. If foil is used the dies are hot stamped against the foil, and the waste foil which has not received the impression is rubbed off, collected and remelted. The book is then fitted into the case or cover, the blank pages at each end of the book which have been pasted on for this purpose are pasted back on the cover, and the book is finished. These pasted leaves, together with the reënforcing cloth, are all that hold the book to the cover in ordinary "edition work," as this style of binding is called, but that they are sufficient for all customary use is shown by the amount of hard usage one of these volumes will stand.

The books are now placed in a press and subjected to heavy pressure for a day or a night or more in order to set the mold, as one might say, and give them a proper chance to dry, after which they are packed in cases and shipped away to the market. In the selling of the product another department of the publishing house begins its work, while the manufacturing man gives a sigh of relief, comments perhaps to himself, perhaps to the printer or binder, on some details which had not worked out in just the way he had intended, and devotes his attention to the finishing of the next book on the publication list.

THE STORY OF A SALMON[1]

David Starr Jordan

In the realm of the Northwest Wind, on the boundary-line between the dark fir-forests and the sunny plains, there stands a mountain,—a great white cone two miles and a half in per-

[1] From *Popular Science Monthly*. Reprinted by permission.

pendicular height. On its lower mile the dense fir-woods cover it with never-changing green; on its next half-mile a lighter green of grass and bushes gives place in winter to white; and on its uppermost mile, the snows of the great ice age still linger in unspotted purity. The people of Washington State say that this mountain is the great "King-pin of the Universe," which shows that, even in its own country, Mount Tacoma is not without honor.

Flowing down from the southwest slope of Mount Tacoma is a cold, clear river, fed by the melting snows of the mountain. Madly it hastens down over white cascades and beds of shining sands, through birch-woods and belts of dark firs, to mingle its waters at last with those of the great Columbia.

This river is the Cowlitz; and on its bottom, not many years ago, there lay half-buried in the sand a number of little orange-colored globules, each about as large as a pea. These were not much in themselves, but great in their possibilities. In the waters above them, little suckers and chubs and prickly sculpins were straining their mouths to draw these globules from the sand, and vicious-looking crawfishes picked them up with their blundering hands and examined them with their telescopic eyes. But one, at least, of the globules escaped their scientific curiosity, else this story would not be worth telling. The sun shone down on it through the clear water, and the ripples of the Cowlitz said over it their incantations, and in it at last awoke a living being. It was a fish—a curious little fellow, not half an inch long, with great, staring eyes which made almost half his length, and a body so transparent that he could not cast a shadow. He was a little salmon, a very little salmon; but the water was good, and there were flies and worms and little living creatures in abundance for him to eat, and he soon became a larger salmon. Then there were many more little salmon with him, some larger and some smaller, and they all had a merry time. Those who

had been born soonest and had grown largest used to chase the others around and bite off their tails, or, still better, take them by the heads and swallow them whole; for, said they, "Even young salmon are good eating." "Heads I win, tails you lose" was their motto. Thus, what was once two small salmon became united into one larger one, and the process of "addition, division, and silence," still went on.

By-the-by, when all the salmon were too large to be swallowed, they began to grow restless and to sigh for a change. They saw that the water rushing by seemed to be in a great hurry to get somewhere, and it was somehow suggested that its hurry was caused by something good to eat at the other end of its course. Then they all started down the stream, salmon-fashion, which fashion is to get into the current, head up-stream, and thus to drift backward as the river sweeps along.

Down the Cowlitz River the salmon went for a day and a night, finding much to interest them which we need not know. At last they began to grow hungry; and, coming near the shore, they saw an angle-worm of rare size and beauty floating in an eddy of the stream. Quick as thought one of them opened his mouth, which was well filled with teeth of different sizes, and put it around the angle-worm. Quicker still he felt a sharp pain in his gills, followed by a smothering sensation, and in an instant his comrades saw him rise straight into the air. This was nothing new to them, for they often leaped out of the water in their games of hide-an-seek, but only to come down again with a loud splash not far from where they went out. But this one never came back, and the others went on their course wondering.

At last they came to where the Cowlitz and the Columbia join, and they were almost lost for a time, for they could find no shores, and the bottom and the top of the water were so far apart. Here they saw other and far larger salmon in the deepest

part of the current, turning neither to the right nor left, but swimming straight on up just as rapidly as they could. And these great salmon would not stop for them, and would not lie and float with the current. They had no time to talk, even in the simple sign-language by which fishes express their ideas, and no time to eat. They had an important work before them, and the time was short. So they went on up the river, keeping their great purposes to themselves, and our little salmon and his friends from the Cowlitz drifted down the stream.

By-and-by the water began to change. It grew denser, and no longer flowed rapidly along, and twice a day it used to turn about and flow the other way. And the shores disappeared, and the water began to have a different and peculiar flavor—a flavor which seemed to the salmon much richer and more inspiring than the glacier-water of their native Cowlitz. And there were many curious things to see; crabs with hard shells and savage faces, but so good when crushed and swallowed! Then there were luscious squid swimming about, and, to a salmon, squid are like ripe peaches and cream. There were great companies of delicate sardines and herring, green and silvery, and it was such fun to chase and capture them. Those who eat only sardines, packed in oil by greasy fingers, and herrings dried in the smoke, can have little idea how satisfying it is to have one's stomach full of them, plump and sleek, and silvery, fresh from the sea.

Thus the salmon chased the herrings about and had a merry time. Then they were chased about in turn by great sea-lions,—swimming monsters with huge half-human faces, long thin whiskers, and blundering ways. The sea-lions liked to bite out the throat of a salmon, with its precious stomach full of luscious sardines, and then to leave the rest of the fish to shift for itself. And the seals and the herrings scattered the salmon about, till at last the hero of our story found himself quite

alone, with none of his own kind near him. But that did not trouble him much, and he went on his own way, getting his dinner when he was hungry, which was all the time, and then eating a little between meals for his stomach's sake.

So it went on for three long years; and at the end of this time our little fish had grown to be a great, fine salmon, of twenty-two pounds' weight, shining like a new tin pan, and with rows of the loveliest round black spots on his head and back and tail. One day, as he was swimming about, idly chasing a big sculpin, with a head so thorny that he never was swallowed by anybody, all of a sudden the salmon noticed a change in the water around him.

Spring had come again, and the south-lying snow-drifts on the Cascade Mountains once more felt that the "earth was wheeling sunwards." The cold snow-waters ran down from the mountains and into the Columbia River, and made a freshet on the river. The high water went far out into the sea, and out in the sea our salmon felt it on his gills. He remembered how the cold water used to feel in the Cowlitz when he was a little fish. In a blundering, fishy fashion he thought about it; he wondered whether the little eddy looked as it used to, and whether caddis-worms and young mosquitoes were really as sweet and tender as he used to think they were. Then he thought some other things, but, as a salmon's mind is located in the optic lobes of his brain, and ours in a different place, we cannot be certain what his thoughts really were.

What our salmon did we know. He did what every grown salmon in the ocean does when he feels the glacier-water once more upon his gills. He became a changed being. He spurned the blandishments of soft-shelled crabs. The pleasures of the table and of the chase, heretofore his only delights, lost their charms for him. He turned his course straight toward the direc-

tion whence the cold water came, and for the rest of his life never tasted a mouthful of food. He moved on toward the river-mouth, at first playfully, as though he were not really certain whether he meant anything after all. Afterward, when he struck the full current of the Columbia, he plunged straight forward with an unflinching determination that had in it something of the heroic. When he had passed the rough water at the bar, he was not alone; his old neighbors of the Cowlitz, and many more, from the Clackamas and the Spokan and Des Chûtes and Kootenai,—a great army of salmon,—were with him. In front were thousands pressing on, and behind them were thousands more, all moved by a common impulse, which urged them up the Columbia.

They were swimming bravely along where the current was deepest, when suddenly the foremost felt something tickling like a cobweb about their noses and under their chins. They changed their course a little to brush it off, and it touched their fins as well. Then they tried to slip down with the current, and thus to leave it behind. But, no! the thing, whatever it was, although its touch was soft, refused to let go, and held them like a fetter. The more they struggled, the tighter became its grasp. And the whole foremost rank of the salmon felt it together, for it was a great gill-net, a quarter of a mile long, stretched squarely across the mouth of the river.

By-and-by men came in boats, and hauled up the gill-net. They threw the fish into a pile on the bottom of the boat, and the others saw them no more. We that live outside the water know better what befalls them, and we can tell the story which the salmon could not.

All along the banks of the Columbia River, from its mouth to nearly thirty miles away, there is a succession of large buildings, looking like great barns or warehouses, built on piles in the river, high enough to be out of the reach of floods. There are thirty

of these buildings, and they are called canneries. Each cannery has about forty boats, and with each boat are two men and a long gill-net. These nets fill the whole river as with a nest of cobwebs from April to July; and to each cannery nearly a thousand great salmon are brought in every day. These salmon are thrown in a pile on the floor; and Wing Hop, the big Chinaman, takes them one after another on the table, and with a great knife dexterously cuts off the head, the tail, and the fins; then with a sudden thrust he removes the intestines and the eggs. The body goes into a tank of water, and the head goes down the river to be made into salmon oil. Next, the body is brought to another table, and Quong Sang, with a machine like a feed-cutter, cuts it into pieces, each just as long as a one-pound can. Then Ah Sam, with a butcher-knife, cuts these pieces into strips just as wide as the can. Then Wan Lee, the "China boy," brings down from the loft, where the tinners are making them, a hundred cans, and into each can puts a spoonful of salt. It takes just six salmon to fill a hundred cans. Then twenty Chinamen put the pieces of meat into the cans, fitting in little strips to make them exactly full. Ten more solder up the cans, and ten more put the cans in boiling water till the meat is thoroughly cooked, and five more punch a little hole in the head of each can to let out the air. Then they solder them up again, and little girls paste on them bright-colored labels showing merry little Cupids riding the happy salmon up to the cannery-door, with Mount Tacoma and Cape Disappointment in the background; and a legend underneath says that this is "Booth's" or "Badollet's Best," or "Hume's" or "Clark's," or "Kinney's Superfine Salt Water Salmon." Then the cans are placed in cases, forty-eight in a case, and five hundred thousand cases are put up every year. Great ships come to Astoria and are loaded with them; and they carry them away to London and San Francisco and Liverpool and New York and Sydney and Val-

paraiso and Skowhegan, Maine; and the man at the corner grocery sells them at twenty cents a can.

All this time our salmon is going up the river, eluding one net as by a miracle, and soon having need of more miracles to escape the rest; passing by Astoria on a fortunate day,—which was Sunday, the day on which no man may fish if he expects to sell what he catches, till finally he came to where nets were few, and, at last, to where they ceased altogether. But here he found that scarcely any of his many companions were with him, for the nets cease when there are no more salmon to be caught in them. So he went on day and night where the water was deepest, stopping not to feed or loiter on the way, till at last he came to a wild gorge, where the great river became an angry torrent rushing wildly over a huge staircase of rocks. But our hero did not falter; and, summoning all his force, he plunged into the Cascades. The current caught him and dashed him against the rocks. A whole row of silvery scales came off and glistened in the water like sparks of fire, and a place on his side became black-and-red, which, for a salmon, is the same as being black-and-blue for other people. His comrades tried to go up with him; and one lost his eye, one his tail, and one had his lower jaw pushed back into his head like the joint of a telescope. Again he tried to surmount the Cascades; and at last he succeeded, and an Indian on the rocks above was waiting to receive him. But the Indian with his spear was less skillful than he was wont to be, and our hero escaped, losing only a part of one of his fins, and with him came one other, and henceforth these two pursued their journey together.

Now a gradual change took place in the looks of our salmon. In the sea he was plump and round and silvery, with delicate teeth, in a symmetrical mouth. Now his silvery color disappeared, his skin grew slimy, and the scales sank into it; his back grew black and his sides turned red—not a healthy red,

but a sort of hectic flush. He grew poor; and his back, formerly as straight as need be, now developed an unpleasant hump at the shoulders. His eyes—like those of all enthusiasts who forsake eating and sleeping for some loftier aim—became dark and sunken. His symmetrical jaws grew longer and longer, and, meeting each other, as the nose of an old man meets his chin, each had to turn aside to let the other pass. And his beautiful teeth grew longer and longer, and projected from his mouth, giving him a savage and wolfish appearance, quite at variance with his real disposition. For all the desires and ambitions of his nature had become centered into one. We do not know what this one was, but we know that it was a strong one, for it had led him on and on—past the nets and horrors of Astoria; past the dangerous Cascades; past the spears of the Indians; through the terrible flume of the Dalles where the mighty river is compressed between huge rocks into a channel narrower than a village street; on past the meadows of Umatilla and the wheatfields of Walla Walla; on to where the great Snake River and the Columbia join; on up the Snake River and its eastern branch, till at last he reached the foot of the Bitter-Root Mountains in the state of Idaho, nearly a thousand miles from the ocean, which he had left in April. With him still was the other salmon which had come with him through the Cascades, handsomer and smaller than he, and, like him, growing poor and ragged and tired.

At last, one October afternoon, they came together to a little clear brook, with a bottom of fine gravel, over which the water was but a few inches deep. Our fish painfully worked his way to it, for his tail was all frayed out, his muscles were sore, and his skin covered with unsightly blotches. But his sunken eyes saw a ripple in the stream, and under it a bed of little pebbles and sand. So there in the sand he scooped out with his tail a smooth, round place, and his companion came and filled it

with orange-colored eggs. Then our salmon came back again, and, softly covering the eggs, the work of their lives was done, and, in the old salmon-fashion, they drifted, tail foremost, down the stream.

They drifted on together for a night and a day, but they never came to the sea. For the salmon has but one life to live, and it ascends the river but once. The rest lies with its children. And when the April sunshine fell on the globules in the gravel, these were wakened into life. With the early autumn rains, the little fish were large enough to begin their wanderings. They dropped down the current in the old salmon fashion. And thus they came into the great river and drifted away to the sea.

THE STORY IN THE MAKING[1]

For some years I have followed in various magazines those various outpourings that throw light on literature in the making, studying to see just how literature lays hold of my fellow-workers. I often wonder how other people make stories.

For me the most frequent way in which the embryonic story presents itself is as a face, a piquant, challenging face, glimpsing at me, as it were, out of a mist. "Complete my anatomy, discover my character, write my story, if you dare!" it seems to say, and straightway vanishes. Sometimes it is a gray old face, strange with mysterious wisdom; sometimes it is a middle-aged face, the lips twitching with subtle humor; but all the faces are alike in one respect, the promptness with which they vanish when I try to fix them with an analytical eye. From their first tantalizing elusiveness, to their last chill entombment in cold print, these bodiless beings exhibit an incredible harshness of

[1] From *The Unpopular Review*. Reprinted by permission.

behavior toward their best friend and well-wisher, the author. They show the most incomprehensible aversion to being created. They never lend a helping hand to their own development; they let their creator do all the work while they have all the fun.

Of course after a character has once shown its mocking, charming face peeping at you from obscuring curtains of fog, there is nothing for it but to be up and after. True, I used to be more civil to my own creations, used to think that they would come forth in gracious vividness if I would merely sit and wait with politely receptive mind. Thus I waited, until I fell asleep, and they never came. They don't fool me in that way now. I let them know at once just what sort of creator they have to deal with, and I proceed straightway to hound them down to the finish.

First, I sit with my eye fixed on that spot in the mental mist where the face has last vanished, and I look and look until my eye pierces the fog, and I find the fugitive, and slowly see form and feature, and I don't let go until—

> There! have I drawn or no
> Life to that lip?

until I know the way my face parts its hair, and the way it parts its lips, until I know all the changes in its eyes, and the way it crinkles itself when it laughs. Then I must proceed to fit face with figure and costume, and next, hardly daring to relax the grip of my glance long enough, I make the whole walk up and down in front of me so that I can see just what are the tricks of its gait. All through the process the creature has wriggled and writhed from my grasp like a very Proteus, and at the end I positively have to pound him into propriety while I fasten him to a chair in a blaze of daylight. Ten to one, he'll be off before I can get back, for I must away, halooing into the

mist again to find others for my pretty puppet to play with. Back I come after a while, pulling a reluctant train. I tack them all to their seats, for they are so mutinous that I hardly dare to turn my back upon them. I consult them at every turn, but they refuse to answer a single word. They will not say whether they prefer the mountains or the sea, whether they like dining-rooms in orange tawny or terra cotta, whether they prefer Botticelli or Charles Dana Gibson on their walls. I do my best, but when I have clapped on the last weather-board, and clipped off the last protruding twig of their hedge-rows, they sniff at me because I do not know their tastes.

It is just here that the saddest part of my story-making begins, and the heartless company there present, well they know it. "Ha!" they cry, "you can lead a character up to action, but you cannot make him act." How I wish that the editor and the public would receive the story at the present stage! Have I not really done enough! Perfectly ignorant of carpentry and masonwork, I have built that lordly gray pile on the hillside yonder, not to mention that bustling city in the distance. Utterly inexperienced in horticulture, I have laid out some twenty acres of landscape gardening over which the public is at liberty to wander at will; and chief, I have introduced to your acquaintance half a dozen fascinating people, most charming and sympathetic towards all humanity but their author. But this is not enough; the public demands of me yet more inspiration and perspiration. My mutineers must dance through a plot, and look as if they enjoyed it, too.

At first, of course, they are inexorably inactive. I protest and I plead hopelessly. But at last as caged animals finally condescend to the tricks of the circus ring out of very ennui, I see my characters pricking up their ears a bit at the poses I suggest. Flattery works tolerably well. "You'd look so pretty in an incident," I suggest to my heroine, and languidly she rises, but

warms presently to more spirited pantomime before her mirror. Also I appeal to their loyalty to each other, "Whist!" I cry, "here's our pretty young hero having a two A.M. tussle with a burglar in the coal-bin. Up with you, and down to the rescue, every man of you!" and down they scurry.

Presently, happy sight, behold the whole company prancing and pirouetting with an animation I would not have believed possible ten minutes ago. After all the trouble I have had to set them jigging, it is hard to raise a protesting voice and call a halt,—"Stop! this is action, I grant you, but it isn't plot. Clear the stage! Hero and heroine and climax to the front, if you please." Such adroitness and diplomacy as I have to exert in order to persuade them all to take their proper places in the march of incidents! I try all sorts of appeal; my second lady being in the dumps, I say, "Shame! You must let Olivia have the first proposal scene. It's naughty to be jealous, and don't you remember that you have a New England conscience? It's about all you have got, too, except your eyebrows. Besides, I leave you at the end with another proposal distinctly looming upon the horizon."

I always have most exhausting arguments with my puppets about their actions. They say they are disgusted with the obsequiousness with which I refer to the public, and they don't believe I know anything about the public anyway; if I'd just once give them a free hand unhampered by introduction, sequence, climax, or denouement, they would make me a plot that would make me a made man.

Somehow at last by dint of infinite patience I persuade them all to go through their proper incidents in their proper order. The next task is to make them pause in their poses long enough for me to catch up my pen and sketch them in action.

Puffing, panting, pleading, somehow or other I get them all down in black and white at last, and then, seeing that I have

finished, they all come tiptoeing up to look over my shoulder at what I have written. I turn up my collar against the storm of abuse.

"Is that leering old reprobate meant for me?" inquires the most delightful grandfather I ever met in imagination.

The heroine's cheeks are hot, "I never flirted so outrageously as that with any one in my life," she cries, "not even with—" here she glances at the hero.

"She didn't, and you had no business to say so!" he takes up the cudgels. "But, pray, what is this curious fringe I observe ornamenting my vocabulary? College slang! I assure you that it never grew in any college for gentlemen. It sounds to me like an opium den, and I should like to inquire, sir, where *you* learned it!"

"Where in the world are my eyebrows?" wails the second lady.

Unable to control myself longer, I jump from my chair and turn upon them, "See here, if you think making a story is so much easier than being one, just take my desk and chair and pen and try it!"

COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS

Narrative exposition is frequently used when there is need to make clear the way in which something is done. It is especially suitable in explaining a process or an activity. The order of presenting the material is usually chronological, commencing with what is done at the beginning and then passing through the successive stages to the completion.

To be completely satisfying narrative exposition should ordinarily be something more than a mere set of directions for doing something. It may include descriptions of any machinery involved or an explanation of the underlying principles of the process or activity.

After reading one or more of the preceding examples of narrative

exposition, make a study of methods with the aid of the following questions.

1. Why should this particular piece of writing be called exposition rather than narrative?

2. Make an outline of the stages to the process or activity in question. Is the distribution of space among these stages satisfactory?

3. By what means does the writer add interest to his account? Especially look for concreteness in vocabulary or aptness in figures of speech.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

1. Make a selection of a theme topic from the following list and write a suitable piece of narrative exposition. Choose one of the selections as a pattern, and model your work on it. (1) The Printing of a Newspaper; (2) Driving a Well: (3) How Hay is Cured; (4) Blue Prints—How Made; (5) Stuffing and Mounting a Bird; (6) Preparing a Speech; (8) How to Draw a Book from the Library; (9) The Story of an Oak Tree; (11) The Making of a Lawyer (or other professional man); (12) The Story of a Copper Cent; (13) The Autobiography of a Lead Pencil.

2. The time-honored composition subject, How to Write a Theme, may be enlivened if the student before writing makes a careful study of the selection "The Story in the Making," and tries to emulate some of its virtues. The following suggestion of an approved *modus operandi* for theme writing may be helpful:

(1) Think out the subject.
(2) Jot down your ideas.
(3) Arrange these ideas in proper sequence.
(4) Apportion space among the different topics.
(5) Get an interesting first paragraph.
(6) Wind up a strong, really conclusive ending.
(7) Make the discussion as concrete as possible.
(8) Write the composition.
(9) Read aloud and revise.

EXPOSITORY BIOGRAPHY

THE CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH[1]

John Richard Green

Never had the fortunes of England sunk to a lower ebb than at the moment when Elizabeth mounted the throne. The country was humiliated by defeat, and brought to the verge of rebellion by the bloodshed and misgovernment of Mary's reign. The old social discontent, trampled down for a time by the horsemen of Somerset, remained a menace to public order. The religious strife had passed beyond hope of reconciliation, now that the reformers were parted from their opponents by the fires of Smithfield and the party of the New Learning all but dissolved. The more earnest Catholics were bound helplessly to Rome. The temper of the Protestants, burned at home or driven into exile abroad, had become a fiercer thing, and the Calvinistic refugees were pouring back from Geneva with dreams of revolutionary change in Church and State. England, dragged at the heels of Philip into a useless and ruinous war, was left without an ally save Spain; while France, mistress of Calais, became mistress of the Channel. Not only was Scotland a standing danger in the north, through the French marriage of its queen Mary Stuart, and its consequent bondage to French policy; but Mary Stuart and her husband now assumed the style and arms of English sovereigns, and threatened to rouse every Catholic throughout the realm against Elizabeth's title. In presence of this host of dangers the country lay helpless, without army or

[1] From *A Short History of the English People.*

fleet, or the means of manning one, for the treasury, already drained by the waste of Edward's reign, had been utterly exhausted by Mary's restoration of the Church-lands in possession of the Crown, and by the cost of her war with France.

England's one hope lay in the character of her queen. Elizabeth was now in her twenty-fifth year. Personally she had more than her mother's beauty; her figure was commanding, her face long but queenly and intelligent, her eyes quick and fine. She had grown up amidst the liberal culture of Henry's court a bold horsewoman, a good shot, a graceful dancer, a skilled musician, and an accomplished scholar. She studied every morning the Greek Testament, and followed this by the tragedies of Sophocles or orations of Demosthenes, and could "rub up her rusty Greek" at need to bandy pedantry with a Vice-Chancellor. But she was far from being a mere pedant. The new literature which was springing up around her found constant welcome in her court. She spoke Italian and French as fluently as her mother-tongue. She was familiar with Ariosto and Tasso. Even amidst the affectation and love of anagrams and puerilities which sullied her later years, she listened with delight to the *Faery Queen,* and found a smile for "Master Spenser" when he appeared in her presence. Her moral temper recalled in its strange contrasts the mixed blood within her veins. She was at once the daughter of Henry and of Anne Boleyn. From her father she inherited her frank and hearty address, her love of popularity and of free intercourse with the people, her dauntless courage and her amazing self-confidence. Her harsh, manlike voice, her impetuous will, her pride, her furious outbursts of anger, came to her with her Tudor blood. She rated great nobles as if they were schoolboys; she met the insolence of Essex with a box on the ear; she would break now and then into the gravest deliberations to swear at her ministers like a fishwife. But strangely in contrast with the violent outlines of her Tudor temper stood

the sensuous, self-indulgent nature she derived from Anne Boleyn. Splendor and pleasure were with Elizabeth the very air she breathed. Her delight was to move in perpetual progresses from castle to castle through a series of gorgeous pageants, fanciful and extravagant as a caliph's dream. She loved gayety and laughter and wit. A happy retort or a finished compliment never failed to win her favor. She hoarded jewels. Her dresses were innumerable. Her vanity remained, even to old age, the vanity of a coquette in her teens. No adulation was too fulsome of her, no flattery of her beauty too gross. "To see her was heaven," Hatton told her, "the lack of her was hell." She would play with her rings that her courtiers might note the delicacy of her hands; or dance a coranto that the French ambassador, hidden dexterously behind a curtain, might report her sprightliness to his master. Her levity, her frivolous laughter, her unwomanly jests, gave color to a thousand scandals. Her character, in fact, like her portraits, was utterly without shade. Of womanly reserve or self-restraint she knew nothing. No instinct of delicacy veiled the voluptuous temper which had broken out in the romps of her girlhood and showed itself almost ostentatiously throughout her later life. Personal beauty in a man was a sure passport to her liking. She patted handsome young squires on the neck when they knelt to kiss her hand, and fondled her "sweet Robin," Lord Leicester, in the face of the court.

It was no wonder that the statesmen whom she outwitted held Elizabeth almost to the last to be little more than a frivolous woman, or that Philip of Spain wondered how "a wanton" could hold in check the policy of the Escurial. But the Elizabeth whom they saw was far from being all of Elizabeth. The willfulness of Henry, the triviality of Anne Boleyn, played over the surface of a nature hard as steel, a temper purely intellectual, the very type of reason untouched by imagination or passion.

Luxurious and pleasure-loving as she seemed, Elizabeth lived simply and frugally, and she worked hard. Her vanity and caprice had no weight whatever with her in state affairs. The coquette of the presence-chamber became the coolest and hardest of politicians at the council-board. Fresh from the flattery of her courtiers, she would tolerate no flattery in the closet; she was herself plain and downright of speech with her counsellors, and she looked for a corresponding plainness of speech in return. If any trace of her sex lingered in her actual statesmanship, it was seen in the simplicity and tenacity of purpose that often underlies a woman's fluctuations of feeling. It was this in part which gave her her marked superiority over the statesmen of her time. No nobler group of ministers ever gathered round a council-board than those who gathered round the council-board of Elizabeth. But she was the instrument of none. She listened, she weighed, she used or put by the counsels of each in turn, but her policy as a whole was her own. It was a policy, not of genius, but of good sense. Her aims were simple and obvious: to preserve her throne, to keep England out of war, to restore civil and religious order. Something of womanly caution and timidity perhaps backed the passionless indifference with which she set aside the larger schemes of ambition which were ever opening before her eyes. She was resolute in her refusal of the Low Countries. She rejected with a laugh the offers of the Protestants to make her "head of the religion" and "mistress of the seas." But her amazing success in the end sprang mainly from this wise limitation of her aims. She had a finer sense than any of her counsellors of her real resources; she knew instinctively how far she could go, and what she could do. Her cold, critical intellect was never swayed by enthusiasm or by panic either to exaggerate or to under-estimate her risks or her power.

Of political wisdom indeed in its larger and more generous sense Elizabeth had little or none; but her political tact was

unerring. She seldom saw her course at a glance, but she played with a hundred courses, fitfully and discursively, as a musician runs his fingers over the key-board, till she hit suddenly upon the right one. Her nature was essentially practical and of the present. She distrusted a plan in fact just in proportion to its speculative range or its outlook into the future. Her notion of statesmanship lay in watching how things turned out around her, and in seizing the moment for making the best of them. A policy of this limited, practical, tentative order was not only best suited to the England of her day, to its small resources and the transitional character of its religious and political belief, but it was one eminently suited to Elizabeth's peculiar powers. It was a policy of detail, and in details her wonderful readiness and ingenuity found scope for their exercise. "No War, my Lords," the Queen used to cry imperiously at the council-board, "No War!" but her hatred of war sprang less from her aversion to blood or to expense, real as was her aversion to both, than from the fact that peace left the field open to the diplomatic maneuvers and intrigues in which she excelled. Her delight in the consciousness of her ingenuity broke out in a thousand puckish freaks,—freaks in which one can hardly see any purpose beyond the purpose of sheer mystification. She reveled in "by-ways" and "crooked ways." She played with grave cabinets as a cat plays with a mouse, and with much of the same feline delight in the mere embarrassment of her victims. When she was weary of mystifying foreign statesmen she turned to find fresh sport in mystifying her own ministers. Had Elizabeth written the story of her reign she would have prided herself, not on the triumph of England or the ruin of Spain, but on the skill with which she had hoodwinked and outwitted every statesman in Europe during fifty years. Nor was her trickery without political value. Ignoble, inexpressibly wearisome as the Queen's diplomacy seems to us now, tracing it as we do through a thousand des-

patches, it succeeded in its main end. It gained time, and every year that was gained doubled Elizabeth's strength. Nothing is more revolting in the Queen, but nothing is more characteristic, than her shameless mendacity. It was an age of political lying, but in the profusion and recklessness of her lies Elizabeth stood without a peer in Christendom. A falsehood was to her simply an intellectual means of meeting a difficulty; and the ease with which she asserted or denied whatever suited her purpose was only equaled by the cynical indifference with which she met the exposure of her lies as soon as their purpose was answered. The same purely intellectual view of things showed itself in the dexterous use she made of her very faults. Her levity carried her gayly over moments of detection and embarrassment where better women would have died of shame. She screened her tentative and hesitating statesmanship under the natural timidity and vacillation of her sex. She turned her very luxury and sports to good account. There were moments of grave danger in her reign when the country remained indifferent to its perils, as it saw the Queen give her days to hawking and hunting, and her nights to dancing and plays. Her vanity and affectation, her womanly fickleness and caprice, all had their part in the diplomatic comedies she played with the successive candidates for her hand. If political necessities made her life a lonely one, she had at any rate the satisfaction of averting war and conspiracies by love sonnets and romantic interviews, or of gaining a year of tranquillity by the dexterous spinning out of a flirtation.

As we track Elizabeth through her tortuous mazes of lying and intrigue, the sense of her greatness is almost lost in a sense of contempt. But wrapped as they were in a cloud of mystery, the aims of her policy were throughout temperate and simple, and they were pursued with a singular tenacity. The sudden acts of energy which from time to time broke her habitual

hesitation proved that it was no hesitation of weakness. Elizabeth could wait and finesse; but when the hour was come she could strike, and strike hard. Her natural temper indeed tended to a rash self-confidence rather than to self-distrust. She had, as strong natures always have, an unbounded confidence in her luck. "Her Majesty counts much on Fortune," Walsingham wrote bitterly; "I wish she would trust more in Almighty God." The diplomatists who censured at one moment her irresolution, her delay, her changes of front, censure at the next her "obstinacy," her iron will, her defiance of what seemed to them inevitable ruin. "This woman," Philip's envoy wrote after a wasted remonstrance, "this woman is possessed by a hundred thousand devils." To her own subjects, indeed, who knew nothing of her maneuvers and retreats, of her "by-ways" and "crooked ways," she seemed the embodiment of dauntless resolution. Brave as they were, the men who swept the Spanish Main or glided between the icebergs of Baffin's Bay never doubted that the palm of bravery lay with their Queen. Her steadiness and courage in the pursuit of her aims was equaled by the wisdom with which she chose the men to accomplish them. She had a quick eye for merit of any sort, and a wonderful power of enlisting its whole energy in her service. The sagacity which chose Cecil and Walsingham was just as unerring in its choice of the meanest of her agents. Her success indeed in securing from the beginning of her reign to its end, with the single exception of Leicester, precisely the right men for the work she set them to do, sprang in great measure from the noblest characteristic of her intellect. If in loftiness of aim her temper fell below many of the tempers of her time, in the breadth of its range, in the universality of its sympathy it stood far above them all. Elizabeth could talk poetry with Spenser and philosophy with Bruno; she could discuss Euphuism with Lyly, and enjoy the chivalry of Essex; she could turn from talk

of the last fashions to pore with Cecil over despatches and treasury books; she could pass from tracking traitors with Walsingham to settle points of doctrine with Parker, or to calculate with Frobisher the chances of a northwest passage to the Indies. The versatility and many-sidedness of her mind enabled her to understand every phase of the intellectual movement of her day, and to fix by a sort of instinct on its higher representatives. But the greatness of the Queen rests above all on her power over her people. We have had grander and nobler rulers, but none so popular as Elizabeth. The passion of love, of loyalty, of admiration which finds its most perfect expression in the *Faery Queen,* throbbed as intensely through the veins of her meanest subjects. To England, during her reign of half a century, she was a virgin and a Protestant Queen; and her immorality, her absolute want of religious enthusiasm, failed utterly to blur the brightness of the national ideal. Her worst acts broke fruitlessly against the general devotion. A Puritan, whose hand she cut off in a freak of tyrannous resentment, waved his hat with the hand that was left, and shouted, "God save Queen Elizabeth!" Of her faults, indeed, England beyond the circle of her court knew little or nothing. The shiftings of her diplomacy were never seen outside the royal closet. The nation at large could only judge her foreign policy by its main outlines, by its temperance and good sense, and above all by its success. But every Englishman was able to judge Elizabeth in her rule at home, in her love of peace, her instinct of order, the firmness and moderation of her government, the judicious spirit of conciliation and compromise among warring factions which gave the country an unexampled tranquillity at a time when almost every other country in Europe was torn with civil war. Every sign of the growing prosperity, the sight of London as it became the mart of the world, of stately mansions as they rose on every manor, told, and justly told, in Elizabeth's favor.

In one act of her civil administration she showed the boldness and originality of a great ruler; for the opening of her reign saw her face the social difficulty which had so long impeded English progress, by the issue of a commission of inquiry which ended in the solution of the problem by the system of poor-laws. She lent a ready patronage to the new commerce; she considered its extension and protection as a part of public policy, and her statue in the center of the London Exchange was a tribute on the part of the merchant class to the interest with which she watched and shared personally in its enterprises. Her thrift won a general gratitude. The memories of the Terror and of the Martyrs threw into bright relief the aversion from bloodshed which was conspicuous in her earlier reign, and never wholly wanting through its fiercer close. Above all there was a general confidence in her instinctive knowledge of the national temper. Her finger was always on the public pulse. She knew exactly when she could resist the feeling of her people, and when she must give way before the new sentiment of freedom which her policy unconsciously fostered. But when she retreated, her defeat had all the grace of victory; and the frankness and unreserve of her surrender won back at once the love that her resistance had lost. Her attitude at home in fact was that of a woman whose pride in the well-being of her subjects, and whose longing for their favor, was the one warm touch in the coldness of her natural temper. If Elizabeth could be said to love anything, she loved England. "Nothing," she said to her first Parliament, in words of unwonted fire, "nothing, no worldly thing under the sun, is so dear to me as the love and good-will of my subjects." And the love and good-will which were so dear to her she fully won.

She clung perhaps to her popularity the more passionately that it hid in some measure from her the terrible loneliness of her life. She was the last of the Tudors, the last of Henry's children;

and her nearest relatives were Mary Stuart and the House of Suffolk, one the avowed, the other the secret claimant of her throne. Among her mother's kindred she found but a single cousin. Whatever womanly tenderness she had, wrapt itself around Leicester; but a marriage with Leicester was impossible, and every other union, could she even have bent to one, was denied to her by the political difficulties of her position. The one cry of bitterness which burst from Elizabeth revealed her terrible sense of the solitude of her life. "The Queen of Scots," she cried at the birth of James, "has a fair son, and I am but a barren stock." But the loneliness of her position only reflected the loneliness of her nature. She stood utterly apart from the world around her, sometimes above it, sometimes below it, but never of it. It was only on its intellectual side that Elizabeth touched the England of her day. All its moral aspects were simply dead to her. It was a time when men were being lifted into nobleness by the new moral energy which seemed suddenly to pulse through the whole people, when honor and enthusiasm took colors of poetic beauty, and religion became a chivalry. But the finer sentiments of the men around her touched Elizabeth simply as the fair tints of a picture would have touched her. She made her market with equal indifference out of the heroism of William of Orange or the bigotry of Philip. The noblest aims and lives were only counters on her board. She was the one soul in her realm whom the news of St. Bartholomew stirred to no thirst for vengeance; and while England was thrilling with its triumph over the Armada, its Queen was coolly grumbling over the cost, and making her profit out of the spoiled provisions she had ordered for the fleet that saved her. To the voice of gratitude, indeed, she was for the most part deaf. She accepted services such as were never rendered to any other English sovereign without a thought of return. Walsingham spent his fortune in saving her life and her throne, and she left

him to die a beggar. But, as if by a strange irony, it was to this very want of sympathy that she owed some of the grander features of her character. If she was without love, she was without hate. She cherished no petty resentments; she never stooped to envy or suspicion of the men who served her. She was indifferent to abuse. Her good humor was never ruffled by the charges of wantonness and cruelty with which the Jesuits filled every court in Europe. She was insensible to fear. Her life became at last the mark for assassin after assassin, but the thought of peril was the one hardest to bring home to her. Even when the Catholic plots broke out in her very household she would listen to no proposals for the removal of Catholics from her court.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT[1]

Henry Cabot Lodge

Theodore Roosevelt always believed that character was of greater worth and moment than anything else. He possessed abilities of the first order, which he was disposed to underrate, because he set so much greater store upon the moral qualities which we bring together under the single word "character."

Let me speak first of his abilities. He had a powerful, well-trained, ever-active mind. He thought clearly, independently, and with originality and imagination. These priceless gifts were sustained by an extraordinary power of acquisition, joined to a greater quickness of apprehension, a greater swiftness in seizing upon the essence of a question, than I have ever happened to see in any other man. His reading began with natural history, then went to general history, and thence to the whole field of

[1] From a memorial address before the Congress of the United States, February 9, 1919.

literature. He had a capacity for concentration which enabled him to read with remarkable rapidity anything which he took up, if only for a moment, and which separated him for the time being from everything going on about him. The subjects upon which he was well and widely informed would, if enumerated, fill a large space, and to this power of acquisition was united not only a tenacious but an extraordinary accurate memory. It was never safe to contest with him on any question of fact or figures, whether they related to the ancient Assyrians or to the present-day conditions of the tribes of central Africa, to the Syracusan Expedition, as told by Thucydides, or to protective coloring in birds and animals. He knew and held details always at command, but he was not mastered by them. He never failed to see the forest on account of the trees or the city on account of the houses.

He made himself a writer, not only of occasional addresses and essays, but of books. He had the trained thoroughness of the historian, as he showed in his history of the War of 1812 and of the *Winning of the West,* and nature had endowed him with that most enviable of gifts, the faculty of narrative and the art of the teller of tales. He knew how to weigh evidence in the historical scales and how to depict character. He learned to write with great ease and fluency. He was always vigorous, always energetic, always clear and forcible in everything he wrote—nobody could ever misunderstand him—and when he allowed himself time and his feelings were deeply engaged he gave to the world many pages of beauty as well as power, not only in thought but in form and style. At the same time he made himself a public speaker, and here again, through a practice probably unequaled in amount, he became one of the most effective in all our history. In speaking, as in writing, he was always full of force and energy; he drove home his arguments and never was misunderstood. In many of his more carefully

prepared addresses are to be found passages of impressive eloquence, touched with imagination and instinct with grace and feeling.

He had a large capacity for administration, clearness of vision, promptness in decision, and a thorough apprehension of what constituted efficient organization. All the vast and varied work which he accomplished could not have been done unless he had had most exceptional natural abilities, but behind them, most important of all, was the driving force of an intense energy and the ever-present belief that a man could do what he willed to do. As he made himself an athlete, a horseman, a good shot, a bold explorer, so he made himself an exceptionally successful writer and speaker. Only a most abnormal energy would have enabled him to enter and conquer in so many fields of intellectual achievement. But something more than energy and determination is needed for the largest success, especially in the world's high places. The first requisite of leadership is ability to lead, and that ability Theodore Roosevelt possessed in full measure. Whether in a game or in the hunting field, in a fight or in politics, he sought the front, where, as Webster once remarked, there is always plenty of room for those who can get there. His instinct was always to say "come" rather than "go," and he had the talent of command.

His also was the rare gift of arresting attention sharply and suddenly, a very precious attribute, and one easier to illustrate than to describe. This arresting power is like a common experience, which we have all had on entering a picture gallery, of seeing at once and before all others a single picture among the many on the walls. For a moment you see nothing else, although you may be surrounded with masterpieces. In that particular picture lurks a strange, capturing, gripping fascination as impalpable as it is unmistakable. Roosevelt had this same arresting, fascinating quality. Whether in the legislature at

Albany, the Civil Service Commission at Washington, or the police commission in New York, whether in the Spanish War or on the plains among the cowboys, he was always vivid, at times startling, never to be overlooked. Nor did this power stop here. He not only without effort or intention drew the eager attention of the people to himself, he could also engage and fix their thoughts upon anything which happened to interest him. It might be a man or a book, reformed spelling or some large historical question, his traveling library or the military preparation of the United States, he had but to say, "See how interesting, how important, is this man or this event," and thousands, even millions, of people would reply, "We never thought of this before, but it certainly is one of the most interesting, most absorbing things in the world." He touched a subject and it suddenly began to glow as when the high-power electric current touches the metal and the white light starts forth and dazzles the onlooking eyes. We know the air played by the Pied Piper of Hamelin no better than we know why Theodore Roosevelt thus drew the interest of men after him. We only know they followed wherever his insatiable activity of mind invited them.

Men follow also most readily a leader who is always there before them, clearly visible and just where they expect him. They are especially eager to go forward with a man who never sounds a retreat. Roosevelt was always advancing, always struggling to make things better, to carry some much-needed reform, and help humanity to a larger chance, to a fairer condition, to a happier life. Moreover, he looked always for an ethical question. He was at his best when he was fighting the battle of right against wrong. He thought soundly and wisely upon questions of expediency or of political economy, but they did not rouse him or bring him the absorbed interest of the eternal conflict between good and evil. Yet he was never impractical, never blinded by counsels of perfection, never seeking to make the

better the enemy of the good. He wished to get the best, but he would strive for all that was possible even if it fell short of the highest at which he aimed. He studied the lessons of history, and did not think the past bad simply because it was the past, or the new good solely because it was new. He sought to try all questions on their intrinsic merits, and that was why he succeeded in advancing, in making government and society better, where others, who would be content with nothing less than an abstract perfection, failed. He would never compromise a principle, but he was eminently tolerant of honest differences of opinion. He never hesitated to give generous credit where credit seemed due, whether to friend or opponent, and in this way he gathered recruits and yet never lost adherents.

The criticism most commonly made upon Theodore Roosevelt was that he was impulsive and impetuous; that he acted without thinking. He would have been the last to claim infallibility. His head did not turn when fame came to him and choruses of admiration sounded in his ears, for he was neither vain nor credulous. He knew that he made mistakes, and never hesitated to admit them to be mistakes and to correct them or put them behind him when satisfied that they were such. But he wasted no time in mourning, explaining, or vainly regretting them. It is also true that the middle way did not attract him. He was apt to go far, both in praise and censure, although nobody could analyze qualities and balance them justly in judging men better than he. He felt strongly, and as he had no concealments of any kind, he expressed himself in like manner. But vehemence is not violence, nor is earnestness anger, which a very wise man defined as a brief madness. It was all according to his nature, just as his eager cordiality in meeting men and women, his keen interest in other people's care or joys, was not assumed, as some persons thought who did not know him. It was all profoundly natural, it was all real, and in that way and in no other was he

able to meet and greet his fellow men. He spoke out with the most unrestrained frankness at all times and in all companies. Not a day passed in the Presidency when he was not guilty of what the trained diplomatist would call indiscretions. But the frankness had its own reward. There never was a President whose confidence was so respected or with whom the barriers of honor which surround private conversation were more scrupulously observed. At the same time, when the public interest required, no man could be more wisely reticent. He was apt, it is true, to act suddenly and decisively, but it was a complete mistake to suppose that he therefore acted without thought or merely on a momentary impulse. When he had made up his mind he was resolute and unchanging, but he made up his mind only after much reflection, and there never was a President in the White House who consulted not only friends but political opponents and men of all kinds and conditions more than Theodore Roosevelt. When he had reached his conclusion he acted quickly and drove hard at his object, and this it was, probably, which gave an impression that he acted sometimes hastily and thoughtlessly, which was a complete misapprehension of the man. His action was emphatic, but emphasis implies reflection not thoughtlessness. One cannot even emphasize a word without a process, however slight, of mental differentiation.

The feeling that he was impetuous and impulsive was also due to the fact that in a sudden, seemingly unexpected crisis he would act with great rapidity. This happened when he had been for weeks, perhaps for months, considering what he should do if such a crisis arose. He always believed that one of the most important elements of success, whether in public or in private life, was to know what one meant to do under given circumstances. If he saw the possibility of perilous questions arising, it was his practice to think over carefully just how he would act under certain contingencies. Many of the contingencies never

arose. Now and then a contingency became an actuality, and then he was ready. He knew what he meant to do, he acted at once, and some critics considered him impetuous, impulsive, and, therefore, dangerous, because they did not know that he had thought the question all out beforehand.

Very many people, powerful elements in the community, regarded him at one time as a dangerous radical, bent upon overthrowing all the safeguards of society and planning to tear out the foundations of an ordered liberty. As a matter of fact, what Theodore Roosevelt was trying to do was to strengthen American society and American Government by demonstrating to the American people that he was aiming at a larger economic equality and a more generous industrial opportunity for all men, and that any combination of capital or of business, which threatened the control of the Government by the people who made it, was to be curbed and resisted, just as he would have resisted an enemy who tried to take possession of the city of Washington. He had no hostility to a man because he had been successful in business or because he had accumulated a fortune. If the man had been honestly successful and used his fortune wisely and beneficently, he was regarded by Theodore Roosevelt as a good citizen. The vulgar hatred of wealth found no place in his heart. He had but one standard, one test, and that was whether a man, rich or poor, was an honest man, a good citizen, and a good American. He tried men, whether they were men of "big business" or members of a labor union, by their deeds, and in no other way. The tyranny of anarchy and disorder, such as is now desolating Russia, was as hateful to him as any other tyranny, whether it came from an autocratic system like that of Germany or from the misuse of organized capital. Personally he believed in every man earning his own living, and he earned money and was glad to do so; but he had no desire or taste for making money, and he was entirely

indifferent to it. The simplest of men in his own habits, the only thing he really would have liked to have done with ample wealth would have been to give freely to the many good objects which continually interested him.

Theodore Roosevelt's power, however, and the main source of all his achievement, was not in the offices which he held, for those offices were to him only opportunities, but in the extraordinary hold which he established and retained over great bodies of men. He had the largest personal following ever attained by any man in our history. I do not mean by this the following which comes from great political office or from party candidacy. There have been many men who have held the highest offices in our history by the votes of their fellow countrymen who have never had anything more than a very small personal following. By personal following is meant here that which supports and sustains and goes with a man simply because he is himself; a following which does not care whether their leader and chief is in office or out of office, which is with him and behind him because they, one and all, believe in him and love him and are ready to stand by him for the sole and simple reason that they have perfect faith that he will lead them where they wish and where they ought to go. This following Theodore Roosevelt had, as I have said, in a larger degree than any one in our history, and the fact that he had it and what he did with it for the welfare of his fellow men have given him his great place and his lasting fame.

This is not mere assertion; it was demonstrated, as I have already pointed out, by the vote of 1912, and at all times, from the day of his accession to the Presidency onward, there were millions of people in this country ready to follow Theodore Roosevelt and vote for him, or do anything else that he wanted, whenever he demanded their support or raised his standard. It was this great mass of support among the people, and which

probably was never larger than in these last years, that gave him his immense influence upon public opinion, and public opinion was the weapon which he used to carry out all the policies which he wished to bring to fulfillment and to consolidate all the achievements upon which he had set his heart. This extraordinary popular strength was not given to him solely because the people knew him to be honest and brave, because they were certain that physical fear was an emotion unknown to him, and that his moral courage equaled the physical. It was not merely because they thoroughly believed him to be sincere. All this knowledge and belief, of course, went to making his popular leadership secure; but there was much more in it than that, something that went deeper, basic elements which were not upon the surface which were due to qualities of temperament interwoven with his very being, inseparable from him and yet subtle rather than obvious in their effects.

All men admire courage, and that he possessed in the highest degree. But he had also something larger and rarer than courage, in the ordinary acceptation of the word. When an assassin shot him at Milwaukee he was severely wounded; how severely he could not tell, but it might well have been mortal. He went on to the great meeting awaiting him and there, bleeding, suffering, ignorant of his fate, but still unconquered, made his speech and went from the stage to the hospital. What bore him up was the dauntless spirit which could rise victorious over pain and darkness and the unknown and meet the duty of the hour as if all were well. A spirit like this awakens in all men more than admiration, it kindles affection and appeals to every generous impulse.

Very different, but equally compelling, was another quality. There is nothing in human beings at once so sane and so sympathetic as a sense of humor. This great gift the good fairies conferred upon Theodore Roosevelt at his birth in unstinted

measure. No man ever had a more abundant sense of humor—joyous, irrepressible humor—and it never deserted him. Even at the most serious and even perilous moments if there was a gleam of humor anywhere he saw it and rejoiced and helped himself with it over the rough places and in the dark hour. He loved fun, loved to joke and chaff, and, what is more uncommon, greatly enjoyed being chaffed himself. His ready smile and contagious laugh made countless friends and saved him from many an enmity. Even more generally effective than his humor, and yet allied to it, was the universal knowledge that Roosevelt had no secrets from the American people.

Yet another quality—perhaps the most engaging of all—was his homely, generous humanity which enabled him to speak directly to the primitive instincts of man.

> He dwelt with the tribes of the marsh and moor,
> He sate at the board of kings;
> He tasted the toil of the burdened slave
> And the joy that triumph brings.
> But whether to jungle or palace hall
> Or white-walled tent he came,
> He was brother to king and soldier and slave
> His welcome was the same.

He was very human and intensely American, and this knit a bond between him and the American people which nothing could ever break. And then he had yet one more attraction, not so impressive, perhaps, as the others, but none the less very important and very captivating. He never by any chance bored the American people. They might laugh at him or laugh with him, they might like what he said or dislike it, they might agree with him or disagree with him, but they were never wearied of him, and he never failed to interest them. He was never heavy, laborious, or dull. If he had made any effort to be always interesting and entertaining he would have failed and been tiresome. He was unfailingly attractive, because he was always per-

fectly natural and his own unconscious self. And so all these things combined to give him his hold upon the American people, not only upon their minds, but upon their hearts and their instincts, which nothing could ever weaken, and which made him one of the most remarkable, as he was one of the strongest, characters that the history of popular government can show. He was also—and this is very revealing and explanatory, too, of his vast popularity—a man of ideals. He did not expose them daily on the roadside with language fluttering about them like the Thibetan who ties his slip of paper to the prayer wheel whirling in the wind. He kept his ideals to himself until the hour of fulfillment arrived. Some of them were the dreams of boyhood, from which he never departed, and which I have seen him carry out shyly and yet thoroughly and with intense personal satisfaction.

He had a touch of the knight errant in his daily life, although he would never have admitted it; but it was there. It was not visible in the medieval form of shining armor and dazzling tournaments, but in the never-ceasing effort to help the poor and the oppressed, to defend and protect women and children, to right the wronged and succor the downtrodden. Passing by on the other side was not a mode of travel through life ever possible to him; and yet he was as far distant from the professional philanthropist as could well be imagined, for all he tried to do to help his fellow men he regarded as part of the day's work to be done and not talked about. No man ever prized sentiment or hated sentimentality more than he. He preached unceasingly the familiar morals which lie at the bottom of both family and public life. The blood of some ancestral Scotch covenanter or of some Dutch reformed preacher facing the tyranny of Philip of Spain was in his veins, and with his large opportunities and his vast audiences he was always ready to appeal for justice and righteousness. But his own personal

ideals he never attempted to thrust upon the world until the day came when they were to be translated into realities of action.

When the future historian traces Theodore Roosevelt's extraordinary career he will find these embodied ideals planted like milestones along the road over which he marched. They never left him. His ideal of public service was to be found in his life, and as his life drew to its close he had to meet his ideal of sacrifice face to face. All his sons went from him to the war, and one was killed upon the field of honor. Of all the ideals that lift men up, the hardest to fulfill is the ideal of sacrifice. Theodore Roosevelt met it as he had all others and fulfilled it to the last jot of its terrible demands. His country asked the sacrifice and he gave it with solemn pride and uncomplaining lips.

This is not the place to speak of his private life, but within that sacred circle no man was ever more blessed in the utter devotion of a noble wife and the passionate love of his children. The absolute purity and beauty of his family life tell us why the pride and interest which his fellow countrymen felt in him were always touched with the warm light of love. In the home so dear to him, in his sleep, death came, and—

So Valiant-for-Truth passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

BARRETT WENDELL [1]

Walter Prichard Eaton

I

In the winter of 1919, when the skirts of the war pall were still over us, the American Academy of Arts and Letters engineered a meeting in New York to celebrate the one hundredth

[1] From the *American Mercury*. Reprinted by permission.

anniversary of James Russell Lowell's birth, and thereby in some fashion never quite clear to me, "to cement the bonds" between us and our dear ally, England. At this meeting Barrett Wendell, who had been one of Lowell's pupils at Harvard in the '70's read a paper, in his curiously accented and unpredictable falsetto voice. (His accent suggested an unfortunate alliance between Oxford and the Back Bay.) The paper seemed interminably long; it began, as I recall, with Lowell's great-great-great-grandparents, and included every collateral branch. Happily, I was sitting near the door, beside a famous painter with an Irish name and no interest whatever in Brahmin genealogy.

"It seems to me," he whispered, "that this bird will never be able to see the forest for the family trees. Let's beat it."

So we beat it. And that was my last sight of Barrett Wendell. He died less than two years later. Alas, it was my painter friend's first sight of him, and I have never been able to persuade that child of Manhattan and the Twentieth Century that Wendell was a great man.

"But—my God!" he says, "your Wendell not only took the whole Lowell family seriously; he took the American Academy seriously!"

To which, of course, it is difficult to find adequate reply.

Barrett Wendell was born a Tory, and he made a virtue of necessity. But very often, to make a virtue of necessity means in time to make a vice of it. It was so with him. He began by whimsically insisting that democracy means giving every man a chance to be himself, which naturally will result in some men remaining very much better than others. But he ended, one could not escape feeling, with very little sympathy for any class but his own, and more and more he hated change, he was oppressed by the surge of new life which washed so much rubbish up on his beach, and his glance turned ever more fondly backward to the squire ancestors of his line—and Lowell's. He became more

and more the Bostonian and the snob. If I were a biographer, new style, the temptation to treat these latter years of his life would probably prove irresistible. By borrowing a bit from Strachey (or from Wendell himself), a ludicrous figure of futility could be sketched in, and exhibited for the delight of the new generation.

But, unfortunately, I am not such a biographer. I am not any sort of biographer. I am merely one of many whom Wendell taught in the Harvard of the '90's, when I suppose, he was at his peak as a teacher, as a wit, as an eccentric. Any impression of him from those days is of a man peculiarly vital and stimulating, as well as peculiarly irritating; of a man who even on the same faculty with William James held his own as an original intellectual force. Yet James, in 1919, after the crash of a world war, would never have come down to New York and there disported in the branches of the Lowell family tree. James fulfilled his promise and his destiny to the end. Wendell had lost his influence before his death, and in another generation will perhaps be forgotten, unless some biographer, new style, enshrines him in the amber of irony. The resolution of such a paradox, I shall have to leave to that biographer, for it is beyond my powers, who have never been able to see life in such simple terms of inhibitions and complexes as those writers do who are now telling us that Franklin and Emerson and poor old Mark Twain might have amounted to something if they had been psychoanalyzed in youth. I should, however, like to supply a few footnotes to Mark Howe's *Barrett Wendell and His Letters,* because, as Mr. Howe confesses, the Wendell of the letters was only half a Wendell—and he doesn't sufficiently give us the other half. A biographer ought to have more than half a man to paint from; though I suspect sometimes biographers choose the half which suits them best—as Mr. Howe did!

II

In one of the pert and felicitous phrases for which he was noted, Wendell once remarked, "The French are given to writing things which they would not say; English-speaking men are given to saying things which they would not write." Wendell certainly was. I am sure he never put into print his definition of the canine paradise, nor some of his classroom comments on the drama of the Restoration. Once, I recall, after a lecture on Seventeenth Century literature, two or three graduate students went up to his desk and vented their moral indignation. It was all right for them to listen to such talk, they said; they were older men. But there were sophomores in the class! Their concern for the moral welfare of these sophomores was strong enough to overcome their graduate-student respect for professorial authority. They gave Wendell a first-rate dressing down. He took it in good part. He understood graduate students.

The usual graduate student comes, or then came, at any rate, from quite a different environment from Wendell's. He is, or was, an earnest soul from Protestant and provincial America, stubbornly pursuing a Ph.D. His ancestors were neither Dutch nor New England aristocrats, still less a union of the two strains; he had not been educated for Harvard by tutors nor taken abroad for travel at thirteen, at sixteen, at eighteen. And there was nothing playful about his mind—good heavens, no! His interest in Seventeenth Century literature was a "scholarly" interest; which is to say, he wasn't interested in Seventeenth Century literature at all, but in the opportunity the study of it afforded him to dig out such facts as the number of borrowings from Molière in the plays of Congreve, and thus achieve his precious Ph.D.

To such a man and mind Wendell presented an astonishing

contrast. According to our American classification an aristocrat and intensely proud of it, and cosmopolitanly trained in more sophisticated ways of thought and speech, with a playful mind, Wendell was above all an artist at heart. It is quite possible, if not very nearly certain, that his not infrequent Rabelaisian remarks (regardless of the age of his auditors!) were partly made for the impish delight of shocking the graduate students and startling the undergraduates. But as I remember them, they had an appositeness not thus to be wholly explained. Restoration drama put Wendell in a Restoration mood. He cared very little how many times Congreve borrowed from Molière, but he cared tremendously for that superb speech of Millamant's in *The Way of the World,* wherein she lays down the terms of her engagement; he adored the glitter and he relished the fun of those plays—and in an age when it wasn't good form to admit it in public. They didn't put him in a scholarly mood; indeed, very little ever put him in that mood. They put him in a Seventeenth Century mood. He belonged with the King, not Cromwell, anyway. And his class got the benefit—or, as some of them thought, the injury. He approached the Restoration drama not with a hypocritical smirk, but a smutty story. That method probably will never appeal to parents—and graduate students. But artists will understand. I think, indeed, that many of Wendell's undergraduate pupils understood.

It was by an accident that he became a teacher. He had no Ph.D., and was never a scholar in the academic sense. A nervous, sensitive, and not very robust youth, he refused to go into trade like his father, and he chose law merely as something correct to do. But it bored him dreadfully, and after two years of study he failed to pass his bar examinations. It was a chance meeting with Professor A. S. Hill, in the early 80's, which resulted in his appointment as an assistant to Hill in the Harvard English department. There he remained until almost the end of his life.

In the first two decades of his teaching he inaugurated at Harvard the daily theme, thus quadrupling his own labor as a teacher and the effectiveness of the composition course. He saw these composition courses rise from secondary importance in the college curriculum to the first place in undergraduate interest and perhaps in educational importance, and he saw them attract nation-wide attention. He corrected the unceasing river of themes which flowed over his task with zest and sympathy, pinning down the faults with a biting phrase, or drawing out any flair for true observation or delicate style with keen and judicious commendation.

It would be silly, of course, to suppose that all the hundreds of undergraduates who daily attempted to make copy out of the sights and sounds of Cambridge and Boston, or their own growing pains, went at the task with a craftsman's zeal. Once, in the course given by another professor, who required the themes to be dropped into his box before 10.05 in the morning, we were required one day to define an epigram, and Frank Simonds produced the following: "An epigram is a lazy man's daily theme, written at 10.03 a.m." It would be not quite so silly to suppose that the mere compulsion of daily writing helped most students, in time, to express themselves a little more readily. And it is not silly at all to suppose that for a limited number of men this daily practice in writing, under the guidance of a fastidious instructor, who was always watchful for individuality, for fine phrasing, for craftsmanship, became a source of profound stimulation. It was not a "scholarly" inspiration. It was not as an educational process that they felt the work. It was an artistic, or creative, inspiration.

What Wendell did for Harvard was actually to make a place there—for a time, at least—in which the artist could find encouragement and counsel. Largely to give an outlet in print for these eager young artists, the old *Harvard Monthly* was

founded, with Wendell as its patron and adviser, and a list of its editors and contributors in the 80's and 90's includes the names of George P. Baker (no longer welcome at Harvard as a stimulator of creative art), Robert Herrick, Mark Howe, William Vaughn Moody, Frank Norris, and many more who have since taken their place in American letters. Frank Norris's *McTeague* was begun in a daily theme course, though not under Wendell. In creating this type of composition study, Barrett Wendell was expressing once more the artist in him. Especially in his more advanced courses, he was not lecturing to his students, nor imparting facts to them; he was talking shop with them. To do that successfully in a so-called educational institution is a great achievement.

III

The first time I ever saw Wendell, or at least ever heard of him, he came into a freshman course designed to take us from *Beowulf* to Browning in a single winter. Somebody else had got us through *Beowulf* and Chaucer, and Wendell appeared on the platform one morning to initiate us into the splendors of the Elizabethan age. A rather short, immaculately dressed figure, a reddish beard, a voice that hesitated, broke into queer squeaks, had outlandish accents—that was what we saw and heard. And some of us tittered. A boy's first impression of Wendell was of a terrible ass. Nor did he ever do anything to lessen this impression. He used it, rather, as a weapon to attract attention. Presently he began to quote. As he quoted, he became excited. He pulled one end of his watch chain from his pocket (I think there was a golf penknife attached) and began to twirl it round and round. Then he began to walk rapidly back and forth across the platform.

Stamp-stamp-stamp; twirl-twirl-twirl; and—

Full fathom five thy father lies. . . .
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

Ah, gentlemen, that is beauty! That is art!"

An absurd performance? No—for suddenly, here and there, astonished freshmen forgot to watch the whirling penknife, forgot the Oxford-atte-Back Bay accent, and realized that this *was* beauty, this *was* art, and that was what made this ridiculous professor so excited about it. It was fine he was willing to make an exhibition of himself over it. Again the artist?

In a delightful book, now apparently quite forgotten, D'Arcy Thompson's *Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster,* a supposititious headmaster gives some final advice to his seniors departing for the university. "In your college lecture rooms," he cautions them, "listen with respectful attention to what is said; but abstain from taking notes. Half of what you hear were better forgotten; with much of the remainder you will probably disagree; what residue is worth remembering will be remembered for its singularity."

This advice, absorbed by me early in my college career, nearly cost me my degree, but vastly increased my pleasure at lectures, particularly those by William James and Barrett Wendell. It was not by his singularity but by his lucidity that James fascinated. Day after day, one thrilled to hear him turn the abstract into concrete images and reduce it to normal understanding. Wendell, however, either awoke violent opposition or startled by his singularity. To have taken notes would have been to lose all the fun. I used to look with pitying scorn on the graduate students, struggling to get into their notebooks the patter of wit and comment, the jokes, the obscenity sometimes, the flashes of insight and esthetic appreciation, the skillfully turned epigrams—none of which fed their insatiable hunger for facts!

One phrase above all I remember, coming out of I know not now what lecture, or apropos of what subject, if any.

"The duty of the theater," said Barrett, his voice cracking upward with anticipatory delight at his own wit, "seems to be to send the suburbs home happy."

I have been going to the theater professionally now for twenty-five years, since he made that wise crack, and I suppose ninety per cent of the plays I have seen have fulfilled this duty to the suburbs. Certainly the epigram has come back to me, with its twinge of worldly wisdom and its cynical realism, far more often than any of the learned lucubrations of Professor Kittredge concerning the Bard of Avon. In one phrase he made me, and many like me in the class, consider the theater across the Charles, the theater of our own age and race, in a new, shrewd light. He woke our minds with a critical jab. There was something Shavian about it. And, of course, something neat and artistic.

Once he was late to an appointment, and explained in apology that he had been up all the night before discussing with a friend that friend's soul. "He is down in the mouth because he thinks he's a failure in life," said Barrett. "And he is, you know; he positively is. Why, he is over thirty-seven, and at thirty-seven Shakespeare had written *Hamlet* and Jesus Christ had died."

Many thought then, and probably will still think, that this type of *fin-de-siècle* cleverness were better suppressed than expressed. But Wendell could not suppress it, and he wouldn't have if he could. If it shocked his hearers, he was tickled. If it amused them, he was delighted. And, anyhow, the idea had come to him, and it had therefore to pop out. What his critics did not realize was that the reverse of this rather boyish and blatant smartness was the coruscating comment which sparkled through his lectures, the true wit and wisdom and critical insight which kept those lectures so far away from dry scholarship and so close either to real life or to the actual processes of creative art. As well

imagine Shaw without his slapstick as Wendell without his smartness. And because he was not hypocrite enough to suppress his smartness, he was no hypocrite in the serious business of education and criticism. As Mark Howe says, he "emptied his mind" to his classes, gave them all he had.

IV

In one of his most characteristic books, *A Literary History of America,* he quotes Emerson's statement of his reasons for resigning the pulpit of the old Second Church in Boston. Emerson would not administer communion because he would not do anything "which I cannot do with my whole heart." "I have no hostility to the institution; I am only stating my want of sympathy with it. . . . That is the end of my opposition, that I am not interested in it. I am content that it stand till the end of the world, if it please men and please heaven. . . ." Wendell quotes these words with something akin to unction, and adds, "It is doubtful whether the whole literature of heresy contains two phrases which to any mind still affected by traditional Christian faith must seem more saturated with serene insolence."

"Saturated with serene insolence" is in more ways than one a phrase characteristic of Wendell; it has the pith and style, the happy critical acuteness, and it has, too, a certain insistence on the thing in Emerson which was most sympathetic to him—insolence. Emerson was trumpeting the individual conscience against all the restrictions, moral and mental, imposed on the New England mind for two hundred years. This delighted Wendell. He admired Emerson's serenity, he admired the sharp modernity of his prose, he hailed him as a seer, even. But it was Emerson's insolence which he took to his bosom. He recognized a mind unfettered by tradition, moving as artist and inquirer amid the eternal mysteries and bringing back poems, not reports.

To one at least of Wendell's pupils that enthusiasm for Emerson's insolence was vastly tonic, and was among the more memorable of the many enthusiasms, or the many hatreds, which he prodigally displayed to his classes. He, too, was insolent, if not serenely so. When he told us that Whitman's verses often sounded "like hexameters trying to bubble through sewage," we who were in our Whitman period just then (every one goes through a Whitman period; Jim Huneker committed indiscreet matrimony in *his*), were furiously indignant. Who was this snippercheese of a professor, with his rules for rhetoric advocating "clearness, force, and elegance," to poke fun at our great God of Democracy? "Elegance," indeed! As if Whitman's power did not lie, to no small measure, in his rejection of elegance! But then something in Wendell's insolence would capture us—the insolence of a fastidious aristocrat, who frankly hated New York, who frankly considered Whitman's ideal of democracy what we would now call bunk, but who as a literary critic must carefully credit to the gray-whiskered bounder what power he could, and then was free to exalt his own love of classically wrought art, and to toss into the face of our enthusiasm "hexameters bubbling through sewage."

"Old Wendell's honest, anyhow," we would say. "Of course, he's a terrible snob."

"But, you know, after all," somebody would cut in, "Whitman wouldn't exactly fit at the Tavern Club. Are we going to abolish the Tavern Club?"

"Sure!" from the rest of us. And we would part, with the ghost of a doubt that possibly Walt's democracy didn't quite jibe with the facts of our sheltered and sophisticated and occasionally elegant lives:—which we hadn't the slightest intention of abandoning!

It isn't easy to say how one professor, lecturing on literature, imparts the facts, the historical background, the critical analysis

—and leaves his pupils much where he found them; and how another may impart fewer facts, supply a less careful or even incorrect critical analysis, yet wake the minds of his pupils to violent opposition or delighted agreement, and put a piece of literature into the structure of their living. There are not, alas, many teachers who can do that. Barrett Wendell was one. His eccentricity, his honesty, his insolent attitude toward grubbing scholarship, his even more insolent Toryism, his almost naïve delight in fine craftsmanship, especially his own, his wit, his ceaseless interest in the world outside of the classroom, a world he was forever bringing with him into class, all contributed to this result. He was never afraid of himself, his point of view, his least likes and dislikes, in the face of Milton or Shakespeare or Whitman or Poe. He had the self-assurance and honesty, not of the pedant or critic, but of the artist. Like Emerson, he too must have his say.

V

In his *A Literary History of America* there will be found several pages about Nathaniel P. Willis which any one who has a desire to know Wendell should not fail to read. After telling of the social isolation which resulted from the elder Willis's adherence to orthodox Calvinism in the face of correct Boston Unitarianism, and suggesting that the Park Street Church folk may have consoled themselves, "as indeed Orthodox Yankees sometimes still do, by the thoughts of what would happen beyond the grave to the triumphant religious liberals who on earth rarely invited them to dinner," Wendell goes on:

Born and bred among such surroundings as this, Willis, whose temper was among the most frivolously adventurous of his time, began life in a state of edifying religious conviction. He was sent to school at that stronghold of orthodoxy, Andover, which was still try-

ing to defend the old faith so completely routed by Unitarianism at Harvard College. From Andover, instead of going to Harvard—in orthodox opinion the gate of the broad road to perdition—he was sent to complete the salvation of his soul at Yale. At the prayer meetings which refreshed school-boy life at Andover, he had displayed unusual gifts of exhortation. The creative powers thus evinced found later expression in diluted narrative poetry which dealt with Old Testament stories in a temper somewhat like that of Leigh Hunt, and which is said long to have remained among the favorite edifications of devout old persons in New England. But even Yale orthodoxy failed to keep Willis within the fold. He was handsome; women, particularly older than he, were apt to fall in love with him. He had an instinctive aptitude for gaiety, and when he came back to Boston from college, this son of a Park Street deacon was the most elaborate fop who had ever been seen on the shores of Massachusetts Bay. In spite of considerable religious backsliding, however, he was unable in Boston to overcome the social traditions which kept his family apart from fashion. He tried a little editorial work there, with small success; and he ended by quitting the town in disgust, hating it for life, and returning only for burial nearly forty years later.

Now, quite apart from the easy flow and neat compactness of that paragraph, pleasing to any one with a sense for style, it arrests attention because it is saturated with a witty irony remarkably like that attempted, and occasionally achieved, by the new biographers. It imparts certain facts about Willis's life while insinuating a later and presumably wiser man's opinion of prayer meetings for boys, Unitarians, Calvinists, and Yale College. No writer endeavoring to recreate for modern amusement either the Fabulous Forties or even Queen Victoria, could turn the trick more deftly, more urbanely, more wittily. This is not the paragraph of a critic in a pedantic sense, nor of an old fogy. It is the paragraph of a literary artist, and of a keen and modern mind, capable of moving at ease and smiling through the facts of history.

Why, then, should a man with the power and wit to write like this have become a rather melancholy climber of family trees, declaring in spite of the honors that came to him in France, where he lectured at the Sorbonne and other universities, that his life was futile, that teaching, or trying to teach, composition, was useless, that education was largely a failure? Why should he have slipped back with the croakers and fossils, instead of going on with the triumphant youth whom he had once inspired and whom he could, conceivably, still have led? Why should the man who put the practice of the arts into American education have himself become more pessimistic about that proceeding than even his friend, President Lowell of Harvard?

Perhaps because Wendell himself was an artist who never became adjusted for adequate expression and over whose life was the shadow of frustration. (I, too, cannot avoid the frustration theme!) His first two published books were not textbooks nor works of scholarship, but novels. They were not successful novels, nor even good novels, but the second was better than the first, and it is quite possible that he could have in time written a good one. It was much more likely, however, that his creative talent lay in other directions. All his subsequent books seem a feeling toward the outlet. His famous book on rhetoric is distinguished by the fact that, contrary to all tradition, it is well written, and makes its points in the author's own words, not by quotation. His surveys of literature are actually highly individualized surveys of society. He once wrote a poetic drama, *Raleigh in Guiana,* and acted the leading part himself, at a public performance. (His younger brother, Jacob, it will be recalled, after years of fritter in the Amateur Comedy Club of New York, at last made up his mind to disgrace the family for the sake of art, and became a professional player.) Finally, after thirty-seven years of teaching, when Wendell became

professor emeritus, he dreamed of using his leisure to write, at last, the successful novel he had never achieved.

But why had he not achieved it, or some compensating work quite free of the lecture-room shackles, which could speak directly and creatively to his fellow countrymen? Why did he feel, too, that the stream of students passing through his courses acquired little of creative impulse or ability?

I think a partial answer might be found without climbing very far into the Brahmin family trees. Wendell was a born Tory, with all the Tory belief in the Best People tradition, with most of the Tory prejudices and Tory virtues. (For, as Albert Nock has pointed out, the Tories *do* have their virtues!) In the New England of the generation preceding Wendell, the Tory tradition was so generally accepted that, as he himself used to put it, even the writers who came from less than the Best Families (like Whittier) worked in the traditional and achieved an authentic dignity. The New England school was an aristocratic school; even Emerson's insolence was serene. But by Wendell's day it was a dead school. Already in the '90's Boston had become, as somebody has called it, in a phrase suggestive of Barrett himself, "The abandoned farm of American literature."

Nobody knew this any better than Wendell. Twenty-five years ago, in a letter quoted by Mr. Howe, he pointed it out. He knew perfectly well that the future was with New York, Chicago, Oregon, that it bubbled through the "sewage" of Whitman, or was to be found in the funny column of the Denver *Tribune,* or was getting itself born in Camden, Ohio. But no artist, it does not matter how keen or how modern his mind, can create against the back pressure of his emotional convictions. A new America was surging up that Wendell did not like. His attitude toward it was not quite like that of Emerson toward the rite of the Lord's Supper; he was not passively uninterested, he was

actively hostile, not because his mind opposed it but because his tastes and instincts did. So long as he cared to make the effort to drive his mind, he could help his pupil, Robert Herrick, into the future, he could be a penetrating critic of what was good or bad in the newest things. But he had to drive his mind. There was no natural propulsion of the emotions behind it; there was just the opposite. "I hate change," he said, and there spoke the Tory, who killed the artist in him.

The intellectual dominance of the "best minds" of New England, when those minds were quite generally found also in the best families, and New England gravely led young America to an artistic flowering, was over in Wendell's day. America needed to be discovered anew, by minds of a different cast. The discovery was not for him because he was born at once a generation too late and perhaps a generation too early. He was born too much of a Tory, too much under the shadow of the Lowell family tree, and all those other family trees which Boston, alas, still considers live timber, to be the real rebel or discoverer his intellect fitted him to be. His, perhaps, is the common tragedy of the Tory artist, in an expanding and changing world.

VI

Something of a pattern, too, was probably his later pessimism over the teaching of composition—though pessimism is surely excusable in one who has corrected undergraduate themes for thirty-seven years! Through Harvard College, year after year, passed the usual stream of American youth, fifty per cent of whom are in college for no better reason than that to attend is the proper thing, and who intellectually are not entitled to the educational attention bestowed on them. Twenty-five per cent of the others, at the very least, of course have no creative bent for literature, and their themes might better be corrected by a

hack, not an artist. Of the remainder, there were certainly many in the Harvard of Wendell's day, and doubtless are still, whose own background was enough like his to render them futile as artists in America. That leaves but a tiny minority of potentially effective creative artists to train—and any American college has little enough to give them! Most of them would be better off somewhere else.

Wendell certainly could not give them the emotional enthusiasm for discovery which he knew well enough they ought to have, or could not in his later years. At best, he could teach them "clearness, force, and elegance" of expression—when what they needed was rather the raw materials to express the warmth of creative zest, not the chill of criticism. So Wendell, himself enough of an artist to be entirely aware that a man like Eugene O'Neill, say, became a dramatist by running away to sea instead of staying in Princeton, talked a shop with his classes that was never quite shop to the chosen few, and could never be. It was, after all, academic; all right enough for the average fellow interested a bit in literature and wanting to express himself better, but nothing worthy of the blind urge that makes true artists drag beauty out of stokeholes and discover masterpieces in Ohio livery stables.

Stokeholes and livery stables (or, to-day, garages) would have been no place for Barrett Wendell. He wouldn't even go to see his son play baseball because the players talked such an incessant and vulgar jargon; it was a pity, he thought, the boy couldn't have excelled in some sport fit for a gentleman. But stokeholes and garages are America to-day and Wendell knew it. Out of them, willy-nilly, our literature must be made. Refuse to enter them, refuse to be on friendly and intimate terms with their occupants, and you cut yourself off from your age, you sterilize yourself as an artist. A partial way to achieve this is to go to college. A complete way, as Wendell found, is to be born

a Tory. Zaccheus climbed a tree to see his Lord. Barrett Wendell climbed a family tree to miss Him.

COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS

Since people are probably the most interesting things in the world, it follows that the study and interpretation of them is a fascinating exercise. When we embody the results of our analysis in writing, we have produced something in the way of character exposition. The presence of the element of analysis and interpretation is what makes such writing a different affair from the mere biographical sketch with its adherence to chronological sequence.

One of the chief requirements of good character exposition is fairness. It should concern itself both with strength and weakness. Especial care must be taken to animate the analysis by frequent illustrations, lest the whole piece degenerate into mere generalization and unsupported discussion. However, the emphasis should be steadily held on character, the illustrations being valuable only as means to that end.

The order of presentation is usually from the obvious to the less obvious. As ordinarily we become acquainted with a person's appearance first, and later on discover his mental and personal traits, so in presenting him in a character exposition, we may with advantage adhere to the same order. Though logical and effective enough in most instance, such a method is not the only one by which to accomplish the end. In fact the variety of ways used by those who have succeeded in this type of writing forms one of the interesting features of it.

1. Point out how Green's characterization of Queen Elizabeth begins with what lies nearest—her personal appearance and accomplishments—and then passes to deeper aspects. Make a list of the main traits of character presented.

2. Study the way in which Green has grouped his material so as to bring a quantity of apparently discordant details into order and system.

3. Collect instances of telling antitheses, both direct and hidden. (This feature of Green's work is so marked as to be almost a mannerism.)

4. Make a comparison in method between Green's account of Queen Elizabeth and Eaton's account of Barrett Wendell. Note interesting differences in procedures.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

1. Write a character exposition of a person you know, using the following as a scheme of presentation: i. outward appearance; ii. inner characteristics; iii. illustrations of ii; iv. conclusion. Your subject might be: (1) One of My Friends; (2) A Sixteen-Year-Old Cynic; (3) One Who Tries to Be an Eccentric; (4) A Ministering Angel; (5) The Town Oracle; (6) A Bit of Human Wreckage; (7) A Good and Faithful Servant; (8) A Teacher of Youth.

2. Attempt a short biographical sketch of some person of historical importance. Do not let your sketch become a mere narrative of his career, but try to exhibit the characteristics responsible for his eminence. If you have to gather material from reading, do not rely exclusively on an encyclopedia. Read as much as possible in one of the standard biographies for your subject, and if at all possible, secure a volume of his letters. Even though you cannot read the whole of the biography, you will secure from it a great deal more of picturesque detail than you will from the encyclopedia account. Suggestions for subjects: (1) Oliver Cromwell; (2) Jonathan Swift; (3) Charles Lamb; (4) Edgar Allan Poe; (5) Walt Whitman; (6) Lord Nelson; (7) Abraham Lincoln; (8) Davy Crockett.

PERSONAL ESSAYS

ON BEING FOUND OUT[1]

William Makepeace Thackeray

At the close (let us say) of Queen Anne's reign, when I was a boy at a private and preparatory school for young gentlemen, I remember the wiseacre of a master ordering us all, one night, to march into a little garden at the back of the house, and thence to proceed one by one into a tool or hen house (I was but a tender little thing just put into short clothes, and can't exactly say whether the house was for tools or hens), and in that house to put our hands into a sack which stood on a bench, a candle burning beside it. I put my hand into the sack. My hand came out quite black. I went and joined the other boys in the schoolroom; and all their hands were black too.

By reason of my tender age (and there are some critics who, I hope, will be satisfied by my acknowledging that I am a hundred and fifty-six next birthday) I could not understand what was the meaning of this night excursion—this candle, this toolhouse, this bag of soot. I think we little boys were taken out of our sleep to be brought to the ordeal. We came, then, and showed our little hands to the master; washed them or not—most probably, I should say, not—and so went bewildered back to bed.

Something had been stolen in the school that day; and Mr. Wiseacre having read in a book of an ingenious method of finding out a thief by making him put his hand into a sack (which, if guilty, the rogue would shirk from doing), all w

[1] From *Roundabout Papers.*

boys were subjected to the trial. Goodness knows what the lost object was, or who stole it. We all had black hands to show to the master. And the thief, whoever he was, was not found out that time.

I wonder if the rascal is alive—an elderly scoundrel he must be by this time; and a hoary old hypocrite, to whom an old schoolfellow presents his kindest regards—parenthetically remarking what a dreadful place that private school was; cold, chilblains, bad dinners, not enough victuals, and caning awful!—Are you alive still, I say, you nameless villain, who escaped discovery on that day of crime? I hope you have escaped often since, old sinner. Ah, what a lucky thing it is, for you and me, my man, that we are *not* found out in all our peccadilloes; and that our backs can slip away from the master and the cane!

Just consider what life would be, if every rogue was found out, and flogged *coram populo!* What a butchery, what an indecency, what an endless swishing of the rod! Don't cry out about my misanthropy. My good friend Mealymouth, I will trouble you to tell me, do you go to church? When there, do you say, or do you not, that you are a miserable sinner? and saying so, do you believe or disbelieve it? If you are a M.S., don't you deserve correction, and aren't you grateful if you are to be let off? I say, again, what a blessed thing it is that we are not all found out!

Just picture to yourself everybody who does wrong being found out, and punished accordingly. Fancy all the boys in all the school being whipped; and then the assistants, and then the head master (Doctor Badford let us call him). Fancy the provost-marshal being tied up, having previously superintended the correction of the whole army. After the young gentlemen have had their turn for the faulty exercises, fancy Doctor Lincolnsinn being taken up for certain faults in *his* Essay and Review. After the clergyman has cried his *peccavi,* suppose we hoist up a Bishop

and give him a couple of dozen! (I see my Lord Bishop of Double-Gloucester sitting in a very uneasy posture on his right reverend bench.) After we have cast off the Bishop, what are we to say to the Minister who appointed him? My Lord Cinqwarden, it is painful to have to use personal correction to a boy of your age; but really . . . *Siste tandem, carnifex!* The butchery is too horrible. The hand drops powerless, appalled at the quantity of birch which it must cut and brandish. I am glad we are not all found out, I say again; and protest, my dear brethren, against our having our deserts.

To fancy all men found out and punished is bad enough; but imagine all women found out in the distinguished social circle in which you and I have the honor to move. Is it not a mercy that so many of these fair criminals remain unpunished and undiscovered? There is Mrs. Longbow, who is forever practicing, and who shoots poisoned arrows, too; when you meet her you don't call her liar, and charge her with the wickedness she has done, and is doing. There is Mrs. Painter, who passes for a most respectable woman, and a model in society. There is no use in saying what you really know regarding her and her goings on. There is Diana Hunter—what a little haughty prude it is; and yet *we* know stories about her which are not altogether edifying. I say it is best, for the sake of the good, that the bad should not all be found out. You don't want your children to know the history of that lady in the next box, who is so handsome, and whom they admire so. Ah me! what would life be if we were all found out, and punished for all our faults? Jack Ketch would be in permanence; and then who would hang Jack Ketch?

They talk of murders being pretty certainly found out. Psha! I have heard an authority awfully competent vow and declare that scores and hundreds of murders are committed, and nobody is the wiser. That terrible man mentioned one or two ways of

committing murder, which he maintained were quite common, and were scarcely ever found out. A man, for instance, comes home to his wife, and . . . but I pause—I know that this magazine has a very large circulation. Hundreds and hundreds of thousands—why not say a million of people at once?—well, say a million read it. And amongst these countless readers, I might be teaching some monster how to make away with his wife without being found out, some fiend of a woman how to destroy her dear husband. I will *not* then tell this easy and simple way of murder, as communicated to me by a most respectable party in the confidence of private intercourse. Suppose some gentle reader were to try this most simple and easy receipt—it seems to be almost infallible—and come to grief in consequence, and be found out and hanged? Should I ever pardon myself for having been the means of doing injury to a single one of our esteemed subscribers? The prescription whereof I speak—that is to say whereof I *don't* speak—shall be buried in this bosom. No, I am a humane man. I am not one of your Bluebeards to go and say to my wife, "My dear! I am going away for a few days to Brighton. Here are all the keys of the house. You may open every door and closet, except the one at the end of the oakroom opposite the fireplace, with the little bronze Shakespeare on the mantelpiece (or what not)." I don't say this to a woman—unless, to be sure, I want to get rid of her—because, after such a caution, I know she'll peep into the closet. I say nothing about the closet at all. I keep the key in my pocket, and a being whom I love, but who, as I know, has many weaknesses, out of harm's way. You toss up your head, dear angel, drub on the ground with your lovely little feet, on the table with your sweet rosy fingers, and cry, "Oh, sneerer! You don't know the depth of woman's feeling, the lofty scorn of all deceit, the entire absence of mean curiosity in the sex, or never, never would you libel us so!" Ah, Delia! dear dear Delia! It is because I fancy I *do* know something

about you (not all, mind—no, no; no man knows that)—Ah, my bride, my ring-dove, my rose, my poppet—choose, in fact, whatever name you like—bulbul of my grove, fountain of my desert, sunshine of my darkling life, and joy of my dungeoned existence, it is because I *do* know a little about you that I conclude to say nothing of that private closet, and keep my key in my pocket. You take away that closet-key then, and the house-key. You lock Delia in. You keep her out of harm's way and gadding, and so she never *can* be found out.

And yet by little strange accidents and coincidences how we are being found out every day! You remember that old story of the Abbé Kakatoes, who told the company at supper one night how the first confession he ever received was—from a murderer let us say. Presently enters to supper the Marquis de Croquemitaine. "Palsambleu, abbé!" says the brilliant Marquis, taking a pinch of snuff, "are you here? Gentlemen and ladies! I was the abbé's first penitent, and I made him a confession which I promise you astonished him."

To be sure how queerly things are found out! Here is an instance. Only the other day I was writing in these Roundabout Papers about a certain man, whom I facetiously called Baggs, and who had abused me to my friends, who of course told me. Shortly after that paper was published another friend—Sacks let us call him—scowls fiercely at me as I am sitting in perfect good-humor at the club, and passes on without speaking. A cut. A quarrel. Sacks thinks it is about him that I was writing: whereas, upon my honor and conscience, I never had him once in my mind, and was pointing my moral from quite another man. But don't you see, by this wrath of the guilty-conscienced Sacks, that he had been abusing me too? He has owned himself guilty, never having been accused. He has winced when nobody thought of hitting him. I did but put the cap out, and madly butting and chafing, behold my friend rushes to put his head

into it! Never mind, Sacks, you are found out; but I bear you no malice, my man.

And yet to be found out, I know from my own experience, must be painful and odious, and cruelly mortifying to the inward vanity. Suppose I am a poltroon, let us say. With a fierce mustache, loud talk, plentiful oaths, and in immense stick, I keep up nevertheless a character for courage. I swear fearfully at cabmen and women; brandish my bludgeon, and perhaps knock down a little man or two with it: brag of the images which I break at the shooting-gallery, and pass among my friends for a whiskery fire-eater, afraid of neither man nor dragon. Ah me! Suppose some brisk little chap steps up and gives me a caning in St. James's Street, with all the heads of my friends looking out of all the club windows. My reputation is gone. I frighten no man more. My nose is pulled by whipper-snappers, who jump up on a chair to reach it. I am found out. And in the days of my triumphs, when people were yet afraid of men, and were taken in by my swagger, I always knew that I was a lily-liver, and expected that I should be found out some day.

That certainty of being found out must haunt and depress many a bold braggadocio spirit. Let us say it is a clergyman, who can pump copious floods of tears out of his own eyes and those of his audience. He thinks to himself, "I am but a poor swindling chattering rogue. My bills are unpaid. I have jilted several women whom I have promised to marry. I don't know whether I believe what I preach, and I know I have stolen the very sermon over which I have been sniveling. Have they found me out?" says he, as his head drops down on the cushion.

Then your writer, poet, historian, novelist, or what not? The *Beacon* says that "Jones's tragedy surpasses every work since the days of Him of Avon." The *Comet* asserts that "J.'s *Life of Goody Two-shoes* is a κτημ ἐς ἀς, a noble and enduring monu-

ment to the fame of that admirable Englishwoman," and so forth. But then Jones knows that he has lent the critic of the *Beacon* five pounds; that his publisher has a half-share in the *Lamp,* and that the *Comet* comes repeatedly to dine with him. It is all very well. Jones is immortal until he is found out; and then down comes the extinguisher and the immortal is dead and buried. The idea (*dies iræ!*) of discovery must haunt many a man, and make him uneasy, as the trumpets are puffing in his triumph. Brown, who has a higher place than he deserves, cowers before Smith, who has found him out. What is a chorus of critics shouting "Bravo"?—a public clapping hands and flinging garlands? Brown knows that Smith has found him out. Puff, trumpets! Wave, banners! Huzzay, boys, for the immortal Brown! "This is all very well," B. thinks (bowing the while, smiling, laying his hand to his heart); "but there stands Smith at the window: *he* has measured me; and some day the others will find me out too." It is a very curious sensation to sit by a man who has found you out, and who you know has found you out; or, *vice versâ,* to sit with a man whom *you* have found out. His talent? Bah! His virtue? We know a little story or two about his virtue, and he knows we know it. We are thinking over friend Robinson's antecedents, as we grin, bow, and talk; and we are both humbugs together. Robinson a good fellow, is he? You know how he behaved to Hicks? A good-natured man, is he? Pray do you remember that little story of Mrs. Robinson's black eye? How men have to work, to talk, to smile, to go to bed, and try to sleep, with this dread of being found out on their consciences! Bardolph, who has robbed a church, and Nym, who has taken a purse, go to their usual haunts, and smoke their pipes with their companions. Mr. Detective Bull's-eye appears, and says, "Oh, Bardolph, I want you about that there pyx business!" Mr. Bardolph knocks the ashes out of his pipe, puts out his hands to the little steel cuffs, and walks away quite meekly.

He is found out. He must go. "Good-bye, Doll Tearsheet! Good-bye, Mrs. Quickly, ma'am!" The other gentlemen and ladies *de la société* look on and exchange mute adieux with the departing friends. And an assured time will come when the other gentlemen and ladies will be found out too.

What a wonderful and beautiful provision of nature it has been that, for the most part, our womankind are not endowed with the faculty of finding us out! *They* don't doubt, and probe, and weigh, and take your measure. Lay down this paper, my benevolent friend and reader, and go into your drawing-room now, and utter a joke ever so old, and I wager sixpence the ladies there will all begin to laugh. Go to Brown's house, and tell Mrs. Brown and the young ladies what you think of him, and see what a welcome you will get! In like manner, let him come to your house, and tell *your* good lady his candid opinion of you, and fancy how she will receive him! Would you have your wife and children know you exactly for what you are, and esteem you precisely at your worth? If so, my friend, you will live in a dreary house, and you will have but a chilly fireside. Do you suppose the people round it don't see your homely face as under a glamor, and, as it were, with a halo of love round it? You don't fancy you *are*, as you seem to them? No such thing, my man. Put away that monstrous conceit, and be thankful that *they* have not found you out.

ON GOING AFOOT [1]

Charles S. Brooks

There is a tale that somewhere in the world there is a merry river that dances as often as it hears sweet music. The tale is not precise whether this river is neighbor to us or is a stream of the

[1] From *The Unpopular Review*. Reprinted by permission.

older world. "It dances at the sound of musick," so runs the legend, "for with musick it bubbles, dances and grows sandy." This tale may be the conceit of one of those older poets whose verses celebrate the morning and the freshness of the earth—Thomas Heywood could have written it or even the least of those poets who sat their evenings at the Mermaid—or the tale may arise more remotely from an old worship of the god Pan, who is said to have piped along the streams. I offer my credence to the earlier origin as the more pleasing. And therefore on a country walk I observe the streams if by chance any of them shall fit the tale. Although I confess that I have not yet seen Pan puffing his cheeks with melody on a stream-side bank—by ill luck I squint shortsightedly—yet I often hear melodies of such a woodsy composition that surely they must issue from his pipe.

Whether or not this is true, I confess to a love of a stream. This may be merely an anemic love of beauty, such as is commonly bred in townfolk, or it may be a faint inheritance from braver ancestors who once were anglers and played truant with hook and line. You may recall that the milk-woman of Kent told Piscator when he came at the end of his day's fishing to beg a cup of red-cow's milk, that anglers were "honest, civil, quiet men." Of these virtues I boast. I have, also, a habit of contemplation, which I am told is proper to an angler. I can lean longer than most across the railing of a country bridge if the water runs noisily upon the stones. If I chance to come off a dusty road—unless hunger stirs me to an inn—I can listen for an hour, for of all sounds it is the most musical. When earth and air and water play in concert, which are the master musicians this side the moon, surely their music rises above the stars.

In a more familiar mood I throw stepping stones in the water to hear them splash, or I cram them in a dam to thwart the purpose of the stream, laying ever a higher stone when the water laps the top. Or I rest from this engineering upon my back and

watch the white traffic of the clouds across the summer sky. The roots of an antique oak peep upon the flood as in the golden days of Arden. Apple blossoms fall upon the water like the snow of a more kindly winter. A leaf puts out upon the channel like a painted galleon for far adventure. A twig sails off freighted with my drowsy thoughts. A branch of a willow dips in the stream and writes an endless trail of words in the running water. In these evil days when the whole fair world is trenched and bruised with war, what wisdom does it send to the valleys where men reside—what love and peace and gentleness—that it makes this eternal stream its messenger?

And yet I like a stream best if it is but an incident in travel—if it breaks the dusty afternoon and sends me off refreshed. Rather than a place for fishing it invites me to bathe my feet. There are, indeed, persons so careful of their health as to claim that cold water endangers blisters. Theirs is prudence to be neglected. Such persons had better leave their feet at home safely slippered on the fender. If one's feet go upon a holiday, is it fair that for fear of consequence they be kept housled in their shoes? Is there such torture in a blister even should the prevention be sure—to outweigh the pleasure of cool water running across the ankles?

It was but lately that I followed a road that lay off the general travel through a pleasant country of hills and streams. As the road journeyed no farther than the nearby town where I was to get my supper, it went at a lazy winding pace. If a dog barked it was in sleepy fashion. He yelped merely to check his loneliness. There could be no venom on his drowsy tooth. The very cows that fed along its fences were of a slower breed and a more contemplative whisk of tail than are found upon the thoroughfares. The country was laid out with farms—orchards and soft fields of grain that nodded in the sunlight—but there were few farmhouses. In all the afternoon I passed but one person, a deaf

man who asked for direction. When I cried out that I was a stranger, he held his hand to his ear, but his mouth fell open as if my words, denied by deafness from a proper portal, were offered here a service entrance. I spread my map before him and he put an ample thumb upon it. Then enquiring whether I had crossed a road with a red house upon it where some friend resided, he thanked me and walked off with such speed as his years had left him. Birds sang delightfully on the fences and in the fields, yet I knew not their names. Shall one not enjoy a symphony without precise knowledge of the instrument that gave the tune? If an oboe sound a melody, must one bestow a special praise, with a knowledge of its function in the concert? Or if a trombone please, must one know the brassy creature by its name? Rather, whether I listen to horns or birds, in my ignorance I bestow loosely a general approbation; yet is the song sweet in my ears.

All afternoon I walked with the sound of wind and water in my ears, and at night, when I had gained my journey's end and lay in bed, I heard beneath my window the music of a little runnel that was like a faint and pleasant echo of my hillside walk. I fell asleep to its soothing sound and its trickle made a pattern across my dreams.

Reader, are you addicted to these country walks, either for an afternoon or for a week's duration with a rucksack strapped across your back? If denied the longer outing, I pray that at least, for your enjoyment, it is your custom to go forth upon a holiday to look upon the larger earth. And I pray that you wander out at random without too precise a knowledge of where you go or where you may get your supper. If you are of a cautious nature, as springs from a delicate stomach or too sheltered life, you may stuff a bar of chocolate in your pocket. Or an apple—if you shift your other ballast—will not sag you beyond

locomotion. I have known persons who prize a tomato as offering both food and drink, yet it is too likely to be damaged and squirt inside your pocket if you rub against a tree. Rather, I commend a cucumber for its coolness, and a pickle as a sour refreshment to be nibbled in turn against the chocolate. Nor shall I complain if you hold roughly in your mind, subject to a whim's reversal, an evening destination to check your hunger. But do not bend your circuit back to the noisy city! Rather, by preference, let your march end at the inn of a country town! If it is but a station on your journey, and you continue on the morrow, let there be an ample porch and a rail to rest your feet! Here you may sit in the comfortable twilight when crammed with food, and observe the town's small traffic. Country folk will come about, if you are of easy address, and will engage you on their crops. The village prophet will stroke his wise beard at your request and, squinting at the sky, will foretell a storm. Or, if the night is cold, a fire will be laid inside, and a wrinkled board for the conduct of the war will debate upon the hearth. But so far as your infirmity permits, I bid you go forth at random with a spirit for adventure. Choose a fair direction, if possible through a hilly country, but alight from your train by chance! If the country pleases you as the train slows down for the platform, cast a penny on your knee and abide its fall!

Or if on principle you abhor a choice that is made wickedly on the falling of a coin, let an irrelevant circumstance direct your destination! I once walked outside London, making my start at Dorking for no other reason except that Sam Weller's mother-in-law had once lived there. You will recall how the elder Mr. Weller in the hour of his affliction discoursed on widows in the taproom of the Marquis of Granby when the funeral was done, and how later, being pestered with the Reverend Mr. Stiggins, he immersed him in the horse-trough to ease his grief. All through the town I looked for red-nosed men

who might be descended from the Reverend Shepherd, and once when I passed a horse-trough of uncommon size I asked a merchant at the corner if it might not be the very place. I was met, however, by such a vacant stare—for the fellow was unlettered—that to rouse him I bought a cucumber from an open crate, against the time of lunch, and I followed my pursuit farther in the town. I recall that the cucumber was of monster length and thin. All about the town its end stuck out of my pocket inquisitively, as though it were a fellow traveler down from London to see the sights. But though I inquired for the Weller family, it seems that they were dead and gone. Even the Marquis of Granby had disappeared, with its room behind the bar where Mr. Stiggins drank his pineapple rum with water, *luke,* from the kettle on the hob. Leaving Dorking, my companion and myself walked all afternoon through a pleasant sunny country to the town of Guildford. In the middle afternoon, to break the journey, we laid out our lunch of bread and cheese and cucumber and rested for an hour. The place was a grassy bank along the road above a fertile valley where men were pitching hay. Their shouts were carried across the fields with an agreeable softness. To-day, doubtless, women work in those fields.

On another occasion we walked from Maidstone to Rochester on pilgrimage to the inn where Alfred Jingle borrowed Mr. Winkle's coat to attend the Assembly, when he made love to the buxom widow. War had just been declared between Britain and Germany, and soldiers guarded the roads above the town. At a tearoom in the outskirts army officers ate at a neighboring table. Later, it is likely, they were in the retreat from Mons: for the expeditionary force crossed the channel within a week. Yet so does farce march along with tragedy that our chief concern in Rochester was the old inn where the ball was held. A surly woman who sat behind a cashier's wicket fixed me with

her eye. "Might we visit the ballroom?" I inquired. Evidently not, unless we were stopping at the house. "Madame," I said, "perhaps you are unaware that the immortal Mr. Pickwick once sojourned beneath your roof." There was no response. "The celebrated Mr. Pickwick," I continued, "who was the discoverer of the sources of the Hampstead Ponds." At this—for my manner was impressive—she fumbled through the last few pages of her register and admitted that he might have been once a patron of the house, but that he had now paid his bill and gone.

I was about to question her about my old friend, the poet Augustus Snodgrass, who had been with Mr. Pickwick on his travels, when the waiter, a humorous fellow with a vision of a sixpence, offered to be our guide. We climbed the stairs and came upon the ballroom. It was a small room. Three quadrilles must have stuffed it to the edge—a dingy place with bare windows on a deserted innyard. The candles of its former brightness have long since burned to socket. Vanished are Sir Thomas Clubber and Lady Clubber and the Misses Clubber! Gone is the Honorable Wilmot Snipe and all the notables that once crowded it! Vanished is the punch bowl where the amorous Tracy Tupman drank too many cups of negus on that memorable night. I gave the dirty waiter a sixpence and came away.

I discourage the usual literary pilgrimage. Indeed, if there is a rumor that Milton died in a neighboring town, or a treaty of consequence was signed close by, I bid you choose another path. One of the finest walks I ever took was on no better advice than the avoidance of a celebrated shrine. I was led along the swift waters of a river, through several pretty towns, and witnessed the building of a lofty bridge. Finally I rode on top of a rattling stage with a gossip for a driver, whose long finger pointed out the sights upon the road.

But for the liveliest truancy, I bid you keep an eye open for

red-haired and freckled lads, and make them your counselors. Lads so spotted and colored, I have found, are of unusual enterprise in knowing the best woodland paths and the loftiest views. A yellow-haired boy will suck his thumb upon a question. An indifferent brown, at best, will run for an answer to the kitchen. Whether or not the roving spirit of all red-haired youth, which is the basis of their deeper knowledge, proceeds from the magic of the pigment, the fact yet remains that such boys are surer than a signpost to direct one to adventure. This truth is so general that I have read the lives of the voyagers—Robinson Crusoe, Captain Kidd and the worthies of Hakluyt—if perhaps a hint might drop that they too in their younger days were freckled and red haired. Sinbad in his youth must have glowed like a torch. But whether or not the theory holds, on making inquiries of a red-haired lad, one must have a clear head in the tumult of his direction. For myself, I was once lost for several hours on the side of Anthony's Nose above the Hudson because I jumbled such advice. And although I made the acquaintance of a hermit who dwelt on the mountain with a dog, and a scarecrow for his garden—a fellow so like him in garment and in feature that he seemed to be his younger and cleaner brother, still I did not find the top or see the clear sweep of the Hudson as was promised.

If it is your habit to enquire of distance upon the road, do not quarrel with conflicting opinion! Judge the answer by the source! Persons of stalwart limb commonly underestimate a distance, whereas those of broken wind and stride stretch it greater than it is. But it is best to take all answers lightly. Be like a collector and seek for rare and strange opinion! I have heard of a man—but he must have been of marked eccentricity—who spent his rainy evenings on a walking trip in going among the soda clerks and small merchants of the village, not for information, but to measure their ignorance. Aladdin's wicked

uncle, when he inquired around the Chinese village for the mountain in which lay the genii's cave, could not have been so misdirected. Shoemakers, candy men and peddlers of tinware—if such modest merchants existed also on the curb in those magic days—must then have been of nicer knowledge.

There is a legend of the Catholic Church about a certain holy chapel that leaped across the Alps. It seems gross superstition, yet although I belong to a protesting church, I assert its likelihood. I solemnly affirm that I once chased a whole village on a hot afternoon that skipped before me across the country. It was of stout leg and lung, and as often as I inquired of a countryman, I learned that it still kept seven miles ahead. Once, when I labored up a hill, I found out at the top that it had even gained a mile, but I made this up by trotting on the descent. Not until night when the village lay down to rest beside a quiet river, did I finally overtake it. And next morning I arose early, in order that I might be off upon my travels and so keep the lively rascal in the rear.

In my country walks I usually carry a book in the pocket opposite to my lunch. I seldom read it, but it is a comfort to have it handy. I'm told that at one of the colleges, students of smaller application, in order that they may truthfully answer about the length of time they have spent upon their books, do therefore sit on a pile of them as on a stool, while they engage in pleasanter and more secular reading. I do not examine this story closely, which rises, doubtless, from the jealousy of a rival college. Rather, I think that they perch upon those books which presently they must read, on a wise instinct that this preliminary contact starts their knowledge. And therefore a favorite volume, even if unopened in the pocket, does nevertheless color and enhance the enjoyment of the day. I have carried Howell, who wrote the Familiar Letters, unread, about the countryside. A

small volume of Boswell has grown dingy in my pocket. I have gone about with a copy of Addison with long S's, but I read it chiefly when my feet are on the fender.

Hazlitt tells us in a famous passage with what relish he once read *The New Eloise* on a walking trip. "It was on the 10th of April, 1798," he writes, "that I sat down to a volume of the *New Eloise,* at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and cold chicken." I am quite unfamiliar with the book, yet as often as I read the essay—which is the best of Hazlitt—I have been teased to buy the book. Perhaps this springs in part from my own recollection of Llangollen, where I once stopped on a walking trip through Wales. The town lies on the river Dee at the foot of fertile hills patched with fences, on whose top there stands the ruins of Dinas Bran, a fortress of forgotten history, although it looks grimly toward the English marches as if its enemies came thence. Thrown across the river there is a peaked bridge of gray stone, many centuries old, on which the village folk gather at the end of day. I dined on ale and mutton of such excellence that, for myself, a cold volume of the census—if I had fallen so low—must have remained agreeably in memory. I recall that a street organ stopped beneath the window and played a merry tune—or perhaps the wicked ale was mounting—and I paused in my onslaught against the mutton to toss the musician a coin.

I applaud those who, on a walking trip, arise and begin their journey in the dawn, but although I am eager at night to make an early start, yet I blink and growl when the morning comes. I admire the poet who was abroad so early that he wrote of the fresh twilight on the world—"Where the sandled Dawn like a Greek god takes the hurdles of the hills"—but for my own part I would have slept and missed the sight. But an early hour is best, despite us lazybones, and to be on the road before the dew

is gone and while yet a mist rises from the hollows is to know the journey's finest pleasure.

This is largely hearsay. But in general, persons of early hours—whether for a journey or for usual business—assert that they feel a fine exaltation. I am myself inclined to think, however, that this is not so much an exaltation that arises from the beauty of the hour, as from a feeling of superiority over their sleeping and inferior comrades. It is akin to the displeasing vanity of those persons who walk upon a boat with easy stomach while their companions lie below. I would discourage, therefore, persons that lean toward conceit from putting a foot out of bed until the second call. On the other hand, those who are of a self-depreciative nature should get up with the worm and bird. A man of my own acquaintance, who was sunk in self-abasement for many years, was roused to a fine conceit by no other tonic.

It is certain, anyway, that to be off upon a journey with a rucksack strapped upon you at an hour when the butcher boy takes down his shutters is a high pleasure. Off you go through the village with swinging arms. Off you go across the country. A farmer is up before you and you hear his reaper across the fields, and the neighing of his horses at the turn. When the hill falls sharp against the sky, there he stands outlined, to wipe the sweat. And as is your nature, swift or sluggish thoughts go through your brain—plots and vagrant fancies, which later your pencil will not catch.

There are cool retreats where you may rest at noon, but Stevenson has written of these. "You come," he writes, "to a milestone on a hill, or some place where deep ways meet under trees; and off goes the knapsack, and down you sit to smoke a pipe in the shade. You sink into yourself, and the birds come around and look at you; and your smoke dissipates upon the afternoon under the blue dome of heaven; and the sun lies warm upon your feet, and the cool air visits your neck and turns

aside your open shirt. If you are not happy, you must have an evil conscience."

And yet a good inn at night holds even a more tranquil joy. M—— and I, who frequently walk upon a holiday, traversed recently a mountain road to the north of West Point. During the afternoon we had scrambled up Storm King to a bare rock above the Hudson. It was just such an outlook as Rip found before he met the outlandish Dutchmen with their ninepins and flagon. We lay here above a green world that was rimmed with mountains, and watched the lagging sails and puffs of smoke upon the river. It was late afternoon when we descended to the mountain road that runs to West Point. During all the day there had been a distant rumbling of thunder, as though a storm mustered in a far off valley—or perhaps the Dutchmen of the legend still lingered at their game—but now as the twilight fell the storm came near. It was six o'clock when a signboard informed us that we had yet seven miles to go, and already the thunder sounded with earnest purpose, far below us in the dusk we saw the lights of West Point. On a sudden, while I was still fumbling for my poncho which was rolled inside my rucksack, the storm burst upon us. We put up the umbrella and held the poncho against the wind and driving rain. But the wind so whisked it about and the rain was so eager to find the openings that presently we were drenched. In an hour we came to West Point. Luckily the cook was up, and she served us a hot dinner in our room with the washstand for a table. It was a plain room with meager furniture, yet we fell asleep with a satisfaction beyond the Cecils in their lordly beds. I stirred once when there was a clamor in the hall of guests returning from a hop at the Academy—a prattle of girls' voices—then slept until the sun was up.

But my preference in lodgings is the low, sagging, half-timbered building that one finds in the country towns of Eng-

land. It has leaned against the street and dispensed hospitality for three hundred years. It is as old a citizen as the Castle on the hill. It is an inn where Tom Jones might have spent the night, or any of the rascals out of Smollett. Behind the wicket there sits a shrewish female with a cold eye toward your defects, and behind her there is a row of bells which jangle when water is wanted in the rooms. Having been assigned a room and asked the hour of dinner, you mount a staircase that rises with a squeak. There is a mustiness about the place, which although unpleasant in itself, is yet agreeable in its circumstance. A long hall runs off to the back of the house, with odd steps here and there to throw you. Your room looks out upon a coachyard, and as you wash you overhear a love passage down below.

In the evening you go forth to see the town. If it lies on the ocean, you walk upon the mole and watch the fisher folk winding up their nets, or sitting with tranquil pipes before their doors. Maybe a booth has been set up on the parade that runs along the ocean, and a husky fellow bids you lay out a sixpence for the show, which is the very same, he bawls, as was played before the King and the Royal Family. This speech is followed by a fellow with a trombone, who blows himself very red in the face.

But rather I choose to fancy that it is an inland town, and that there is a quieter traffic on the streets. Here for an hour after dinner, while darkness settles, you wander from shop to shop and put your nose upon the glass, or you engage the lamplighter as he goes his rounds, for any bit of news.

Once in such a town when the night brought rain, for want of other employment, I debated divinity with a rigid parson, and until a late hour sat in the thick curtain of his attack. It was at an inn of one of the midland counties of England, a fine old weathered building, called "The King's Arms." In the tap—for I thrust my thirsty head inside—was an array of old pewter

hung upon the walls, and two or three prints of prizefighters of former days. But it was in the parlor that the parson engaged me. In the corner of the room there was a timid fire—of a kind usually met in English inns—imprisoned behind a grill that had been set up stoutly to confine a larger and rowdier fire. My antagonist was a tall lean man of pinched ascetic face and dark complexion, with clothes brushed to shininess, and he belonged to a brotherhood that lived in one of the poorer parts of London along the wharves. His sojourn at the inn was enforced. For two weeks in the year, he explained, each member was cast out of the conventual buildings upon the world. This was done in penance as the members of more rigid orders in the past were flagellants for a season. So here for a whole week had he been sitting, for the most part in rainy weather, busied with the books that the inn afforded—advertising booklets of the beauties of the Alps—and peeking out of doors for a change of sky.

It was a matter of course that he should engage me in conversation. He was as lonesome for a chance to bark as a country dog. Presently, when I dissented from some point in his creed, he called me a heretic, and I with gentlest satire asked him if the word yet lived. But he was not angry, and he told me about his brotherhood. It had a branch in America, and he bade me, if ever I met any of its priests, to convey to them his warm regards. As for America, it was, he said, too coldly ethical, and needed most a spiritual understanding; to which judgment I assented. He was a mixture of stern and gentle qualities, and seemed to be descended from those earlier friars that came to England in cord and gown, and went barefoot through the cities to minister comfort and salvation to the poor and wretched. The evening at last being spent, by a common consent we took our candles on the landing, where, after he inculcated a final doctrine with waving finger, he bade me good night, with a wish of luck for my journey on the morrow, and sought his room.

My own room lay down a creaking hallway. When undressed, I opened my window and looked upon the street. All lights were out. At last the rain had stopped, and now above the housetops across the way, through a broken patch of cloud, a star appeared with a promise of a fair tomorrow.

RAILWAY JUNCTIONS [1]

Clayton Hamilton

In his illuminating essay on *The Lantern-Bearers,* Stevenson complains of the vacuity of that view of life which he finds expressed in the pages of most realistic writers. "This harping on life's dullness and man's meanness is a loud profession of incompetence; it is one of two things: the cry of the blind eye, *I cannot see,* or the complaint of the dumb tongue, *I cannot utter.*" And then, with a fine flourish, he declares:—"If I had no better hope than to continue to revolve among the dreary and petty businesses, and to be moved by the paltry hopes and fears with which they surround and animate their heroes, I declare I would die now. But there has never an hour of mine gone quite so dully yet; if it were spent waiting at a railway junction, I would have some scattering thoughts, I could count some grains of memory, compared to which the whole of one of these romances seems but dross."

"If it were spent waiting at a railway junction" . . . Here, with his instinct for the perfect phrase, Stevenson has pointed a finger at the one experience which is commonly accepted as the acme of imaginable dullness. This man, who could be happy at a railway junction, could not have found a prouder way of

[1] From *The Unpopular Review.* Reprinted by permission of the author.

boasting to posterity that he had never "faltered more or less in his great task of happiness."

It is because railway junctions are the most unpopular places in the world that they have been singled out for praise. Poor places, lonely and forlorn, cursed by so many, celebrated by so few,—surely they have waited overlong for an apologist. . . . But first of all, in order to be fair, we must consider the customary view of these points of punctuation in the text of travel. Far up in Vermont, at a point vaguely to the east of Burlington, there is a place called Essex Junction. It consists of a dismal shed of a station, a bewildering wilderness of tracks, and an adjacent cemetery, thickly populated (according to a local legend) with the bodies of people who have died of old age while waiting for their trains. This elegiac locality was visited, many years ago, by the Honorable E. J. Phelps, once ambassador of the United States to the court of St. James's. He was allotted several hours for the contemplation of the cemetery; and his consequent meditations moved him to the composition of a poem, in four stanzas, which is a little classic of its kind. Space is lacking for a quotation of more than the initial stanza; but the taste of a poem, as of a pie, may conveniently be judged from a quadrant of the whole—

With saddened face and battered hat
  And eye that told of blank despair,
On wooden bench the traveller sat,
  Cursing the fate that brought him there.
"Nine hours," he cried, "we've lingered here
  With thoughts intent on distant homes,
Waiting for that delusive train
  That, always coming, never comes:
    Till weary, worn,
    Distressed, forlorn,
And paralyzed in every function!
    I hope in hell
    His soul may dwell
Who first invented Essex Junction!"

It was apparently the purpose of the writer to convey the impression that his period of waiting had been passed without pleasure; but yet we may easily confute him with another quotation from *The Lantern-Bearers*. "One pleasure at least," says Stevenson, "he tasted to the full—his work is there to prove it—the keen pleasure of successful literary composition." Was this honorable author ever moved to such eloquence by an audience with Queen Victoria? Never; so far as we know. Was not Essex Junction, therefore, a more inspiring spot than Buckingham Palace? Undeniably. Then, why complain of Essex Junction?

For, indeed, the pleasure that we take from places is nothing more nor less than the pleasure we put into them. A person predisposed to boredom can be bored in the very nave of Amiens; and a person predisposed to happiness can be happy even in Camden, New Jersey. I know: for I have watched American tourists in Amiens; and once, when I had gone to Camden, to visit Walt Whitman in his granite tomb, I was wakened to a strange exhilaration, and wandered all about that little dust-heap of a city amazing the inhabitants with a happiness that required them to smile. "All architecture," said Whitman, "is what you do to it when you look upon it; . . . all music is what awakes from you when you are reminded by the instruments": and I must have had this passage singing in my blood when I enjoyed that monstrous courthouse dome which stands up like a mushroom in the midst of Camden.

I have never been to Essex Junction; but I should like to go there—just to see (in Whitman's words) what I could do to it. Imagine it upon a windy night of winter, when a hundred discommoded passengers are turned out, grumbling, underneath the stars,—coughing invalids, and kicking infants, and indignant citizens, scrambling haphazard among tottering trunks, and picking their way from train to train. Imagine their faces, their voices, their gesticulations: here, indeed, you will see more than

a theaterful of characters. Or, if human beings do not interest you, imagine the mysterious gleam of yellow windows veiled behind a drift of intermingled smoke and steam. Listen, also, to the clang of bells, the throb and puff of the engines, and the shrill shriek of their whistles. Or peer into the station-shed, made stuffy by the breath of many loiterers; and contrast their death in life with the life in death of those others who loiter through eternity beneath the gravestones of the cemetery. I can imagine being happy with all this (and even writing a paragraph about it afterwards): but, above all, I should like to gather those hundred discommoded passengers upon the station platform, and to rehearse and lead them in a solemn chant of the refrain of Phelps's poem. Imagine a hundred voices singing lustily in unison,

"I hope in hell
His soul may dwell
Who first invented Essex Junction,"

under the vast cathedral vaulting of the night, until the adjacent dead should seem to stand up in their graves and join the anthem of anathema. . . . Who is there so bold to tell me that enjoyment is impossible in such a place as this?

There is very little difference between places, after all: the true difference is between the people who regard them. I should rather read a description of Hoboken by Rudyard Kipling than a description of Florence by some New England schoolmarm. To the poet, all places are poetical; to the adventurous, all places are teeming with adventure: and to experience a lack of joy in any place is merely a sign of sluggish blood in the beholder.

So, at least, it seems to me; for not otherwise can I explain the fact that, like my beloved R. L. S., I have always enjoyed waiting at railway junctions. I love not merely the marching phrases, but also the commas and the semicolons of a journey,—those

mystic moments when "we look before and after" and need not "pine for what is not." I have never done much waiting in America, which is in the main a country of express trains, that hurl their lighted windows through the night like what Mr. Kipling calls "a damned hotel"; but there is scarcely a country of Europe except Russia whose railway junctions are unknown to me. In many of these little nameless places I have experienced memorable hours: and because the less enthusiastic Baedeker has neglected to star and double-star them, I have always wanted to praise them, in print somewhat larger than his own. Space is lacking in the present article for a complete guide to all the railway junctions of Europe; but I should like to commemorate a few, in gratitude for what befell me there.

There is a junction in Bavaria whose name I have forgotten; but it is very near Rothenburg, the most picturesquely medieval of all German cities. It consists merely of a station and two intersecting tracks. When you enter the station, you observe what seems to be a lunch-counter; but if you step up to it and innocently order food, a buxom girl informs you that no food is ever served there—and then everybody laughs. This pleasant cachinnation attracts your attention to the assembled company. It consists of many peasants, in their native costumes (which any painter would be willing to journey many miles to see), who are enjoying the delicious experience of travel. They are great travelers, these peasants. Once a month they take the train to Rothenburg, and once a month they journey home again, to talk of the experience for thirty days. All of them have heard of Nuremberg (which is actually less than a hundred miles away),—that vast and wonderful metropolis, so far, so very far, beyond the ultimate horizon of their lives. They would like to see it some day—as I should like to see the Taj Mahal—but meanwhile they content themselves with the great adventure of going to Rothenburg,—a city that is really much more interest-

ing, if they could only know. In the very midst of these congregated travelers, I casually set down a suitcase which was plastered over with many labels from many lands; and this suitcase affected them as I might be affected by a messenger from Mars. They spelled out many unfamiliar languages, and a murmur of amazement swept through the entire company when one of them discovered that that suitcase had been to Morocco. Morocco, they assured me, was a place where black men rode on camels; and I had no heart to tell them that it was a country where white men rode on mules. Then another of these travelers—an old man, with a face like one of Albrecht Dürer's drawings—discovered a label that read "Venezia." "Is that," he said, "Venedig?" with a little gasp. "Yes; Venedig," I responded, "where the streets are water." Slowly he removed his hat. "Ach, Venedig!" he sighed; and then he stooped down, and, with the uttermost solemnity, he kissed the label. . . . And then I understand the vast impulsion of that *Wanderlust* which has pushed so many, many Germans southward, to overrun that golden city that is wedded to the sea. I have forgotten the name of that junction, as I said before; but I have never been so happy in Munich as in this lonely station where there is no food.

Speaking of food reminds me of Bobadilla, in southern Spain. Bobadilla sounds as if it ought to be the name of a medieval town, with ghosts of gaunt imaginative knights riding forth to tilt with windmills; but there is no town at all at Bobadilla,—merely two railway restaurants set on either side of several intersecting tracks. For some mysterious reason, passengers from the four quarters of the compass—that is to say, from Cordoba, Granada, Algeciras, or Sevilla—are required to alight here, and eat, and change their trains. I remember Bobadilla as the place where you spend your counterfeit money. Many of the current coins of southern Spain are made of silver; and the rest are made of lead. For leaden five-peseta pieces there is a local name,

"Sevillan dollars," which ascribes their coinage to the crafty artisans of the capital of Andalucia. These pieces, which are plentiful, are just as good as silver dollars—when you can persuade anyone to take them. The currency of any coinage, except gold, depends entirely upon the faith of those who pass and take it and has no reference to its intrinsic value; and, in southern Spain, the leaden dollars serve as counters for just as many commercial transactions as the dollars made of silver. The only difference is that they are commonly accepted only after protest. In every Spanish shop, a slab of marble is built into the counter, and on this slab all proffered coins are slapped before they are accepted by the merchant. The traveler soon learns to fling his change upon the pavement; and many merry arguments ensue regarding the *timbre* of their ring. I remember how once, in the wondrous town of Ronda, when a beggar had imposed himself upon me as a guide and led me into a church where High Mass was being chanted, I gave him a peseta to get rid of him and at once he flung it upon the pavement of the church, and chased it, listening, across the nave. Thereafter, he protested loudly that the piece was lead, and disrupted the intoning of the priests. "Very well," said I, "it is, in any case, a gift; if you don't want it, I will take it back": and he accepted it with bows and smiles, and allowed the weary priests to continue their intonings. But Bobadilla is the one place in southern Spain where money is never jingled upon marble. There is no time between trains to quibble over minor matters; and a "Sevillan dollar" accepted from one passenger is blithely handed to another who is traveling in the opposite direction. I discovered this fact on the occasion of my first visit to this interesting junction; and on subsequent occasions I have eaten my fill at one or another of the railway restaurants and settled the account with all the leaden money garnered up from weeks of traveling. There is surely no dishonesty in observing the custom of a coun-

try; and Bobadilla may be treasured by all travelers as a clearing-house for counterfeit coins.

Again, in northern France, it was merely by some accident of changing trains that I discovered the lovely little town of Dol. I found myself in Saint Malo, for obvious reasons; and I desired to go to Mont Saint-Michel, for reasons still more obvious—Mother Poulard's omelettes, and architecture, and the incoming of the tide. Between them—the map told me—was situated Dol. I made inquiries of the porter in the Saint Malo hotel. He responded in English,—the English of *Ici on parle anglais*. "Dol," said he, "is a dull place." He pronounced "Dol" and "dull" in precisely the same manner, and smiled at his sickly pun. I did not like that smile; and I alighted at the town that he despised. It was a little picture-book of a place, with many toylike medieval houses clustered side by side around a marketplace where peasants twisted the tails of cows. I strolled to the cathedral—and found myself mysteriously in England. It was a manly Norman edifice, sane and reticent and strong, set in a veritable English green, with little houses round about, reminding one of Salisbury. I entered the Cathedral; and found the nave to be composed in what is called in England the "decorated" style, and the choir to give hints of "perpendicular." And then I remembered, with a start, that the ancestors of all that is most beautiful in England had migrated from Normandy, and that here I was visiting them in their antecedent home. "Saxon and Norman and Dane are we"; and all that was Norman in me reached forth with groping hands to grasp the palms of those old builders who reared this little sacrosanct cathedral in the far-off times when one dominion extended to either side of the English Channel.

It was by a similar accident—desiring to transfer myself from Bourges to Auxerre—that I discovered the wonderful junction-town of Nevers, which, despite the guide books, is more interest-

ing than either of the others. It possesses a Gothic cathedral with an apse at either end, that looks as if two churches had collided and telescoped each other. There is also a Romanesque church at Nevers which is just as simple and as manly as either of the famous abbeys in Caen; and a chateau with rounded towers, which once belonged to Mazarin. But the most amusing feature of this town is that, though Bourges packs itself to bed at ten o'clock, Nevers sits blithely up till twelve, listening to music in cafés, and watching moving-pictures; and this amiable incongruity in a medieval town makes you bless that complication of the time-table which has forced you, against forethought, to stay there overnight.

It is difficult for me to remember a railway junction in which there was nothing to do; but perhaps Pyrgos, in Greece, comes nearest to this description. At this point, you change cars on your way from Patras to Olympia. The town is made of mud: that is to say, the single-storied houses are built of unbaked clay. There is nothing to see in Pyrgos. But I amused myself by addressing the inhabitants, in the English language, with an eloquent oration that soon gathered them under my control; and thereafter I set a hundred of them at the pleasant task of trying to push the train for Olympia on its way to take me to the Hermes of Praxiteles. I knew no word of their language, nor did they of mine; but they understood that that train should be started, if human force were sufficient to help the cars upon their way; and finally: when the engine puffed and snorted with a tardily awakened sense of duty, the train was cheered by the entire population as I waved my hand from the rear platform and quoted one of Daniel Webster's perorations.

Is it—I have often wondered—so difficult as people think, to be happy in an hour "spent waiting at a railway junction"? . . . The kingdom of happiness is within us; or else there is no truth

in our assumption that the will of man is free: and I am inclined to pity a man who, being happy in Amalfi—the loveliest of all the places I have ever seen—cannot also manage to be happy in Pyrgos—or in Essex Junction—and to communicate his happiness to his responsive fellow-travelers.

The true enjoyment of traveling is to enjoy traveling; not to relish merely the places you are going to, but to relish also the adventure of the going. The most difficult train journey I remember is the twenty-hour trip from Lisbon to Sevilla, with a change of cars in the ghastly early morning at the border town of Badajoz and another change at noon at the sun-baked, parched, and God-forsaken town of Merida; and yet I relish as red letters on my personal map of Spain a pleasant quarrel over the price of sandwiches at Badajoz and the way a muleteer of Merida flung a colored cloak over his shoulder and posed for an unconscious moment like a painting by Zuloaga.

And this philosophy has a deeper application to life at large: for all life may be figured as a journey, and few there are who are natively equipped for the enjoyment of all the waste and waiting places on the way. The minds of most people are so fixed upon the storied capitals that are featured in those works of fiction known as guide books that they are impeded from enjoying the minor stations on their journey. "Hurry me to Sevilla," cries the traveler—and misses the sight of my muleteer of Merida. In America, our society is crammed with people who fail to enjoy life on five thousand a year because their minds are fixed upon that distant time when they hope to enjoy life on twenty thousand a year. And if ever they attain that twenty thousand they will not enjoy it either; but will merely peer forward to a hypothetical enjoyment at fifty thousand a year. And this is the essence of their tragedy:—they have not learned to wait with happiness.

Is there any reason for this inordinate ambition to "get on"?

Louis Stevenson was happier, as a small boy with a bull's-eye lantern at his belt, than any king upon his throne. The secret of enjoyment is to learn to look about us, to value what our destiny has given us, to transform it into magic by some contributory gift of poetry or humor, to consider with contentment the lilies of the field. The zest of life is in the living of it; and "to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive."

How often, in the roaring and tumultuary tide of life, we meet a man who sighs, "If only I could have a single day in which there was nothing that I had to do, nothing even that I had to think of, how happy I should be!" and yet this selfsame man, if set down at a railway junction, will at once bestir himself to seek something to think of, something to do, and will spurn the gift of leisure. The incessant hurry of our current life has tragically lured us to forget the art of loitering. We are no longer able—like Wordsworth, on his "old gray stone"—to sit upon a trunk at some railway junction of our lives and listen reverently to the "mighty sum of things forever speaking."

One of the loveliest women I have ever known—the late Alison Cunningham—told me a little anecdote of the author of *The Lantern-Bearers* which, so far as I know, has never yet been published. When little Louis was about five years old, he did something naughty, and Cummy stood him up in a corner and told him he would have to stay there for ten minutes. Then she left the room. At the end of the allotted period, she returned and said, "Time's up, Master Lou: you may come out now." But the little boy stood motionless in his penitential corner. "That's enough: time's up," repeated Cummy. And then the child mystically raised his hand, and with a strange light in his eyes, "Hush . . . ," he said, "I'm telling myself a story. . . ."

And, in the *Christian Morals* of Sir Thomas Browne, we may read the following passage:—"He who must needs have company, must needs have sometimes bad company. Be able to be

alone. Lose not the advantage of solitude, and the society of thyself; nor be only content, but delight to be alone and single with Omnipresency. He who is thus prepared, the day is not uneasy nor the night black unto him. Darkness may bound his eyes, not his imagination. In his bed he may lie, like Pompey and his sons, in all quarters of the earth; may speculate the universe, and enjoy the whole world in the hermitage of himself."

Wordsworth sitting quiescent and receptive in a lakeside landscape, little Louis standing in a corner, Sir Thomas Browne enjoying the whole world in the hermitage of himself:—what a rebuke is offered by these images to those who fret and fume away the leisure that is granted them at all the waiting places of their lives! . . . These disgruntled travelers *nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita* miss their privilege and duty of enjoying life merely because they miss the point that life is, in itself, enjoyable. They are so busy reading guide books to the vague beyond that they shut their minds to all that may be going on about them, or within them, at way-stations. They close their eyes and ears to the immediate. They veto all perception of the here and now. But life itself is always here and now; and, truly to enjoy it, we must learn to look forever with unfaltering eyes into the bright face of immediacy.

And there is another point about railway junctions that reveals an important application to the larger journey of our life. A friend of mine, who is a great lover of painting, had occasion once (and only once) to change trains at Basle, in the course of a journey from Lucerne to Heidelberg. He had to wait two hours at this railway junction; and this time he pleasantly expended in eating many dishes at a restaurant, and amusing the lax porters by teaching them a method of economizing energy in shifting trunks. It should be noted that this friend of mine was not trying to "kill time"; for, like all genuine humani-

tarians, he of course regards that tragic process as the least excusable of murders. He was entirely happy for two hours in that railway station. But—having packed his guide book in a trunk—it was not until he reached Darmstadt, some days later, that he discovered that several of the very greatest works of Holbein are now resident in Basle. The two hours that he had spent playing and eating might have been devoted to an examination of many masterpieces of that art which, more than any other, he had crossed the seas to seek. He has never yet been able to return to Basle; but for a sight of those lost portraits of the most honest and straightforward of all German painters, he would gladly sell his memories of both Lucerne and Heidelberg.

Here we have a record of a great disappointment that was occasioned merely by the common habit of despising railway junctions, and presuming them to be inevitably dull. But this same unfortunate presumption, applied to life at large, leads many people to overlook the nearness of some great adventure. Interrogate a thousand men, and you will find that none of them has first set eyes upon his greatest friend in the Mosque of Cordoba or in Trafalgar Square. Every adventure of lasting consequence has confronted all of them, without exception, in some hidden nook or cranny of the world,—some place unknown to fame. Anybody is as likely to meet the woman who is destined to become his wife, at Essex Junction on a wintry night, as in the Parthenon by moonlight in the month of May. The most romantic places in the world are often those that promised, in advance, to be the least romantic.

Since this is so, how can anybody ever dare to shut his eyes to that incalculable imminency of adventure which environs him even when he is merely changing trains on some island-platform of the New York Subway? In our daily living we are never safe from destiny; and who can ever know in what vacuous and sedentary period of his experience he may suddenly be called

upon to entertain an angel unawares? It is best to be prepared for anything, at any hour of our lives,—even at those moments that must, perforce, be "spent waiting at a railway junction."

SAY NOW SHIBBOLETH[1]

Eugene Manlove Rhodes

A BIT OF WORLDLY WISDOM

"I will not tell you where he lived; too much
Already has been said: it would be spiteful.
Many unkind remarks are made by such
As live in places far, far less delightful.
Be this enough: it may be plainly stated,
His mind was very highly cultivated."

While yet a small boy I was persuaded to earnest and painstaking study of language by hearing a report of a memorable examination. Some of you may have seen it:

"And the Gileadites took the passages of Jordan before the Ephraimites; and it was so, that when those Ephraimites which were escaped said, Let me go over; that the men of Gilead said unto him, Art thou an Ephraimite? If he said, Nay: Then said they unto him, Say now Shibboleth; and he said Sibboleth; for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him, and slew him at the passages of Jordan."

They were purists, I take it.

Forty-and-two thousand failed to pass. The Gileadites were a strong and vigorous stock. Their spiritual descendants still keep sleepless watch at the passes of Jordan. True, they do not now hold to the strict letter of the olden penalty for lingual error, but they observe the spirit of it. It is still so.

[1] Reprinted by permission of the author.

There will be need now for care to avoid misconstruction of the few and heartfelt ensuing remarks. Take the "shortened Italian a" for example—our old friend "å." For my single self, I like that sound. One of my earliest ambitions was to have graven upon my tombstone this epitaph: "Påss, traveler, nor åsk who lies beneath the gråss."

I do not foolishly dote upon either "ä" or its variant "å," you understand; but it seems to me that either of them is intrinsically a more pleasing sound than the flat "ă"—as in this same word "flat." There are many who use this "Italian a" sound naturally. Also properly. In such cases it is good hearing. But when its use —or misuse—requires visible effort by the speaker and its delivery leaves him with a startled air—makes him gåsp, in fact—the effect is spoiled. It has become a mincing affectation. And, in any case, I must and do hereby respectfully but firmly decline to consider that, if a man should ask me for a flask,[1] when he might say "flåsk," he is thereby branded by either moral turpitude or social impossibility. Nor will the reverse hold true. Yet we have seen the statement that "when a man speaks of a băth it may properly be inferred that he seldom uses a båth."—And he said Sibboleth. And they slew him.—You hear just such inferences every day, based on similar premises.

It cannot be set forth too plainly, too early or too often, that the grievance which some of us hold against the Gileadite is not for what he says, but for the—objectionable—way he says it. He is frequently right in his contention. But wanton and offensive sneers do not precisely warm our heart to him or yet lead us to mend our ways. Just resentment for the precisian's contemptuous treatment of the erring but too often fosters a fond attachment for the error. I think these passwords will wither, most of them; not because they deserve to perish, but because their proponents, with a singular want of tact, urge them by

[1] Ammonia: for snakebite.

heaping vituperation, abuse and insult upon the luckless tribesman. There is an old injunction that we must "hate the sin and not the sinner." I fear we are in danger of reversing this by hating the virtue as well as the virtuous. We are joined to our idols; let us alone.

True, it is only a small minority of educated people that exhibits this Gileaditish spirit—else we uncultivated would grease the loud tumbrel and burn the colleges forthwith. But it is a voluble minority—a minority that loves to speak of itself as "cultured." The disdain of this paroxysmal minority is not here exaggerated. It can hardly be exaggerated. Before we go on to consider some other test words, commonly propounded at the passes of Jordan, let me prove to you that his arrogance is past exaggeration.

On my desk are three books. They are there by chance and not chosen to edge this feeble remonstrance. On the contrary, a careful second reading of them convinced me that it was high time someone rose to a point of order, like Abner Dean, of Angel's. For these books are typical of the Gileadite. If there were no more of their kind they might be attributed to personal misfortune. But there are thousands of the kind; and the kind is recklessly mischievous.

The three authors are scholars and gentlemen of repute—one, at least, a name of nation-wide distinction. The books, one and all, are full of valuable and interesting matter, ably set forth; one and all, they are marred by unbelievable narrowness, by malignant rancor, by a haughty intolerance—not only for verbal error, be it marked, but for any usage differing from their own and for any mode of life not conforming to their habits. One book deals with English, severely; one with words; and the third is a *Life of Lincoln*. Let us now take a worm's-eye view of the *Essays on English,* by the chiefest among these three.

You are at once struck by the frequent recurrence of "this sort of person"—our sort—and "enlightened"—his sort; in fact, he writes "Enlightened" with a capital after he gets well warmed to his work; "The Enlightened," who have a "sixth sense . . . and that sublimated taste which makes of its possessors a very special class."

"This sort of person is almost as low as the one . . . with whom men and women are always ladies and gentlemen." He explains about ladies and gentlemen, then, adding naïvely that these are matters that "the unenlightened will not understand, even after they have been explained." So there's no need of puzzling our poor heads over it. There is one phrase that seems pretty plain, however: 'Whereas, if a man says that he was lunching with a 'woman,' there is a dangerous little implication which could not exist did he use the word 'lady' instead."

There is another little implication that might be made; but let it pass. I must say, however, that some of us judge a man by his character as much as by his words; and when a man's character cannot stand the strain of lunching with a "woman," he is in a parlous state.

He has tolerant spells, however. "The slang of the clubs and of university men is also quite consistent with good taste." It may be mentioned—but perhaps you have already guessed it—that he is notably a university man and a clubman.

Just so. The metaphorical use of the phrases "to cross swords" and "to parry a thrust" are elegant, reminiscent of the days when homicide was a fashionable recreation. But the metaphorical use of "bed-rock," "rolling-hitch," "cinch" and "balance" carry with them low suggestions—of work. I do not wish to misrepresent our author or to garble his words. So I hasten to state that the distinctions made in this paragraph are quoted from another writer and that our own author may not approve of them. Judge for yourself.

Here is a little extract in his happiest manner—and by this foot you may know Hercules.

"A slight provincial touch is given by the frequent use of 'minister' instead of 'clergyman,' and when one refers to a clergyman as a 'preacher,' the case is hopeless." Nothing provincial about that, is there? Yet if one, hearing this single sentence and having no knowledge of the author save that sentence, could not go to the ten-acre map in the Pennsylvania Station and put his unhesitating finger within one inch of that author's home, one's case would then be hopeless indeed.

"There is another provincial usage out of which it is to be hoped the American people will, in the course of time, be educated."—Did you get that? The usage of the American people is provincial; the use of an insular or peninsular corner of America is not provincial. The part is greater than the whole.—"They"—newspaper men—"spoke of his wife, of course, as 'Mrs. McKinley,' but they always mentioned his aged mother as 'Mother McKinley.' This was provincial and disgusting to a degree; and it is surprising that no one ever reverted to the dignified New England usage, which would have mentioned the dowager as 'Madame McKinley.'"

There! He told you himself! I was afraid he would. Anyhow, I didn't tell. And we have gained one advantage. After this, we can have no doubt as to the exact meaning of the word "provincial." Anything is "provincial" that does not conform to New England usage. We have it from his own mouth. We are on firm ground now.

"I should hardly have thought it necessary to recall this detestable bit of social ignorance," he proceeds, "had not President McKinley himself been guilty of it during a journey of his through the South. . . . Now this form of speech is not only crude and wholly alien to the little touches which give distinction, but its mental suggestions are unpleasant, since it is a form

of speech that suggests Mother Goose and Mother Bunch, and brings to mind some wrinkled blear-eyed beldam—a wizened crone, a raucous hag."

These be wild and whirling words, my masters! It doesn't matter so much about us. You and I are no better than we should be, and our shoulders are broad. But Uncle John, and Aunt Mary, and Mother Anderson, who helped us when little Jimmie died—to have them and their speech held up to contempt and derision—it hurts, I tell you! It rankles. They were kind and good and loving; they are not "disgusting" to our memories. Nor is Mother Goose, for that matter.

If it is not long since clear that I, now remonstrating, am but a rude, crude, rough, low and brutal person, unmistakably plebeian—just a plain, provincial American of no sublimated, very special caste—the fact is now expressly declared. I will also here state and proclaim that, if any healthy and sane he-Gileadite, between the ages of twenty and fifty, not more than ten pounds lighter or over forty pounds heavier than myself, shall, in my presence, venture to direct his insolence at these kindly, dim-eyed Ephraimite kindred of mine, I'm going to hit him once. That's the sort of person I am. If I subsequently have to say "Good mawnin', judge!" or "Doctor, how long do you s'pose it'll be before I can get around again?"—why, I'll try to say it cheerfully.

Yes, sir. Not going to make any little declamation before I rebuke him, either. Folks that use that kind of wit should expect fitting repartee. He may strut and swell all he wants to, he may abuse me as long as it amuses him; but those "blear eyes" are faded with tears, those wrinkles are scars of Armageddon fight: he must teach his tongue to speak respectfully of them, or teach his hands to keep his head. It doesn't matter about the rest of us. Curiously enough, however much a person of this sort looks down on us, we never look up to him; it doesn't occur to us.

"Mother" calls out all his rancor. Here is some more about it. Mr. McKinley said "mother" himself—"Mother" Hobson. "And when Mr. McKinley adopted it, it was so out of keeping . . . as to resemble the speech of one whose evenings in early youth were spent in some small, backwoods country 'store,' in the society of those who pendulously dangle their loutish legs over the sides of an empty cracker barrel."

Let us get back to earth. It may be well to remember that in just such a small country store Abraham Lincoln was wont to pendulously dangle his loutish legs; and that the work well done for their country and for all humanity by those who, in their early youth so dangled—pendulously dangled—their loutish legs in just such detestable places, so far outweighs anything done by dilettanti, pendulously dangling their loutish legs from easy chairs in any club or any university, that none—not even themselves—have ever felt the necessity of comparison.

By-the-way, how could one dangle his or her loutish legs except pendulously? I have pendulously dangled my loutish legs frequently, both from easy chairs and cracker barrels, empty or full—full cracker barrels, I mean—in large stores and small; but never, to my knowledge, have I dangled my loutish legs like a steeple, for instance, or a yardarm, or a nebular hypothesis. I must try it, sometime. Always to dangle one's loutish legs pendulously shows deplorable lack of initiative.

This saddens one. It is enough to sadden a dozen. If the net result of a college education is to have erected, by the toil of years, and possibly by the self-denial of one's father and mother—of one's paternal and maternal ancestors—a tall, giddy and tolerably useless pedestal, whereon one is to sit for the remainder of one's life in close observation of one's personal pulchritude, like an introspective bronze Buddha, then, if sending our boys to college leads to such self-loving attitude, in Heaven's name let's not send 'em! No—that would be a cowardly evasion. Foolish,

too, remembering the millions of kindly folk who remain kindly, fair-minded, considerate and just, though educated. Rather let us club together, we rough men, to endow in every school Chairs of Common Sense and of The Relative Proportion of Things—and get the best men to fill them.

The junior editor, reading this MS. as he dangles his loutish legs from the window-seat, says that I am all wrong; that the critic doesn't object to the word "mother," save as applied to dowagers, in lieu of "madame." But I maintain that there is not and never can be anything "disgusting" in any use of the word mother; that it is the noblest and sweetest word in the language. "Mother is growing old," says a man of his wife; or, to her, "Mother, how long is it since Charley Hilman went West?" So misused, the word is the final endearment.

It is even conceivable that a general—a general who protected his soldiers against embalmed meats and pasteboard shoes and their own weakness, for example—might be called "mother" by campfires; just as certain lewd fellows of the baser sort, who stood with Thomas at Chickamauga, spoke of that gallant soldier as "Pap" Thomas. You would infer, in such a case, that "mother" was a symbol of trust and affection—not of disgust or belittlement. But, if the general were called "Madam" . . . ?

"A person who addresses a physician affably as 'Doc,' and who . . . will speak of him as being 'raised' in such-and-such a place—this is the sort of person who also . . . wears a celluloid collar and eats peas with a knife."

Missed me that time! I never eat peas. But, if a man who wears celluloid collars addresses a physician affably as "Doc," what would a man who wears a flannel shirt be affably apt to call him? Sawbones, maybe. Yet the best-loved man of this generation said, as he lay dying: "Pull up the curtain, Doc; I'm afraid to go home in the dark."

"The unenlightened"—(and uncapitalized)—"person . . . may

use the expression 'Between you and I,' just as he may, if he is very benighted, say 'You was.' These slips are to be expected from those . . . who describe a housemaid as 'the girl,' which is, of course, not quite so bad as to speak of her as 'the help,' but is, nevertheless, the linguistic earmark of a class—the class that splits its infinitives and thinks that Fonetik Refawm is scholarly." This is respectfully referred to the Fonetik Refawmers, with the query whether a "help" is really a housemaid unless she wears a cap as a sort of badge of servility.

"The enlightened person may, however, speak of 'those sort of things'." Here follows a list of things that an enlightened person may say, ending with: "when very colloquial indeed, 'It is me!'" I judge that he does these permissible things himself, maybe.

"A vulgarism, '-hä-ouse-' which, when they use it in the presence of a cultivated Englishman, ranks them at once in his mind with the caddish and the ignorant." Caddishness and ignorance are one and inseparable, it seems. We had not known this.

"Persons of this sort present as pathetic a spectacle to the Enlightened as do those who, in employing the broad 'a' because it is so English, introduce it ignorantly into words where the English never use it; saying, for example, 'fawncy' for 'fancy,' in which the educated Englishman always sounds the 'a' as flatly as any Philadelphian." Philadelphia is provincial, you see. Pretty much all the United States is provincial, south and west of a given point. As you now note, that point is north of Philadelphia. My own idea is that the given point lies somewhere between Stapleton and St. George—or at the Statue of Liberty, maybe. That would be a good place to fix it. Even so, there would be many unrefined people within the pale.

"To receive a letter containing such words as 'Xmas,' 'tho,' 'photo' and 'rec'd' affects one"— It affects one very badly indeed. I spare you the unpleasant details. Such letters "are usually

written by the sort of men who sign their names in such abbreviated forms as 'Geo.,' 'Wm.,' 'Chas.,' 'Jas.' and 'Jno.'"

This is the method of Lady Grove, to quote Mr. Chesterton: "To terrify people from doing quite harmless things by telling them that if they do they are the kind of people who would do other things, equally harmless."

Let us look into this. I find, from the volume nearest at hand —and I mean by that the first and only work consulted—that of the fifty-five who pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to the Declaration of Independence, no less than thirty signed with just such atrocious and detestable contractions. That is the sort of persons they were. Jefferson signed 'Th.,' Franklin wrote it "Benja." Of the Constitution framers, the immortal Geo. did not even stop at Geo. He signed it "Go."—just like that! Seventeen of the thirty-nine followed his noxious example by other low abbreviations. One even stooped to "Dan'l."

We are reminded of the devil demanding credentials from Tomlinson—and that is another pathetic spectacle:

> "'You have read, you have heard, you
> have thought,' quoth he.
> 'God's mercy! what ha' y' *done?*'"

You see plainly, Jas., that our author was trying to impose upon us only his personal preference about "Wm." and "Chas." It is not a matter of good taste or poor taste; it is only a matter of his taste or your taste. It is not always so easy to see that such is the case as in this instance; but that is about what he aims at all along. Even when he is right, his ferocity defeats his purpose—if his purpose were indeed to better our speech, which is hereby doubted. Take this paper, for instance—which might have been the most limpid Addisonian English, had it not been —were it not—only he got me all roiled up.

Another little footprint. He says:

"I have always felt a genuine admiration for those among my correspondents who write everything out in full; as, for example, 'January the twenty-eighth,' 'Seven hundred and sixty-three, Albemarle Avenue,' and so on. There is a certain aristocratic suggestion of leisure about this sort of thing that appeals to me and that is thoroughly consistent."

You see? Nobility and gentry—that sort of thing. People of leisure, uncontaminated by work.

I don't think I am unfair to this man. This book of his—which might otherwise have been valuable—is stained throughout by like narrowness and intolerance.

Here is a bit of unconscious autobiography:

"But who among us would not be willing to spend three hours a day in dining properly *chez Voisin,* rather than to save two hours and fifty-five minutes of that time by furtively gobbling a plate of corned-beef hash in a John Street beanery?"

He spells it out in full, you notice—even John Street. There is a certain air of aristocratic leisure about this sort of thing that appeals to one—doesn't it? John Street, I gather, is a very low place indeed. People work there, possibly. Don't turn away, Wm. . . . Look me in the eye. I trust you have never furtively gobbled a plate of corned-beef hash in a Jno. St. beanery. I never have. But I will. If ever I find out where Jno. St. is—information is hereby requested—I will hie me to a beanery, pendulously dangle my loutish legs from a stool, and furtively gobble a plate of corned-beef hash. Just to preserve my self-respect. I do not like corned-beef hash.

"Very likely there are members of the American Philological Association who habitually eat peas with their knives and perhaps drink out of finger bowls; but their example will hardly result in the establishment of a new social canon."

You mustn't cross him; he was raised a pet. He does not wait

to find out your name, your station, your dwelling place or your destination—or even if you are a real person. A purely suppositious person who supposititiously fails to agree with his notions on any subject, however unimportant, is at once questioned as to motives, breeding, morals, family and color, and becomes the target for the cheap and easy satire which belittles its object less than it degrades the user; and that displays precisely so much wit as is shown withal by pressing the tip of one's thumb to the tip of one's nose and wiggling one's derisive fingers with a certain aristocratic suggestion of leisure.

He doesn't like this Philological Association. On questions of taste, he says, it is "entitled to speak with no more weight than the Ancient Order of Hibernians or the Knights of Labor." To prove it he tells this anecdote:

"Some time ago one of our most distinguished classical professors was asked why he never attended the meetings of the American Philological Association; and he replied, with an air of unutterable boredom: 'Oh, because, if I go, I shall have to meet so many persons who wear black trousers!'"

This is conclusive. We may now pass on to settle other vexed subjects.

"I used to open it and put it aside under the impression that it was a publication in the Magyar or Polish or Czechish tongue, brought out for the benefit of those interesting aliens who inhabit that portion of the country; and who, when they are not engaged in organizing strikes, amuse themselves by assassinating one another—a most laudable occupation, in which I am sure no judicious person would ever be anxious to discourage them."

It was *not* a publication in any of these tongues, mind you. That was merely his impression. He was not discussing Magyars, Poles or Czechs. He was discussing simplified spelling. But he was not one to let his light be hidden under a bushel. Accordingly he abandoned his discourse to give us his profound and

well-considered views on those aliens and upon the labor question.

And yet, Thos., there are times when I realize how this sort of person feels, and sympathize with him. There is a Spanish adjective, "bronco," meaning rough, coarse, crusty, crabbed, rude —and also hoarse, harsh to the ear. On the English tongue it becomes a noun, meaning a horse; a rough, coarse, crusty, crabbed, rude and boisterous horse—a horse of no refinement. And there is a sort of person who spells it "broncho." There are some ninety-nine millions of such persons in this country alone. Probably the secondary meaning of the word, of hoarse or harsh, deceived them. They seem to think that a bronco is a horse afflicted with bronchitis, hay fever, or phth—oh, well asthma, then. It is very annoying to me that this obstinate, unreasonable ninety-nine million will persist in this provincial and disgusting usage, instead of conforming to the New Mexican standard. I do not hesitate to infer, believe and affirm that this sort of person eats peas with his knife; wears a celluloid collar and black trousers; is guilty of perjury, piracy on the high seas, bribery and corruption; does not write out his name, date and address in full; beats the hotels and his wife; tips his glass but not the waiter; gambles, wins; quotes Mother Goose; pendulously dangles his legs and furtively gobbles a plate of corned-beef hash in a John Street beanery—and works, maybe!

If one turns one's eyes from the Astors and the little asteroids to consider carefully in what desert corner of the universe our petty provincial system wanders darkling on the dim frontier of chaos, a fleeting spark from one brief split-second of Eternity —one would hardly think it worth one's while to be such an insufferable, unmitigated, complicated and complacent ass as I am about that "bronco" word—would one? For consider, that in the worlds beyond Aldebaran and Antares they may not use the word bronco at all. Or madame, either.

The book on Words is written in a more tolerant spirit. It is fair to believe that the writer's honest purpose was to help his readers to better usage. But inherent superiority cannot be completely suppressed. It peeps out: "Abominable;" "execrable;" "ignoramus;" "no one but a low fellow will say that;" "a vulgar colloquialism befitting a clodhopper."

A clodhopper is one who hops clods—in plowing. The term seems to be a euphemism for "farmer." That he who hops a clod is necessarily a low and despicable fellow is, for many, not the least of those truths which they hold to be self-evident. I think the inference is hasty. I think that never to have hopped a clod is but a negative virtue at best. I have known men who hopped clods with nimbleness and precision, but who, nevertheless, were estimable men, who personally knew what their own thoughts and opinions were without consulting the authorities or looking in the morning paper.

His instruction is right in the main, but he slips sometimes. "View-point is the correct and elegant expression, unless we would countenance such vulgar words as washtub, cookstove and the like." He does not give us the elegant word for washtub. I wish he had supplied it. I would like to get one.

"The masses. This expression is thought by some to be as vulgar as the object it describes."

Let us pass over the implausibility of such reference to some one hundred and nine and a half millions—some say more—of our people, as "the object," or even "objects." For a question arises in our minds—if an object may be said to have a mind—whether this wholesale scorn is not at least as disrespectful to the Creator of that object, or objects, as to the object, or objects, which He created? Either this sweeping disdain is unjustified or He erred in not calling expert advice before creating this object, or objects. He might have heard of something to His advantage.

On the whole, I believe "objects" is the better word. It seems to concede to us a certain amount of personal identity.

Paste this in your hat, please. "Vulgar" means "of or pertaining to the mass or multitude of the people: common, general, ordinary, public; hence, in general use: vernacular." The evil meaning attached to the word has been forced upon it by such scornful patricians as have felt it needful systematically to advise the world that *they* were not common or ordinary. That a word or a man is vulgar is no more proof that such word or man is vile than that a vulgar fraction is vile. A vulgar man may be objectionable—but not because he is one of a multitude of people. That is not a criminal matter. It is not even a matter for sorrow. When you meet a man overgiven to the use of "vulgar," in its deprecating sense, shun him. He is a Gileadite; he will slay you. If it is not feasible to avoid him, at least let him do all the talking. Keep your mouth shut. You are safe then—unless you wear black trousers.

"He married his wife in Honolulu. Well, such a man is only fit to live on some far sea-island." Far from—er—where? I wonder. What has the place where a man lives to do with his fitness. Where is the moral Meridian of Greenwich? Honolulu is no farther away from any place whatever—*and I make no exceptions*—than any place whatever is from Honolulu. I say it deliberately; and I will maintain it with my life. I seem to have a dim remembrance of a parable wherein it is said: "I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come." But the Giver of that parable lived in a far land Himself.

Surely this is literalism gone mad. To "marry" originally meant to take a husband; true. It means to wed, now—and has meant just that any time these four centuries. There is no such thing as the "sanctity" of language: a word means what it means, not what it once meant or what it might mean. So cruelly to exile a man, or even a person, for using a word in its uni-

versally accepted sense throws a strong sidelight on the animus of the hyper-critic. True, in the strictest literal sense a man who marries a wife thereby assists her to commit bigamy. A bride is not a wife until she is married. Theoretically, a man marries a maid, widow or divorcée; in practice we may say "he marries a wife" just as we say "he takes a wife." "Thou shalt not take a wife of the daughters of Canaan." No misunderstanding results. It seems hard to be consigned to outer darkness for using a term so convenient and so unambiguous.

The *Life of Lincoln,* which we now take up, is in many respects a valuable work. Its usefulness is heavily discounted by the opening pages, which are given to indiscriminating attack upon the threefold nature of the early settlers of Illinois and Indiana. The author imputes to them the lowest motives; he puts the worst possible construction on their every act. Lincoln himself does not escape rough handling; and as for his family, they are pursued with fire and sword—no city of refuge avails them.

That the pioneers built log huts before building palaces is a shameful thing; the forest was their personal misdemeanor; the privations of the foregoer are his reproach. Decency, cleanliness, morality, truthfulness, honor, common honesty, the author denies to them, directly or by implication. Indeed, of all possible virtues he grants them only two: "an ignoble physical courage" and "a sort of bastard contempt for hardship." These are his prudent words. For myself, I think that sort of bastard contempt for hardship would do nearly as well in a pinch as a legitimate contempt for hardship, with a church register rampant tattooed on its torso. Honestly, don't you think he went out of his way to be offensive?

What sticks in his gizzard most, however, was that these men were migratory. He doesn't approve of that. He rings all the changes on this theme: "restless;" "shiftless vagrants;" "the

natural idler;" "nomads;" "rovers;" "waifs and strays from civilized communities;" "adventurers," forever "moving on." He intimates pretty strongly that they "moved on" to avoid paying their debts. He does not explain how they could have settled the West if they had stayed at home. He evidently thinks they might have been better employed. It is a pity. He blames them severely. "Wretched;" "brutal;" "squalid;" "frontier ruffians of the familiar type;" "uncouth;" "coarse;" "vulgarity;" "utter lack of barriers establishing strata of society"—these are but a few expressions culled from a dozen pages.

I want to do a little inferring now. I feel that I have a right to infer a little. My inference is that this author has lived so long among the noble oaks and the solid citizens, many of whom have never left their native parish, that he has acquired a wrong notion of this matter. I do not know his birthplace. I do not here hazard a guess. But I think I could find him if I had to.

There! I have done the man an injustice. He *does* credit these people with another virtue—a notable one. He says: "Finding life hard, they helped each other with a general kindliness which is impracticable among the complexities of elaborate social organizations."

We have noticed that. Our sort of objects seldom receive help or kindliness from really cultured people—or politeness, either. They invite us to say Shibboleth, generally. Then they slay us.

The question naturally arises: Is a stratified society that finds kindliness and helpfulness impracticable, really superior to a society in which kindliness and helpfulness are spontaneous and inevitable? (Cries of "Good!" "Good!")

"Troughs served for washtubs when washtubs were used." Exactly. It is difficult to imagine troughs serving for washtubs when washtubs were not used. That would have been a useless extravagance—as he would realize if he had ever hollowed out

a log with an adze. But perhaps he meant that they did not wash their clothes. On examination, it is likely that such was indeed his meaning. People living so far away commonly do not wash their clothes. That is well known.

"If a woman wanted a looking-glass she scoured a tin pan, but the temptation to inspect one's self must have been feeble."

I think it is your turn to infer a little while, Thos. If, speaking of these thousands of brave dead women, he could not keep his puny malice from this bitterest sneer, how much mercy do you think he showed the men? He had never seen these women; remember. And they are dead now. To be so ugly that the temptation to inspect one's self was feeble—and one a woman, mind you!—that is abnormal. It crushes one. Desecration can no further go.

They were our grandmothers, Thos; we hold that they were brave and pure and fair; their sons saved this nation. Let no one dream that we are gratified at this wanton insult. We will not say his grandam was but withered. It would not be the speech of a gentleman. And we do not know. Let us confine ourselves to the facts and to the living. We will say of him that he is the sort of person who would say that sort of thing. That squares it up, I fancy.

For myself, I deem and say that this stock was as good as any that ever came over in the Mayflower, loaded mast-high with Chippendale and Sheraton—well, furniture, anyhow. Maybe it was Cloisonné and Valenciennes. I don't really know about furniture. Chippendale and Sheraton are lovely words, so I used them.

The trouble with this sort of people is that they are that sort of people. They are puffed up with vainglory and presumption. A little astonished at themselves, too. They ignore the fact that language is a tool, made by those who use it—made by that use—and that it changes.

They make no allowance for the growth of idiom, or for the modifications of a living tongue. Language is changed by modifying—never otherwise. Like other man-made instruments, language was at first more complicated than was needful. We have outgrown most of the cumbrous and clumsy inflections now; we are simplifying the spelling in our slow, easy-going way, and have been simplifying it for centuries; I think we shall simplify our pronunciation in time.

The Greeks, when two letters came together in a word to make an ugly sound, systematically changed or dropped one of them to make a smooth and flowing sound. They had a beautiful and sonorous word for this euphonic process, too. I wish I could remember it. It is a bully word. Never mind—we are going to do the same thing. We are doing it. The dictionaries haven't caught up with us yet—that's all.

Cultured people give the words oil, noise and boy, as ô-ĭl, nô-ĭse and bô-ĭ, with a fur-lined mouth and the accent on the first sound —not exactly in two syllables, but, say, a syllable and a half; ice, mine and by are rendered ä-e̊e̊ce, mä-e̊e̊ne, bä-e̊é, with a pinched nose; the more carefully sheltered of them pronounce out, bound and now as thus: ä-o͞ot, bä-o͞o-nd, nä-o͞o, with the lips closed—accent as above.

I think these elaborate pronunciations will die out after a while—not because they are not proper but because it is not convenient to frame to utter them. The last has now but few devoted adherents.

The next to go, as I judge, will be the Norman "u"—except as an initial sound and in some of the easier combinations. We can all pronounce "amusing" rightly enough. Lute, except as "loot," is too hard for us. This is a relic of the attempt to foist Norman-French upon England. The old aristocratic flavor still clings to it. Duke, lute, new, as di-ook, li-oot, ni-oow, serve as social insignia, verbal strawberry leaves. But the most enthusiastic

practitioners of this admirable sound find it a difficult accomplishment. It will have to go, I think. We, the Ephraimites, the masses, the bourgeoisie, *hoi polloi,* the plebeians—the workers, in fact—desire it. We cannot frame to utter these distinguished words.—Good word that, bourgeoisie—eh? A bit difficult to frame it, however. A bourgeois, I gather, is one who supports himself by his own exertions and doesn't put on airs.

When a person approaches you with one of these linguistic feats, observe him closely. If he is pale, breathless, astonished, shun him. It is fair to say that many excellent people use any or all of these sounds—naturally, unconsciously and without consternation. This warning—and these comments—are not for them.

Fictionists will lose a valuable asset when the Norman "u" sound is abandoned. It is an old standby. You seldom read a story by a young writer without hitting upon "literachoor" or "literatoor." The thing interests him and he has but lately learned how one in his station in life should pronounce the word. "Brootal," too. Brootal seldom fails to win a smile. "Noo York" is another mirthmaker. And there is unfailing merriment in "calling" the midday meal "dinner."

Some novelists and story-tellers are offensive in their dialect writing. Others use precisely the same phonetics without hurting any one. It depends upon the spirit in which the spelling is done. If the context is marked by haughty superiority, pride, disdain, arrogance and contempt, it is probable that no kindness is meant by the dialect. James Whitcomb Riley has grieved no Indiana heart by his loving mockery.

(Just a word of digression, boys and girls of literatoor: When your illiterate writes a letter, and you print it in your text, please do not permit him to keep up that dialect in that letter with a proper apostrophe in each fitting place. It isn't consistent; it isn't sensible; it isn't artistic. It is a blemish. We've all seen this

done—too often. Manage to have him misspell without his own knowledge of it—surreptitiously, as it were.)

We'll skip three or four French and German sounds, produced by holding the vocal organs rigidly in position for the sound of one letter and then trying to give the sound of some other letter—not any other letter, you understand; some particular letter. The resultant disaster will be the required sound—perhaps. Let us hurry on.

There are place-Shibboleths over which there is much ink shed. Such a word is "gallery." Why is "gallery" taboo? It is of good and direct lineage, French and Spanish; brought here by French and Spanish settlers in Louisiana. Why are porch, portico, piazza and the Dutch "stoop" admitted, while "gallery" is so rigorously barred? Answer: It is the "favor of makers." It is because New Orleans has produced few lexicographers.

One more, and we are done. "Creek" is, I believe, pronounced "creak" in lexicographer-land. I am entirely willing to pronounce it that way. Most of our millions, however, pronounce it "crik." That does not prove that this is a better way to pronounce it; it only proves that it is pronounced that way. Also, that it will probably continue to be pronounced that way. "Been" was once pronounced "bean." It is not, now. Why? Because the dictionaries changed? I rede you, Nay. The dictionaries changed, for that a perverse and stiff-necked generation provincially pronounced it "bin"—because they wanted to, maybe; or perhaps it is a little easier to say. That is a way dictionaries have. A dictionary does not create; it records. It is not a master; it is a tool. When we seriously decide that we want to have a tool changed, we change that tool.

So let us not be unduly hurt or angered by these continual little slurs and slings at our manners and our hopes and our people, Thos. To-night, as we furtively gobble our plates of corned-beef hash, let us laugh over it. We have had our little say;

we are just a trifle sheepish over our own blatant vindictiveness—a little ashamed of the childish perversity with which we cling to our sins.

We can afford to smile. The future is ours—yes, and the present, too. "The real language of a people is the spoken word, not the written." We can forgive even the Gileadite, if he will only show a little respect for helpless age and for the dead. For us—the living—let him scold. Poor fellow, he is beaten. He is conscious, too, that his class has never done that part of the world's work for which it has been fitted by its splendid opportunities. His class has been too much engrossed hitherto. But I think it will do its part, and do it nobly, sometime. I think that time is drawing near. Heaven speed the day!

Have I any "constructive program"? I have; a simple one—not, I think, unreasonable; but it is not new. When pointing out to us our verbal faults, our teachers are under no bond to make and publish morose inferences as to our complexion, age, clothes, weight, height, disposition or ultimate destination. In noteworthy books dealing with the subject—and they are needed, for our errors are *not* right and our deficiencies are *not* accomplishments—you may find such phrases as these: This term is better than that one; This word is incorrect; That is not the preferred usage; Avoid this error. And for more emphasis: This blunder is only too common, but it cannot be justified; This usage is indefensible—care should be taken to avoid it. The authors of such books make no mention of our vices, our sins, our crimes, our bad manners or our clothes—judging, possibly, that we are sufficiently informed on those subjects. They confine themselves to the use or misuse of words and leave us to adjust those other matters with our God and our tailor.

COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS

The personal essay is so unlike most expository writing that its appearance as a category of that type of writing may need justification. But a little consideration will show that this apparently extravagant and wandering species is fundamentally an attempt at explaining whatever may be the subject in hand. The exact topic may be less definitely manifested; there may be no attempt at complete analysis; there may be a more informal and discursive treatment; there may be less direct attempt at imparting information. Nevertheless at the end of a personal essay we know just how the writer felt toward his subject, and perhaps we have had this attitude even more definitely revealed to us than through exposition in its soberer moods.

Writing informal essays comes as a delight amid exercise upon the sterner and more rigidly constructed kinds of exposition. It gives an opportunity to express ideas and opinions on a host of interesting topics and in a style very individual and sometimes quite unconventional. The one unpardonable sin in a personal essay is to fail to be interesting and readable; much that is unorthodox and even heretical by the strict canons of rhetoric will be accepted provided the general effect can be called interesting and readable.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

1. Attempt an informal essay, using one of the foregoing as a pattern. Try to keep the structure of the essay unobtrusive, but do not allow the writing to be too discursive. Avoid a serious, ponderous tone to your discussion. Remember that the essay is properly, in the words of Henley, "conversational literature." At the same time have regard to the perils of colloquialism and do not overdo the colloquial manner and spirit.

Suggested topics are: (1) The Tyranny of Punctuality; (2) An Apology for Bores; (3) On Being Ungrammatical; (4) The Futility of Getting Down to Brass Tacks; (5) The Pleasure of Selfishness; (6) Country Hotels; (7) Traveling by Motor-car; (8) The Joys of

Hunting; (9) My Pet Extravagance; (10) The Upper Berth; (11) First Names I Hate; (12) On Contemporary Dancing; (13) College Convocations; (14) On Horn-rimmed Glasses; (15) Individuality Revealed in Neckties; (16) On Giving up Seats to Ladies; (17) The Rigors of Shaving.

PART THREE

EXPOSITIONS OF MODERN VIEWPOINTS

THE MODERN COLLEGIAN

OUR SERIO-COMIC UNDERGRADUATES[1]

George R. MacMinn

To the taxpayer, and the tuition payer, and the contributor to endowment funds, the problems of college teaching ought to be as interesting as to the teachers themselves. The beautiful simplicity of the process by which Dr. Johnson learned Latin is a lost boon. "My master whipped me very well. Without that, sir, I should have done nothing." In the main the temper of the present time is too liberal for any such severity. A gentle birching of a sort, perhaps, now and then, but no raising of welts. We esteem an ounce of cajolery to be worth a pound of coercion. We appreciate the irony in the Earl of Chatham's "Atrocious crime of being a young man." Where co-education rules we especially count it no crime for one to be a young woman.

Nevertheless there is current a good deal of complaint to the effect that our college boys and girls or, as they insist on being called, men and women, are allowed to be too frivolous, too ignorant, too learned in the Index Librorum Prohibitorum. When these gay young people attain the present age of their parents, they may sigh as heavily as Dr. Johnson, who, at fifty, confessed to the "sad but true" reflection that he had known almost as much at eighteen as he did then. But they certainly cannot agree with him that "human life is everywhere a state in which much is to be endured, and little to be enjoyed." There are still a few old-fashioned parents who fancy that the modern

[1] From the *North American Review*. Reprinted by permission.

porches of learning have become generally front porches, with swings and easy chairs; they fancy there is some need of wood-chopping in the back yard, some honest labor in the kitchen.

If our undergraduates deserve the charges preferred against them, it is undoubtedly a grave matter. There are so many of these ignorant young people who are having a good time! It is only a few years since you could hope for a quite satisfactorily ear-stunning body of rooters at the games from an enrollment of a paltry two or three thousand. But now—well, there is an epidemic of stadium building upon us, and yet even so it looks as if by the time our younger children are ready for college the age of super-stadia must have begun.

At one university the incoming class recently was so large that the sophomores, in pursuit of their time-honored duty of persecuting their inferiors, offered the small boys of the neighborhood a bounty of ten cents on every freshman apprehended.

A caustic type of professor blandly points out that college problems would be greatly simplified if there were no students. It is notorious that many scholars are niggardly of the time and attention demanded by mere undergraduates. Let the small fry, the instructors and assistants, take care of the chores; the productive scholar must be a free man. A certain distinguished professor, author of "important" books, once even went so far as to observe, indignantly, contemptuously, indelicately, that teaching undergraduates was like teaching children how to take care of their own noses.

It is fatuous to generalize disparagingly in all things about college students. Take for example a class in English literature at an institute of technology. The professor is reading aloud from *Othello,* sinking himself as dramatically as he can in each character, doing his best to stir an audience of young men who, though not actively resistant, are yet somewhat skeptical in their response. There is nothing torpid about that one fellow down in

the middle of the room. He hangs on every word. Apparently the terrible beauty of the story has transported him. His face is knotted with a "wild surmise." At last he can contain his anxiety no longer. The reader has paused for breath; and suddenly the student cries out: "Was this guy BLACK?" Who shall say that here is not a first sprout of that virtue-laden plant which we call intellectual curiosity?

Another student surreptitiously brings to the literature class a gopher snake, with which he quite successfully diverts himself and his neighbors in defiance of all literary lures. But a third is detected, some hours after his mind has sustained the impacts of poetic frenzy, furtively creeping from the library with an Æschylus under his coat. He dreads the contumely that his fellows will inflict upon any one who flirts openly with the "highbrow stuff," but an idea has got hold of him and perhaps he can sneak it through. He will be lucky if his roommate is this fourth man, who has just read Hardy's *Tess* twice over.

The Hardyite is late in submitting his written report because, forsooth, at the first reading (as he finally blurts out) he "could not stand the ending—it was too awful a thing to happen!" With the second reading he has drawn an elaborate outline of the plot to convince himself of the story's irrefutable logic.

In some ways almost all undergraduates are alike. They are practically unanimous in their worship of athletes, and in their jealous observance of college customs. As for the enemies of frenzied athletics, they were surely given their *coup de grâce* not long ago in the establishment (according to credible report), at one of the great state universities, of a course in football, for credit, and open to all students without distinction of sex.

Towards college customs the general attitude is one of reverent watch and ward. A single example will suffice. The student (or member of the faculty, whether alumnus or not) who does not spring to his feet—and if the occasion demands, uncover,—and

sing (or at least convincingly make the labial motions of singing) whenever the strains of the college or university hymn strike the air, might just as well go forthwith and hang himself,—unless he can brook the suspicion and open condemnation of the undergraduate. A fine fury, beautifully restrained, must have burned in a certain famous professor, one of the noblest of men and most loyal, a great scholar and a brilliant lecturer, when, just as he attained, perhaps, the climax of his hour, his students, heedless of his winged words, would rise with punctilious solemnity and stand with owlish gravity at attention, for the reason that the chimes in the campus tower had broken out with the sacred song of Alma Mater.

The seriousness, however, with which the undergraduate takes athletics and college customs is only one phase of a larger consideration. If we elders, whatever the degree of our own ignorance, are to be critical of academic youth, if we must try to cover our own nakedness by compelling the new generation to eat of the Tree of Knowledge, then we must ask what we send these boys and girls to college for, and must endeavor to be at once merciful and just in estimating the success of the enterprise.

Sectarian institutions in the nature of things make a great point of character building; State institutions allow that element of education to take care of itself. In any case it is largely a by-product of the academic process. The student himself very often looks after the matter, quite unconsciously, by the simple practice of earning the whole or a part of his way through. Amazing are the kinds of talent, the ingenuity, daring, energy, and pluck shown in this busy life outside of studies, dances, dramatics, athletics, and what not. One man poses for the head and figure at an exclusive studio; another is an expert cook, and a marvel at pastries; another manufactures toys; another draws cartoons for an advertising agency. A student who is clever enough may recuperate his financial health by playing chess on wagers against

"addicts" at a wealthy club. Many a man, and sometimes even a "co-ed," will carry on outside work without being obliged by circumstances to do so at all. For good or ill, this is certainly one of the student's chief ways of making his character.

Another way lies in the functions of student government. College democracy is rather more preached and prated about than strictly practiced; but it is generally a vital reality in the self-government upon which undergraduate bodies now universally insist. An amusing and probably harmless simulation of politics—a kind of satirical play upon the errors, follies, and iniquities of popular government—enters into this phase of college life. But when it comes to the arraignment and punishment of offenders against the honor system or any other serious form of undergraduate law, the boys and girls evince a soberness and a sternness that sometimes lead them to almost cruel lengths.

The question of culture must give us painful pause. Our serio-comic undergraduates may be achieving something in the way of character, and they are surely having a good time. But are they getting any of that culture which a Princeton professor has described as "what is left when you've forgotten all you ever learned"? President Butler has specified the first three evidences of education (1) a correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue, (2) refined and gentle manners, and (3) the habit of reflection. Consider the lamentable case of one representative college man. At the end of a strenuous year this quite respectable student remorsefully declared that his vocabulary consisted of fewer than a hundred words. "And twenty-three of those," he added, "are profane." In the large, the undergraduate cannot allow the English language to diminish his freedom. A student will sweat as much blood as he must to pass his courses in English. Once happily escaped, however, from these confines, he flings to the sportive winds what, willy-nilly, he has gained;

thenceforward he massacres the innocents of grammar, spelling, and the rest with bold, exultant hand. For this villainy he compensates (but scarcely atones) by creating, inventing, manufacturing, new broods of words and usages, his own peculiar lingo, of sound and fancy passing rich and strange.

Manners are like unto written and oral speech. At some institutions there is, for example, a disposition on the part of the undergraduate male to clothe himself in the oldest and messiest, the most vagabondish garb available. This fashion may be so sedulously affected as to take on the propriety of a virtue itself. One day a certain student, on the occasion of his having to make a report in class, astonished both his classmates and his instructor by appearing, for the first time, in stiff collar and tie, clean-shaven, and generally quite decent and "spruce." But at the end of the hour he made a point of apologizing to the teacher for being "dressed up"! An eloquent inconsistency, however, prevails in co-educational institutions, for an Oriental princess or a movie queen could hardly be more ravishingly arrayed than is many a "woman student," particularly if freshman or sophomore.

Another phase of college manners appears in relations between students and faculty. Some twenty years ago there still survived at one of the New England colleges, for example, three or four venerable professors who enjoyed the honor of being differentiated as "Pop." The appellation was an expression of reverence, with that touch of humorous subtraction in it which is the privilege of youth in its irrepressible mockery of age. There was hardly a man in college who did not doff his cap whenever he met on the campus one of these feared, and loved, and deeply respected teachers. It is true that a hurdy-gurdy man was hired to grind his instrument just outside the door of "Pop" Packard's zoölogy lecture-room; true also that the perpetrators of this and other crimes were ready to weep when news came of the old professor's death.

Veneration is a rare attribute nowadays. Familiarity, intimacy, even an unembarrassed approach to chumminess, are not uncommon in the behavior of the undergraduate towards certain instructors. Worst of all but most amusing is that practice of "vamping the prof," sternly and sincerely condemned by the leaders among women students, but carried on, nevertheless, by some of the more reckless of Eve's daughters. And alas! not every instructor is as incorruptible as one handsome, athletic young man who comes to mind. This estimable instructor suspected a lively young woman in his class of trying to flirt her way through the course. In order to put a stop to such roguery he requested her, one day, to remain at the end of the hour, he being determined to administer a crushing rebuke. The damsel remained, smilingly expectant of recognition for her charms. For several minutes the instructor ignored her; then, as if suddenly aware of her presence, and as if unable immediately to identify her, he asked sharply: "What is your name?" The young woman swayed languishingly towards the desk, and in her sweetest and demurest tone, replied, "Genevieve!"

There is nothing fundamentally wrong with our unmannerly undergraduate, and he is certainly one of the most vital creatures on earth. What Holmes said so aptly of Agassiz could fairly be said of many an undergraduate: "I cannot help thinking what a feast the cannibals would have if they boiled him." At any rate he is wont to make a fine assumption of physical indestructibility. Here is a representative fellow quite normally and pleasantly making his way across the campus of his New England college on a blustery winter day. He is clad scantily, according to the approved manner—low shoes, no waistcoat, no hat. Presently he happens to encounter one of his most venerable professors, a man who has suffered cruelly for years from asthma. The professor puts his two hands on the student's shoulders, wags his head apprehensively, and gasps out: "Young man, do

you think all your friends will have time to come to your funeral?"

What, then, of that habit of reflection which President Butler demands? The indictment made of the student characteristic of our place and time by Professor Perry of Harvard is this: "We don't want to learn, we want to be taught; we don't want to find out, we want to be shown." Lectures are much less formidable than laboratories. The fault belongs to easy-going, uncritical democracy, whether inside of college or outside. But does the undergraduate never think? Is free intelligence the last utensil or ornament or even plaything that he cares about acquiring?

There is a line in one of the neglected poets, "He whistled as he went, for want of thought," that might seem to many a professor in his hours of defeat to express the significance of the happy-go-lucky sophomore, say, who remains blithely "impervious to the infiltration of ideals." The student's mind may sometimes be like a soap bubble in that it catches light and takes on color; it is like it also in its quick collapse.

As a matter of fact these healthy, hearty, clever young people are singularly fond of simulating an indifference and an ignorance which cannot truly be charged against them. Many of them in spirit are like the superb loafer who, on his class day night, surcharged with emotion, weeps at having only one thing to be ashamed of in his college career, namely, his having "made" the honor society, Phi Beta Kappa! The typical undergraduate has a strong distaste for the medal. But that is far from saying that he is, or is willing to be accounted, a dunderhead.

Everybody knows that there are wide differences among the members of any college faculty in their ability to lead, coax, decoy, or drive their students up the hill of learning. Some teachers have a kind of radio-active capacity for emitting gamma as well

as alpha and beta rays. They can penetrate almost any wall of mental or other resistance. There is a kind of professor who is like the positive nucleus in the atom. His class is the atom, its members are the negative electrons thereof, and he keeps them whirling about him by the very law that unlike electricities attract. It frequently happens that a student will "get" education in something like the same sense in which a person is said to "get" religion. The meaning of it suddenly invades him, carries him away. He is "converted." All the devils are cast out; he is a new man.

There are those who hold efficiency and information to be the third and the last of the objects of a college education. Students themselves are likely to put these ends first. The undergraduate normally attains a quite remarkable efficiency and a quite dumbfounding quantity of information in peculiarly such matters as lie outside the immediate range of his studies. He will know very nearly all that can be known about an automobile, or about radio, or even, perhaps, about H. G. Wells. He may be editor of the literary monthly in college and an expert motor truck driver in vacations. Unless he really knows something and can really do something having little or no connection with his studies, he is a "poor prune." It is, however, a distressing fact that the undergraduate is often unwise, unlucky, unsuccessful in his choice of the course of study that will make the happiest and most useful man out of him. The reader may have seen George Morrow's picture of the Consternation of Sir Aubrey. At just the crucial moment when over the cliff there rises the three-headed dragon, Sir Aubrey becomes aware that his Dragon-Slayer's Handbook treats only of dragons with one head. The young college graduate is likely to find himself in a similarly parlous situation. And further to complicate matters, the experts bid us think of at least six things at once: remuneration, safety, healthfulness, personal suitability, social standing, ad-

vancement. Now, can we expect all that from all of our teeming thousands of lusty undergraduates?

Still, some philosophers maintain that the general welfare of an individual depends largely on his "ability to bounce in an unpredictable direction." Certainly our undergraduate acquires something of that ability. After all, it is not so much the "cinch" course that he seeks nowadays; it is the course with a "kick" in it. One student of engineering recently read Gibbon during a vacation, and enjoyed it. The undergraduate may sometimes seem to have his eye only on a lemon-colored, low-slung, racy roadster. But at least he knows how to drive. He is serio-comic. Whether he be a Yale man or not, "Light and Truth" may yet be his motto.

NOT IN THE CURRICULUM[1]

Thomas Arkle Clark

When Peterson came to college it was his intention to study engineering. He had studied the catalogue, he knew the curriculum thoroughly, and he was sure that he would enjoy the work.

Peterson had lived all his life on a farm near an insignificant country village in Illinois. His parents were prosperous Scandinavians, but practical, illiterate, without social experience. Their idea of an education was that it consisted in the acquiring of facts and information which would help in the earning of money. They had entire faith in the curriculum, though they did not quite understand what that word meant.

Peterson's high school, like Touchstone's wife, was "a poor thing." It did not prepare him well for college, so that he was required to take the entrance examinations; but the boy had brains, whatever else he might have been lacking. He was ill-

[1] From the *DeMolay Councilor*. Reprinted by permission.

dressed, shy, awkward, unfamiliar with social conventions, but he was ambitious, he was alert, he kept his eyes open, and he saw to it that he passed his studies with credit.

Before long people began to notice a change in Peterson. His clothes fit him and he looked well in them; he joined a literary society and learned to speak easily and simply and to the point. He watched the tennis players for a time and then decided that maybe he could play the game, and proved ultimately that he could with no little skill. A good many distinguished people came to the campus and whenever there was a concert or noted speaker or actor in the auditorium, Peterson was likely to be there, listening with interest and pleasure.

We had him to dinner occasionally, for I was familiar with the country community from which he came, but he managed himself well. If he were in doubt, he kept behind the game a little, he watched the hostess, he made no breaks. He was tremendously interested in my books and would take them from the shelves and look through them curiously. He had read little, of course—he had had no opportunity to do otherwise.

"Do you suppose I would be interested in these?" he asked me one Sunday as he was handling a volume of Stevenson.

"I'm sure of it," I replied. "Take it home to-night and try it."

"I believe I will," he said, and he did.

He became an omnivorous reader over a wide range of subjects, and spent a good deal of his leisure time, of which most students have more than they think, with a book in his hand—not a textbook, I mean, but a book that gave him pleasure and recreation.

He developed friends pretty widely, and before he got out of college he was something of a campus politician. He learned how to get on with people, how to win over the hesitant, how to placate the malcontent; he was, in fact, rather a popular man, and besides he had all the time been doing well in engineering.

Peterson has been a very successful engineer. He has gotten ahead rapidly; he has developed friends to an amazing extent. He has poise, he has refinement, he has social finesse, he has a remarkable sympathy for people and an understanding of them. He enjoys things—music, books, athletics, people—and much of the strength and force of his character he got, I am convinced, not in the curriculum. He spent his leisure time wisely, he got into things, he was interested in the activities of college, as well as in his studies, and he profited immeasurably by this means.

No one believes more strongly than I do that a man should go to college to do his college work—to make a creditable record in the subjects that are down in the curriculum. If he does not do this he is missing the main thing for which colleges exist, but the man who does *only* this is missing almost half of what college should mean to him.

It can easily be shown that the man who does well in his college studies is likely to do equally well in whatever he undertakes when he gets out of college. That point need not be argued or enlarged upon.

There are those who hold—many students do—that the man who does well in his studies, or at least the man who attains any distinction in his undergraduate work, has no time for anything else. Nothing is farther from the truth. If a man is not trying to earn his living while going to college, he has almost half of his available time free to do as he pleases, to go into other activities than his regular work required by the curriculum. One has only to keep a strict account for a week as to how the twenty-four hours of the day are employed to reach this conclusion.

What should a man get in college that is not in the curriculum?

Every man in college should learn independence, initiative, self-reliance. He should be able to get to bed at night and to get

up in the morning without an alarm clock; to get himself out of the holes into which he may inadvertently stumble. He should learn to take care of himself.

Every year I come into contact with parents who are planning to move to the college community in which I live in order that they may be near their sons and look after them and take care of them while they are in college. Or, I talk to mothers who want their sons to go to college nearby so that they can spend their week-ends with the home folks. They can make no greater mistake. One of the most important things a boy can get in college is the ability to take care of himself, to stand on his own feet, to rub his own bruises when he runs up against difficulties and skins his intellectual shins. The parent who takes away from a young fellow this privilege is doing him an injury. Every boy should, if possible, go away from home to college.

Drummond came in to see me one day last fall. Drummond is an only child; he has always had his own room and his own way and he has never been teased. At his lodging place the boys have "ragged" him a good deal, and when they see that he does not take it pleasantly, they do it even more enthusiastically. He has not yet learned to get on with people, to give as good as he gets, and if he is to succeed in life he must learn these things—but he is not likely to get it from the curriculum.

I gave him a few directions, I suggested that he try some experiments of his own on the fellows, and he came back in a few weeks quite happy. He was learning the trick and it pleased him.

I have a young friend of nearly eighty who amazes me with his athletic accomplishments. He has a strong, straight body and a young face and a clear complexion in spite of his age.

"How do you do it?" I ask him sometimes.

"I learned it in college," he admits, "and got so interested in the games I played that I've never been able to break away

from them. They have kept me healthy and slender and youthful in feeling."

"But I don't have time," I said.

"That's the way I used to argue sometimes," he answered, "but I liked exercise too well, it gave me pleasure to be in the open air and to beat the other man, so I've kept at it, and here I am." He looked almost like a boy.

Everyone should find time in college for regular exercise out of doors, and if he learns to take long hikes or to play tennis or golf or to swim or ride horseback, the practice will stick to him until old age comes on, and old age will be a much longer time in coming than otherwise. We can all find time usually, for whatever we really want to do—even for going to church, perhaps.

"If you were going back to college again," I asked a successful business man of my acquaintance not long ago, "what would you do that you did not do as an undergraduate?"

"I should learn to speak on my feet," he replied. "I have always been shy; my tongue sticks when I try to talk, like a badly working gear-shift in an automobile, and I can seldom say what I have in mind to say. In college I evaded any opportunity to talk, in my fraternity, in the various societies to which I belonged, in any public discussion which came up, and to-day I'm paying the penalty. I have many opportunities to talk and I'd like to do it, but I'm too old to learn easily."

And yet any young fellow in college can learn to speak easily and correctly if he will, and get the training very well even though not in the curriculum.

I knew everyone by name when I was in college. I had been in a journalism competition that brought me into contact with every undergraduate. I had gone in for politics and managed a campaign for a friend. I'd run for office myself—and won of course, or I shouldn't tell it—and as I now look back

upon my college career there is nothing outside of the course itself from which I derived so much benefit. I learned something of how to approach people, I got into the habit of calling people by name, and of running the name down if I did not know it or if it had eluded me. The habit still clings to me and is to me a great business asset, and a great pleasure besides. Politics taught me to understand all sorts of people better, to sympathize with them, to get on with them, and to win them over to my own way of thinking.

"What do you count most worth while that you got in college, omitting your studies, of course?" I asked a young fellow not long ago who had been graduated ten years or so.

"Friends," he replied. "There is no one else in the world who can take the place of the friends I made at college. It was Paul Weston who got me started in Cleveland when I thought I didn't know a soul in the city; it was Mark Dayton who found me when I was sick in Chicago, and who stood by me and pulled me through and put me on my feet again. Everywhere I have gone, everything I have done has brought me into contact with my old college friends. I owe everything to them. One can't have too many, and the fellow who doesn't cultivate friends when he is in college doesn't know how much he is missing in the years that are to follow."

College offers the greatest opportunity in the world for making friends, for developing ideals, for cultivating a healthy body, for learning moral and physical control. There is no other place where one can come so close to a great variety of people and learn to know and understand them. The social and political life, the activities of college are valuable—only slightly less valuable than the mental training which comes from a serious attention to the curriculum and the man who fails to recognize this fact early in his college course is making a serious mistake.

There was no one in the freshman class who seemed to have

more possibilities than McRonalds. It is true that he was somewhat limited as to means, but many students have not found this a serious handicap. He had a strong, healthy physique, and an alert mind. He could easily have been a leader. He had great possibilities in athletics, but he had no interest excepting in his college work. He wanted to be an engineer, and that satisfied him.

During his college course he was elected to certain societies, but he never went to them. He was never inside the library and never read a book excepting those assigned in his courses. He had little interest in social affairs and when in society was awkward, ill at ease, a bull in a china shop. He never attended a lecture, never heard a concert, never saw any of the distinguished people who came to the campus, and took on none of the customs of college. He was careless in his speech, coarse in his manners, a kind of intellectual rough-neck.

He came into my office just before graduation on some trifling business. He had no finesse, his hands were ill-kept, his clothes were soiled and untidy, he looked as self-conscious and crude as when he came from the country high school. He had done his college work well and yet he had gotten very little out of college —nothing in fact not in the curriculum.

THE ORGANIZATION COMPLEX IN OUR COLLEGES [1]

Ruth Steele Brooks

Most of us who have thought at all about the subject will probably agree that the colleges and universities are reflections in miniature of the tendencies and influences manifest in society at large. This is but natural, I take it, for the young are always

[1] From *Scribner's Magazine.* Reprinted by permission.

imitative. But many of these tendencies seem less compatible with life inside college than with life outside. At the moment, I am thinking particularly of the tendency to "organize," to "do team work," to "pull together" for community-this and community-that, for a thousand different purposes, and frequently for no accomplishable purpose at all. We have all had illustrations among our acquaintances, if happily not within our own family, of the victims (is that too strong a word?) of this passion for organizing, for joining, for working in groups. We know the result—hurried, nervous creatures from whom all leisure, and in most cases all desire for it, has departed; whose time is filled with endless meetings where the chief accomplishment is endless talk. The value of the individual *per se* is lost sight of in the hue and cry of the modern watchwords "organization" and "coöperation."

When this ideal is absorbed, as has been happening now for the past ten years, by those who are still in the "formative" period in the colleges and universities, what is the result? A futile scattering of effort and a loss of the realization of one of the great purposes of a college education. It is one of the chief reasons, to my mind, for the complaint of professors everywhere that the students do not read; that they do nothing beyond the definite assignment of the day's lesson (lucky, if *that* is done). All leisure is lost to them, just as it is to the man or woman outside college who goes in for organization to excess—a dangerous form of intemperance for which, as yet, no Volstead act has been contrived! Intellectual curiosity, that small but precious plant, which requires such care and plenty of light, has been starved in the shade of its hardier, coarser rivals, which belong to the genus "campus activities."

It is generally conceded that one cannot lead a comparatively cultivated existence, a liberal existence, with any emphasis on the intellectual side, without some degree of leisure and the

capacity for an inner repose. Now, if what we are constantly having dinned into our ears be *true,* that "college is training for life," then, above all things, it should foster the desire for leisure and the quiet enjoyment of it. There may be a smile at my recommending that the desire for leisure be encouraged among the college students of to-day! I do not mean a lessening of lectures and class work so that there may be more time for the movies! That is not the leisure I speak of. Perhaps it would be more accurate to recommend a better use of the free time which is left, over and above lessons and their getting.

Preparation for life, to be effective, must supply armor against the present-day demons of confusion, haste, and noise. If, instead, the college merely gives us exercises in the speeding-up process, or, to use a baseball phrase, if we are only being "warmed up" while in college so that we may be fast enough to keep up with the pace set by the players who are already in the game, then it is a failure. That facility can soon be acquired after graduation; the desire for leisure, and its good use, in all probability will never be had at all if a liking for it is not instilled in the college years. It is the one unfailing method of providing insurance against boredom and against an old age whose only solace is work or a restless going about.

In all colleges, or practically all, the amount of work which may be carried by any student is limited, with possible permission to carry extra courses if the quality of his work justifies it. This is to save the student from himself, so to speak; from his lack of judgment due to inexperience; from an overzeal and enthusiasm, and from failure to realize his limitations. This method assures to him the proper amount of time, or rather the amount of time which the average student needs, for his studies. It prevents him from becoming a dabbler, from enrolling in many courses and doing none well. The purpose of this restriction of studies is entirely beneficent. Yet there is no limit of any kind

to the "extras" which he may indulge in outside the classroom. I am not including, understand, sports and amusements; they are a necessity; but the purely routine demands of organizations so numerous as to be absurd, and which are increasing in number rapidly year by year in every institution.

I speak from the experience of some years in a state university (four as an undergraduate and the remainder in close touch with campus life), and with briefer periods here and there at other institutions, large and small. The conditions are much the same everywhere; it is only a question of degree. In fact, when one gets a close-up view of most colleges to-day, one feels that if lectures and assignments were all, life would indeed be simple. It is characteristic of the age, I suppose, this love of meetings, and it is folly to expect students to be free from it. Often the greater part of the student's day, aside from classes, is spent in some sort of meetings, or in preparing for them; meetings of departmental clubs, with programs and papers and refreshments (somebody must make arrangements for each of these different things) or committee meetings over student government, to mention but two possibilities. The students rush from one to another. I have often seen them gathering for committee meetings, where one or two members were late. Instantly out would come a book, and perhaps two or three pages of history be read, or an irregular verb learned before the delinquents appeared. It might be argued, I suppose, that it teaches good use of the odd moments!

The point is: everything must have its organization, our religion, our politics, our hobbies, our departments of study—every branch of our college existence, mental and physical, must be coördinated and shared with any who chance to bear the same label. To be specific, there are departmental clubs for almost every department in the college. Theoretically they are for those who are majoring in the subject or those particularly interested.

If it were possible to belong to but *one* of these, the problem would be simpler. But being an English major, you must, of course, be a member of the English Club. It happens that you are taking home economics, too, so you are probably asked to join the Home Economics Club, and so on. Now I would be the last to argue for the limiting of students' interests, but the problem resolves itself into the old formula, "Jack of all trades and master of none." It produces what we hear so frequently and rightly condemned, *smatterers*. The mere belonging to a large number of societies becomes an end in itself—if only to have the reputation for popularity which it seems to imply, and an imposing list after one's name in the senior book.

Besides the departmental clubs there are all the so-called honorary Greek-letter organizations (I do not refer, of course, to such societies as Phi Beta Kappa or Sigma Xi), honorary journalism, honorary dramatics, honorary education, and honorary aquatics, to name but a few. Why honorary it is hard to guess.

The list of campus organizations in the average college or university is a lengthy affair! First of all in importance, so far as making demands on the time of the members, are the fraternities and sororities, which are to be found in the greater number of educational institutions. They are the source of many pleasant friendships. They *do* swallow up a tremendous amount of time. (I speak from experience.) These have increased so greatly in numbers of late years that it is all but impossible to keep track of them. One phase of their development is, I think, to be regretted. They are beginning now to organize along racial and religious lines—some societies taking only Catholics and some only Jews. A few years ago such a thing was unheard of. Not content with the regular fraternities and sororities, there must needs be numerous inter-fraternity groups to "further good-fellowship." Then, too, we have, of recent years, branches of

the Masons, the Eastern Stars, and other lodges. Even the "Kluckers" are said to have invaded Academe!

In mentioning some of these college organizations by name, I am assessing no blame to the individual societies as such, but to the aggregate; the fault, in the main, is one of numbers, though some, of course, have no excuse for being.

Heading the list in point of wide-spread activity are the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A. These are to be found in practically every college and university in the country, with paid secretaries in the larger places. From the students who serve on the cabinets or governing committees, they demand much time; time spent in committee meetings, time spent in organizing for fairs or entertainments to raise money, time spent in drives for new members. Not only does this apply to the committee which directs the work, but to all members as well, for every one has some part in the work to be done. I am not questioning the value of the work, I only ask: does this coincide with the main purpose of a college education? I grant that I have the feeling that it is unfair to expect college students to support missionaries in India or Africa, while they in their turn are being supported, often with difficulty, by their parents or by the money which they have earned in teaching. This was done in my own college days. I presume it is still a part of the yearly budget which must be raised.

I question, too, whether Student Government as it is organized on many of our present-day campuses, with all its advantages and desirable qualities, has the right to as much time from the girls and men who are on the governing board, and who must deal with all cases of infraction of rules, involving endless hours of committee meetings; I say, I question whether it were not better to let the authorities in change bear the burden which is rightly theirs than to exact this toll of hours and responsibility from so many students each year. The answer is sure to come

from some devotee of the system "as is," that it is usually only the "strong students," the "outstanding figures on the campus" (we are all familiar with the phrases), who are elected to such positions. This I grant, and add that it is the "strong students" who are most sought by all of these organizations, so much so that many of them are so swamped with demands entirely apart from the classroom that their work, and often their health, suffers. It is the strong students, presumably, who could make most use of a little leisure if it were allowed them. I have in mind an acquaintance, a girl of fine scholarship, a senior in one of the large colleges for women. She had taken an active part in all college affairs, including athletics, and was rightly called a "leader." In her senior year she was elected president of the Women's Student Government Association, carried the burdens with greatest conscientiousness, and when the time came for examinations and commencement she was at home with a complete breakdown from overwork. After a rest of eight months she was able to return and pass her examinations, but the joy and thrill of commencement festivities were gone, and with them the unquestioned health which had formerly been hers.

I cannot say enough of the demands some of these organizations make! They think nothing of setting conference weeks during college terms, with the expectation that some representative from each college concerned attend these meetings, often hundreds of miles away. I have known this to happen in cases of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., the Student Government Association, and the Women's Athletic Association. I presume there are others. I recall one conference of the Women's Athletic Association held in early March at my own university, in the Middle West, where there were delegates from a number of colleges on the east coast and a goodly representation from Colorado and California. How absence from classes is managed for a week, I do not know. I infer, of course, by arranging to

make up the lost work. But this again implies an added strain and, what is even of more serious consequence, is sure to give the students the impression that classes are of secondary importance in comparison. The question to be answered is: why these conferences at all during term time?

The fact is, classes and study have become the least part of the college education of to-day. It consists, chiefly, of the *trimmings*. We have long granted the fact that athletic teams might forego attendance at classes when off on trips to neighboring colleges. But of recent years the idea of neighbor has been stretched until we see teams racing from coast to coast to match their prowess against some rival "neighbor." As usual such things tend to reduce themselves to the absurd, and we have baseball teams starting off in February for a season of games in Japan. It is argued that the loss of the semester will be amply compensated for by the travel. Mayhap! Mayhap! But how far into the depths of oblivion has the old ideal of a college education fled?

As an example of the lengths to which this has gone—only recently when a State university was having a drive for "funds," on top of a week of "whirlwind campaigning" for money on the campus, and the endless demands for organization and committee meetings which preceded this, a group of the leading students was withdrawn from classes for two weeks to make a speaking trip to the alumni through the East. In term time—yes, of course. One couldn't blame the students; they were flattered and delighted at the idea of traveling, but one may think what one likes of the policy which sponsored this academic junket.

Does any serious person think that the permanent value of liberal studies, of the mental discipline of the humanities and sciences, has undergone any real change through the many attempts to belittle them or through this attitude of putting ephemeral things on the same level with permanent? They go

their way serenely, supremely conscious that they are a necessity, and knowing well that the world will come back to them. They are like gold, in that they are the only standards of measurement available.

To go back to organizations, the churches, too, feel the pressure of the demand to such an extent that in the large institutions there are university pastors, supported by the various denominations, who have no churches, but whose sole duty is to look after the welfare of students of their own faith. These are constantly having meetings; that is a great part of their work.

Then, too, each political party must have its group of students (women as well as men nowadays), forming Lincoln or Jackson or Debs clubs. During every local or national campaign these must obtain speakers and hold meetings so that their platforms may be put before the many.

And, as if these were not enough, students from the same State form clubs; from the same county; the same town! If by any chance they are foreigners, they need not be without hope; there is the Cosmopolitan Club for them to join. To such a pass has it come that all sense of humor has been lost, and we have, in literal truth, in one university which I know, perhaps in many, the "Organization of the Unorganized." Having exhausted every other possibility, this one still remained, and it would not be well to overlook it!

My plea is not to do away with organizations—far from it. Many of them, most of them, have something which they can give back to the students, provided the students are not too rushed to make it theirs. It is but a platitude, yet it applies just here, to say that we get from anything in proportion to what we put in. If the students are always hurrying from one thing to another in a mad race, they are not depositing sufficient funds to have a checking account!

Why not limit college activities (not including sports and

amusements) as the number of courses is limited? Why not protect the students against a needless waste of time, due to their lack of experience (for which they are not to be blamed), in taking on more things than they can possibly do well, and at the same time assuring to the organizations members who are *really* interested? Let the students make their own choices. I do not even suggest a proper number. This plan is being tried out, in one form or another, in several colleges, not always, it must be granted, with success. However, it seems a step in the right direction, though such steps are fraught with the difficulties which any attempt to limit ideas always involves. But this restriction is not enough. The students and faculty, too, must join in the struggle to free themselves from this time-devourer. With a little faculty disapproval, either individual or collective, many infant organizations would die at birth, which, without this word of discouragement, thrive to no purpose. The majority of the students, I feel sure, would welcome curtailment in practically any form. The solution of the problem, which might almost be defined as a state of mind, is not to be found in any single restriction, any one panacea, being, as it is, the outgrowth of years and so closely akin to the conditions in the world at large. It is a case which student and faculty opinion, accompanied by an open recognition of the evil, must combat.

WHAT A MAN LOSES IN GOING TO COLLEGE [1]

Eugene Davenport

"Oh, he'll be all right after we get some sense knocked into him." This sentiment expressed in one form or another and often tinctured with expletives if not with profanity, indicates

[1] From *Saturday Evening Post.* Reprinted by permission.

fairly well the estimate in which the hard-headed business man holds the young college graduate. He avers it as his experience that the callow youth just out of college will attempt to advise the running of the business the first week of his employment, and that he is no good until he is broken in. That is why the young graduate gets, at the outset, the hardest and dirtiest and least important jobs about the establishment. It is a kind of business hazing, if you please, and seems to be the favorite method of "knocking sense" into promising but verdant material. It is this attitude, too, that impels many business houses in seeking college men to prescribe "none but those who have worked their way through college." Now there is a reason and a good one back of both of these quotations. It is a reason not commonly known to the college student, because everybody is blind to his own shortcomings. It is perfectly well understood, however, by those who are in the business of training young men through college methods and who are industriously seeking a remedy for a rather deplorable condition—without much success, I must confess, due to the fact that the student seems case-hardened to his own deficiency, and few feel inclined to frank discussion of the actual situation.

However, a beginning ought to be made, and this article is prepared by one who has spent a quarter of a century in more or less intimate contact with thousands of students, both individual and *en masse,* but who has also devoted nearly half his life to business outside of college. He therefore appreciates to some extent, at least, both sides of the situation. This, together with the vast necessity that something be done to bridge this gap between the college student and the world he soon is to enter, is the author's excuse for this attempt to hold the mirror up to Nature as, hopefully, to exert some influence in leading university students to realize what they have lost in going to college.

The title may suggest the idea that going to college is a losing proposition. Not at all; but, like most adventures, this enterprise is not wholly to the good, and unsuspected loses turn up even at unexpected points.

The student knows very well that a college course will cost him four years of his life and considerable amounts of money. All this he fully realizes, and he would count it a sacrifice except as he hopes to profit thereby in all his after life, and therefore feels warranted in considering it not a loss but an investment. In this he is right.

He realizes, too, because he has taken it all into consideration, that during the four years involved he could, did he not go to college, earn and save considerable amounts of money, and besides become established in business—possibly married and settled down. All this he takes into consideration, and concludes, if he decides to go to college, that this too may be considered an investment. In this he is right also.

But there is an element in the situation which he does not take into consideration, because he is blind to its existence, and that is his associations during the four most formative years of his life and immediately proceding maturity. To make this point clear, he should consider the comparative estate of two young men of the same age and capacity, both graduates of the same course in the same high school—the one going into business, the other going on to complete his education in college.

The one who does not go to college will begin at once to associate with men—and women too for that matter—belonging to an older generation, that generation, moreover, and those people who constitute the real world because they are in charge of its affairs. Such a young man, at eighteen, let us say, if he is at all serious and is equipped with a high school education, will begin at once to think men's thoughts, to catch step with the world of to-day, and to take interest in and soon to exert in-

fluence upon the solution of its issues, which are always many and serious.

Over against all this, the one who goes to college enters or rather continues in an artificial environment within but not of the real world of men and women of the twentieth century. He goes on living with those of his own age, and instead of thinking men's thoughts about world affairs during his most formative years he becomes engrossed in student activities, which have about as much real connection with the real world as a wart on the end of the nose has with vision; it may obscure but it cannot illuminate.

Now the writer must not be misunderstood at this point. He holds college activities in high esteem and as essential to college life, but they are to be regarded as temporary, not enduring; as incidental rather than essential; as a means, not an end, as is too often the case even in our best institutions.

While the other man is out in the world growing an inch every day in his understanding of its complexities, the college student lives, moves, and has his being essentially and almost exclusively not only with those of his own age but engrossed with affairs almost none of which is intimately connected with anything having an existence outside of college save only the subject matter of the course of study. Even this more often looks backward, and is likely to be more or less abstract, while life is fearfully and awfully concrete.

In his four years of life from eighteen to twenty-two the student is devoted to the vast enterprise of getting ready to live through the avenue of higher education; but to do this the average college man defers and temporarily sacrifices that association with older people and that intimate contact with concrete issues which are absolutely essential in making a man out of boy stuff.

These are associations and contacts that must be made at some period if a man is ever to be a real man in the world of men.

It cannot be begun with profit at too young an age, to be sure, as at twelve, but it can be begun with exceeding success at seventeen or eighteen, indeed better then than later. If, however, the man continues in school, this element in his education is necessarily postponed and he ought to understand that in going to college he has not selected a substitute.

This contact is only deferred; it cannot be sidetracked or otherwise evaded if the man is to lead a useful life; and that is what the business man means when he talks about knocking sense into the young college graduate. It is also the meaning of the call for men who have worked their way through college, because that experience means a blend between learning and labor; between the receptive and the executive; between the abstract and the concrete; between associations with youth and those of middle age, all of which affords the best possible means of getting a real education, as it is also of proving whether the individual is made of good clay or only of putty which merely looks like man stuff.

The college atmosphere and its ideals—from where do they come? Having little connection with anything else they must have been born *de novo* sometime, somewhere and somehow; and they were. Their genesis is very well known, though unsuspected by the vast majority of students, and not commonly thought out by college graduates.

A part of this atmosphere, and the saving part of it, is good hard study. Nobody will admit it, but it is the truth nevertheless. The teacher setting often unreasonable tasks complains that the students are lazy and do not work. The student, with that vast nonchalance that covers him as a garment, will never admit, except in dire distress, that he really buckles down to hard study. He does, however, work like a beaver if he stays long in college. Though he wastes his time like water running over a spillway, he does manage to get his lessons fairly well and at great labor,

and an unexpected, even a vast amount of information clings to him as flour to the miller, not to mention his constant and ceaseless training in digging out facts for himself.

This is what makes him of use to himself and to the world later on after he has had some sense knocked into him; and the writer wishes here and now, and particularly in this connection, to disclaim the accusation that students do not behave themselves and do not work. They do behave, better than most older people; and they work about as well as we could expect under the circumstances; indeed they have improved greatly in both respects during the nearly half a century in which the writer has known the habits of this particular variety of the genus homo. The college student of to-day is a splendid fellow. But there is room for further improvement, particularly in respect to effective work, done with intelligent reference to life. Hence this article and similar attempts whereby educators are endeavoring at least to ameliorate the natural disabilities of college students.

Aside from what is provided through the course of study and the daily tasks set by the instructors and fictitiously supposed to require at least nine hours of assiduous labor in full preparation—God save the mark!—in addition to this, whence come the atmosphere, the daily habits and the half nebulous ideals that characterize the routine life of the college student?

Whence comes his language? Certainly not from the English department. Whence comes his logic? The Lord only knows! Whence come his ethical standards? Ditto. Whence come his habits? From his set. Whence come his beliefs and convictions? From his own inner consciousness. Whence come his ideas of the world? They are the stuff that dreams are made of, coupled with a vast conceit and a huge ambition that are to be his salvation when the test comes.

It would be easy and gratifying to believe that these students, shut away from the world of warfare, were evolving among

themselves, as in a new generation, their own world standards and ideals as the fruit of their studies about the more or less successful ages that have gone before, and that, under the influence of their teachers and of superior knowledge, they were making a new start for us in civilization with every new generation.

But whoever would believe this fiction does not know students. The psychologist will tell us that there is very little connection between what a man knows and what he really is or what he will do. He will also tell us that there is very little cross connection between the different mental faculties or achievements, and that we can endure a vast amount of tutelage with little effect.

Whoever believes that the teacher exerts any considerable degree of influence, outside his rôle as subject-matter instructor, simply does not know the situation, particularly as to the student's mental complex. It is true that many a successful man will credit his achievements very largely to the influence of an early teacher; but he does this after he is forty, not when he is young. At the time he was sitting at the feet of the prophet he probably called him Old Snooks and measured wits with him at every opportunity. It was years afterward before he was conscious of what he unwittingly, if not unwillingly, absorbed.

To the student the teacher is of an older generation, and a specialist, good reasons both for not taking him any too seriously. Besides, he is more or less of a taskmaster, and this is reason enough for maintaining in most cases a general status of watchful waiting, if not of armed suspicion.

It would surprise most people to know the attitude of college students toward the generations other than their own. Of course they have a vast contempt for all who are younger—hence the practice of hazing; and having been but recently born themselves they have never very carefully analyzed the older strata of mankind.

In their conception all people older than themselves are old,

and we have it upon the word of one of the most experienced deans of men in this country that the student makes practically no discrimination between thirty-five and up, except in decrepitude, which he recognizes as awful old.

It was during the war that a student came to the writer's office, saying, "I must go home to help the old man." Of course I remonstrated against this lack of filial respect on the part of a junior in the university, whereupon he replied: "Oh, he ain't my dad; he's my brother."

"How old is your brother?" I inquired with some interest.

"Oh, I don't know; he's awfully old; as much as forty-five, I guess."

This is not untypical. I seriously doubt if fifty per cent of the college students in America to-day could tell, off-hand, the age of either the father or the mother. In most cases it has never entered their minds as a matter of the slightest consequence. Age, like all other time concepts, has not yet impressed itself upon these youngsters, who but five or six short years ago were riding to London on rocking-horses and killing giants with wooden swords. Consequently even their own fathers and mothers have not yet been seriously considered, especially as to age, but have been consigned with the rest of humanity to that limbo whose label is "old"—a world shut away and of little consequence.

The truth of the matter is that this atmosphere, this general nimbus of college students, has been evolved by themselves out of the scanty materials of their own experience and surroundings, and it has its roots, not in college, nor even in high school, but down in the grades, for these poor, rich young people have always lived by themselves, effectually shut away from the rest of the world. And what they are is a mixture of the information that the teachers have succeeded in getting into them—or at least sticking on to them—plus a personal element which is mainly of their own design and workmanship.

For it must be remembered that except for those who earn a part or all of their expenses these students have never done anything but go to school, and that even many of the means of earning money during vacation are about as abnormal as is college itself. Because of these conditions the college students come to the institutions as the product of the schools, not of the world, which in the majority of instances they have not yet seen.

This school system has its roots and foundations in the grades, and though the vast majority of youngsters leave school at some point along the line, we must remember that the entrant into college has taken the entire gamut, has swallowed the whole dose as offered, without adulterant or dilutant and for whatever it might mean of good or bad. And because the student has never lived anywhere else than in school, we shall be obliged as with any other organism to look up his entire life history in order to account for some of the phenomena he exhibits in college and some of the things that have to be knocked out of him by a cosmopolitan and cold but after all a sympathetic and catholic world.

It was a great day, that, when the college student, then a toddler, started off to school. He was five or six years old then, and barely weaned—indeed not weaned from home and mother enough to stay away six hours without frightful yearnings tugging at his heartstrings.

But with those of his set he soon accustomed himself to the new life and its surroundings, and another generation started off in its quest for—what? If anybody knew the why and the because of it all, so much the better for him; certainly the kids did not; nor did the outcome of it all concern them in the slightest degree.

Upon the whole, school proved good fun. Of course teachers and lessons presented problems, but their solution perforce lay in the situation. The fear of failing to pass—the most ancient

of bluffs, and by far the strongest trump card of the teachers—was worked early and often and to the limit; but, as in other and larger matters, familiarity commonly led to contempt and great skill was developed in judging just how much work must be done and how much could with tolerable safety be avoided without too much danger of dropping below the passing grade. And this mark, whatever it was—whether seventy-five, or seventy, or only sixty—came to stand in the vast majority of cases not only as the yardstick but the very essence of desirable achievement.

Now this standard of achievement and this management of the situation leave the youngster in the grades still possessed of a vast amount of time. The use of time is, in extreme youth, not a matter of deliberate planning; it is wholly spontaneous and undirected to specific ends, certainly not utilitarian, and the use of this overtime becomes at once a problem in school management.

The teacher in self-defense invents busy work as an antidote to trouble and a preventive of discipline. As time passes this busy work is carried home. Thus it is that the school comes to take complete possession of the child and keeps it forever after; that is to say, when the child enters the modern school system he has left the world of men and women. So far is this true that when the student is once settled in school he is effectually segregated even from the family except for purposes of absorbing nourishment, securing sleep, and obtaining such spending money as circumstances demand and opportunities permit.

Gradually and naturally these little children, absorbed by the world of school, evolve a life of their own. They develop a slang peculiar to their particular group, emanating from the poor resources of their own inventive genius or the narrow confines of their immediate surroundings. Their ethical ideals are likewise evolved from their own inner consciousness and are practically

uninfluenced by the teacher or anybody else of the older generation except he be a prize fighter, a movie actor or an athletic star, which latter gradually comes to be the acme of excellence in the eyes of these small hero worshipers.

As the students pass on to high school it is the same old group minus those that have dropped by the wayside; but even this elimination is scarcely noted, for at this age the youngster has learned to accept all eventualities lightly. Even death has its charm, certainly not its terrors. Life and its eventualities have as yet no particular value, for this is the age at which suicide is frequently and seriously contemplated and often committed. Long life, even health, has never yet been considered as among the desirables; indeed, accidents and injuries are rather matters of pride and local distinction.

It is now that preparation for college seriously begins, but everything is moved up from the grades below except as new conditions demand the meeting of new problems, solutions for which are, as before, evolved from the limbo of the student's consultation with his own inner consciousness or with his equally inexperienced fellows.

Long before this he has practically ceased to be a member of the family in whose domicile he spends his nights, frequently not his evenings, for is he not now grown up and old enough to begin to do some things on his own account without asking permission in detail?

Now it is that he begins to have his clubs; but they are essentially the gangs of the lower grades brought forward and more or less purified and dignified as the trousers descend toward the shoe tops. In every way his old exclusive life continues. He has by this time effectually settled the teacher problem, as also that of class work and passing grades. Those who did not have dropped by the wayside and ceased to be matters of interest to those who are headed for college.

And when he gets to college it is more of the same thing—still living with those of his own age if not indeed of the same set. The gang has evolved through the club and is now the fraternity, but in essence it is the same as it was before, a kind of exalted mutual-admiration society living in the superlative.

Now the writer is a Greek fraternity man himself and he is a firm believer in the efficacy of fraternities, not only in university administration but, upon the whole, in character building among students. He is not saying that fraternities should not exist, but he is pointing out that with all their benefits they are still confined to a single generation and, more than that, to the same generation that in knickerbockers and wide collars started to school about a decade before and then evolved together with little influence from without.

It is no wonder now, when such a generation is practically segregated from the world in early childhood and left living alone to evolve a philosophy of life out of its own narrow experiences—it is no wonder that when it essays to enter the real world as it is organized and conducted by people at least one generation older and with a quarter of a century of experience, these young people make spectacles of themselves. Really the wonder is that they succeed as well as they do and that they catch on at all successfully to a world that is as different from that of college activities, or any other that they have been able to evolve, as if it were located in Mars or the moon. It speaks volumes for higher education and for the adaptability and the right-mindedness of the young college man that he does, after a few jolts, successfully make the connection.

Nevertheless, he would be spared some of the embarrassment and much of delay could he realize his limitations and could he have a clear understanding of his peculiar limitations before he enters the real world where he is to live.

It is not difficult to make out a bill of particulars to cover

fairly well these qualities which have clung to the college student who has not earned his own way, which have come up with him from childhood and adolescence, and which often bring him into ridicule and always constitute a handicap until they have been knocked out of him by intimate contact with the real world.

Some of us are beginning to believe that it is worth while to do this thing plainly and firmly, to the end that this excellent gentleman, the college graduate, may become, to some extent at least, his own disciplinarian and correct some of his peculiarities while in college, softening thereby the shock that is coming his way as he takes a header into the real world of men.

The list is not long and it can be made exceedingly specific.

Indifference: The college student is characterized by a fine and lofty indifference to everything outside his own personal affairs and the activities of his own college campus.

This is why he says it is not the thing to attend public lectures —unless required or a credit is attached—no matter how noted the lecturer, and the upper classmen promptly discipline each generation of freshmen who show a disposition to ignore this tradition and make actual acquaintance with men who are really helping to run the world as it exists out of college. This attitude also accounts for the fact that the student pays no attention to current events. He ignores the daily paper as he does also standard literature except as prescribed in the course. So far as he is concerned, the world outside his immediate interests might as well not exist; he has not time for it.

Now this is primitive and it is the same quality that enables the blanket Indian to walk the streets of Washington without so much as batting an eye. Being primitive this attitude does not belong to the educated man, for it is evidence that the individual is still in the period of adolescence so far as personal development is concerned, no matter what his age, how much

abstract information he may possess or what he may develop into afterward.

Vanity: The college student in general, with many exceptions, of course, affects peculiarities of dress and manner. This, too, is primitive, for the instinct belongs to the period of adolescence, not of manhood. It would be humiliating for him to be told that in this particular respect he closely resembles the Mexican laborer whom we opprobriously term "the greaser," except that the latter is rather more successful in the effects. Like the Mexican and the feathered Indian, this youngster wants to be seen and heard, whereas the successful man of the world moves about inconspicuously and you would never recognize him by any outward and distinguishing mark. The real world is too busy to pose and too well bred to attract attention.

Egoism: The average college student who has not earned at least a part of his own way is still, as in childhood, the center of his world. If not egotistical he is at least an egoist, having never traveled, even mentally. This is what makes him, as one man put it, "an opinionated little cuss." He has a good stock of information withal, and the two combined constitute a sufficient reason for his proclivity to advise his employer within a week as to how to run his business. He does know a lot of things but he knows them in a heterogeneous and half-digested fashion, having had no experience; and that is why his advice is not valuable until he has come to know things in their relations and perspective.

Argument: This conglomerate store of unelaborated information in an active but inexperienced mind is bound to break out somewhere, and the average college student is as full of argument as an egg is of meat. Figuratively he will argue with a signboard the distance and direction to the next town. Ordinarily he does not know the difference between an argument and a discussion, nor does he know how to exhaust the facts of a

situation. He sees things intensely; his information has not been cast into the true perspective by the lens of experience, and instead of weighing facts as evidence he seizes upon a few and proceeds to argue. This is his long suit in running bluffs when grades are in peril. He has done this so much and so successfully under stress of necessity that he has had large experience as a pettifogger but little as a judge. Now the world wants not argument but judgment, and the college student must learn the difference between the two. He must learn that when older people cease arguing with him it does not necessarily mean that they have been beaten in the discussion; they have simply taken his measure and passed him up. The world is too busy to argue.

Slang: The average student lives on slang. His remarks are not merely punctuated by it; they largely consist of it. If one attempts to hold discourse with him on serious matters he is halting, inaccurate, childlike. If the conversation becomes free and easy he limbers up, and we will get such illuminating responses as "Bet your life!" "Oh, Boy!" "Try anything once!" or similar emanations from an illuminated but unresponsive intellect.

Now the proposition to bet one's life or his neck or his boots or some other valuable portion of his anatomy or personal property may be startling at the first utterance, but repeated two or three times a minute it soon becomes stale. Not only that, but it kills conversation and, what is worse, it throttles thinking.

Nobody appreciates slang more than does the writer, but when slang is employed as a substitute for thinking, using the same remarks to express all sorts of ideas—or none at all—then slang is degrading to those fine discernments and responses which constitute the soul of delightful conversation, and destructive of that keen mental discernment which comes only with the habitual exercises of the mental faculties at their best.

It is not only the amount of slang that injures the college

man but it is the kind he uses. His stock is small, having been evolved largely from his own set, enlarged by such as could be picked up in the alleys or through catch phrases from light opera, the comic supplement or the movies. It is all extremely local, not to say provincial or, at best, cheap.

If the student did not require so much slang he might get on fairly well. But as it is, his stock, badly shopworn in the beginning, is used wrong side up and inside out until it is worn to a frazzle. He should use slang, of course, but he should use less of it as a substitute for thinking, and it should be of vastly better quality. He should take a day off occasionally and work up some really original stuff, remembering that the discriminating use of slang is to be ranked with the fine arts.

Unreliability: In general the student is as unreliable as a child. Responsibility runs off him like water off the back of a duck. He cannot be depended upon to appear on time, and in the vast majority of cases he will jump a job with the utmost sang-froid and say nothing about it to anybody. If he is admonished he simply says, "I got a better one," and if crowded for a reason in explanation of some unusual shortcoming he will give the child's answer, "I don't know"; and in this he probably tells the truth, for students perform an amazing proportion of their activities without thinking—that is, they act largely upon impulse. This too is childish.

Now these college students are splendid fellows. They are the pick of our young people, but their distinguishing traits are characteristic of childhood and of adolescence, not of manhood. They should have been dropped by the wayside or vastly refined long ago, and they would have been so dropped or refined if the boys had not been practically shut away from the world. The fault was not theirs.

Why should we expect the college student to be a man unless he has been so fortunate as to be compelled to earn at least a

part of his own way? What opportunity has he had? He has been cared for since his earliest recollections twenty years before. He has been kept a child. He has taken no responsibility except as to his own affairs, and he has learned that except in athletics and activities a seventy-per-cent performance is good enough.

Take it all in all, he is a queer combination of child and adult, with the stature and the years of a man, with information beyond that of most men—more or less jumbled, to be sure, but pretty good stuff after all—but with the outlook of a child from the center of the only world he knows and cares about, and with no feeling of responsibility. What more can be expected?

And we are not honest with the college student. We surround him with every facility for work, assuming what we know to be untrue—namely, that he is gifted with some real vision and perspective of life. Then we cajole him and humor his idiosyncrasies instead of frankly talking them out. We even take charge of his personal interests where he himself should be the mentor. I make no doubt that ten per cent or more of every graduating class would fail at the last moment if the faculty did not follow up each case long in advance and see to it that deficiencies were made up. The student would wait until the day before Commencement. On the chance of running a bluff? No, not necessarily; he just wouldn't think.

There are two remedies that would largely correct the inevitable hardship that attaches to the man who devotes the years of young manhood to school rather than to business.

One is a frank and outspoken attitude, such as this paper has attempted, addressed to the student in advance of graduation, to the end that he discover antidotes for his limitations, or at least ameliorate their influence by such healthy understanding of the situation as will lead him, while yet in college, to pay some decent attention to the world he is preparing to enter—to its literature, to its thinkers and to its problems.

The other remedy, and the most effective, is the one that fathers and mothers, and uncles and aunts and cousins, and neighbors and friends and teachers nearly all oppose—namely, a full year of employment between high school and college or between the freshman and the sophomore years—certainly not later than the end of the junior year.

"But if he gets interested in business he will never go to college."

Perhaps, but that is doubtful in most cases, provided he knows exactly why he enters employment and the motive is not for the purpose of making spending money. With proper admonitions, such as can be given and such as should be given, the advantage is worth the risk. In no other way can the student realize in advance what a man loses by going to college without that experience.

"TRAVELERS' ENGLISH" [1]

George Pierce Baker

Everyone knows what the term "Travelers' French" or "Travelers' German" means. It is that combination of *Meisterschaft,* guessing, and ignorance which travelers abroad substitute, either from lack of time or from natural indolence, for correct use of a foreign language. It is conscious where correct use soon becomes unconscious; it is from start to finish careless when correct use depends for a time at least upon care; it rests upon slothful conventions, and is accepted only because of the intelligence and the good nature of the natives who try to understand it, when correct speech demands no effort from the hearer. As year by year I work my way slowly through a mass of weekly reports, theses, and those repositories of suavely assured presenta-

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tion of ingenious or perverse misinformation, the blue books, I wonder whether much of the English written by the college undergraduate may not best be known as "Travelers' English." It is certainly as conscious, as indolent, as slovenly as "Travelers' French" or "Travelers' German."

Notice, please, that I do not speak for the moment of themes in which undergraduates are making special efforts to write English correctly, as is the case with the themes and the exercises in courses intended primarily for the study of literary composition; I am thinking of the English these undergraduates show in their everyday practice of communicating ideas in writing. Let me make very clear at the outset my belief that undergraduates of literary instincts may be trained, and that speedily, to more than mere accuracy of expression in writing. I have had students in a higher course in literary composition who have come up to me from the lower courses with some real artistry. Moreover, they have had a technique sufficiently assured to keep most of them from self-consciousness in their really inspiriting writing. It is undeniable, too, that among graduate students it is not difficult to develop the scholarly instinct both as to research and as to expression. They can be made to take satisfaction, or perhaps even delight, in patient, minute research, and in a judicial formulation as patient of the results of their investigation. As a part of their eager desire for accurate presentation of their thought they will express themselves speedily, if not at first, in unobjectionable English. With the results of our teaching of English composition to the student who is eager for a literary career, or to the graduate who has waked to the value for him of sound scholarship, I have no quarrel whatever. Let me make this very clear, for I am not in the ranks, and I do not wish to be thought in the ranks, of those who seem nowadays inclined to question whether all the teaching of English composition in our colleges during the last ten years has not been wrongly or-

ganized and mainly futile. My feeling is that while some of it has admirably accomplished its purposes, some of it has not been properly adjusted for the students it had to treat. Any readjustment, however, must begin, not in the colleges, but with the first attempts, naturally in the secondary schools, to awake boys and girls to an understanding that the use of correct English both in speaking and writing is an essential of their education.

What I find discouraging in the everyday English of the rapidly written classroom exercise or weekly report of many undergraduates, is its clumsiness and vagueness of phrase, its violation of the simplest principles of rhetoric, its reckless paragraphing, its bad spelling—in a word, at times, its close approximation to illiteracy. Were it translated into speech it would be confused, stumbling, underbred. Of course, the obvious explanation of all this is inadequate teaching in the lower college courses. But that has no real foundation. I know the work to be well organized and the teaching painstaking, and among my students of literary instincts I have felt the admirable results gained from these same teachers. We must look elsewhere than to bad teaching of English either in the lower courses of English composition in the colleges or in the courses in the secondary schools for the main explanation of this phenomenon.

May not the exasperating situation be simply another manifestation of the inaccuracy of youth, which is the chief reason why we as a group of teachers exist? I think not. The inaccuracy of youth seems to me of two kinds, one of which always has and probably always will exist, and which, however exasperating it may be, it is and will be properly our business as teachers to lessen or destroy in the minds of our pupils. It arises from what may be called youthful habits of uncorrelated thinking: the student, venturing into a new field of knowledge, permits himself statements which he would never make did he correlate the

little he knows, or misknows, in the new field with what he has already learned elsewhere. For instance, a student of mine who has had courses in French literature of the seventeenth and the eighteenth century, when trying to sum up for me in a blue book his knowledge of the English drama at the opening of the eighteenth century, wrote as follows: "Molière was influenced to some extent by the work of the English dramatists which he had an opportunity of seeing during his trip to London." In the first place, that is a slip rather than a genuine error, because had he given the name as Destouches the statement would have been quite correct. In the second place, had he correlated that piece of information with what he already knew of Molière from his courses in French literature, he could not have let the statement stand because he undoubtedly knew that Molière was long dead at the time of which he was writing and that he was in no way affected by the work of the English dramatists. However, the power of correlated thinking is in a sense just what education means, and we have no reason to complain professionally that a cause for education exists. Moreover, is it not likely that this uncorrelated thinking will persist to a very large extent as long as we continue to teach this or that period of English literature with scarcely any attention to the interrelations between the literary output of that period and the literary accomplishment, preceding, contemporaneous or subsequent, of other nations? Treat the study of literature in any nation as work in comparative literature and we shall begin to strike at the very root of this uncorrelated thinking. But "Travelers' English" is not the result of uncorrelated thinking. It springs from another kind of inaccuracy.

Another sentence in a blue book recently read by me illustrates the "Travelers' English" with its suave and complacent inaccuracy, of which we have had much more than enough. I had explained carefully to a class the theory upon which the heroic

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drama in England rested and had said something—I don't for the moment remember just what—to the effect that the persons whom it tried to paint, while not gods, were yet, in intention at least, of larger mould than the ordinary human, something perhaps akin to the demi-gods of classical days. This is the way an intelligent youth of twenty, who has had more than the elementary training in writing his mother tongue, returned the idea to me: "One of the principal theories on which the heroic drama rested was that a demagogue is greater than you or I." Is it too severe to call "suave and complacent" such inaccuracy as that, which after training in the secondary schools and in the first two years of a college course in the use of one's mother tongue leaves a youth of twenty apparently with no sense of any difference between demi-god and demagogue? The first error illustrated immaturity; this second illustrates ignorance or wasteful and alarming indifference. It is at just this sort of English that I think we should strike, and strike with all our force, in the next few years.

The trouble lies not in teachers, not in the inaccuracy, the uncorrelated thinking which is essential to youth; it lies in the fact that many of our college students in the writing which they do outside of the higher courses in composition have not the slightest desire to be accurate and see no reason why they should be. Note that I am asking not for graces of style, but merely a regard for the simple principles which underlie a clear, straightforward statement of one's ideas. I believe that the great majority of the students whose everyday English is "Travelers' English" know perfectly well how to be accurate if they wish. For instance, a lad in boarding school writes me a letter about his bicycle ride in the rain from my house to the railroad station. Though he is perfectly unconscious of the fact, he has a certain instinctive feeling for description and narration. Unwittingly, he has somewhat skilfully selected the details which make most

swiftly for pictorial effect. The letter, too, has movement; but words are curiously used, many of the simpler principles of the rhetoric in regard to barbarisms and solecisms are apparently unknown, and as for spelling! Of course, it is easy to blame the teacher. That is, as we know, the last ditch in which the parent makes his determined stand. But listen to the sequel. A few months later the same lad writes me in triumph that out of a class of seventeen he has won the highest grade for English composition and that practically the only fault in the blue book which tested his power was the misspelling of four words. That triumphant announcement, however, breaks nearly as many rules of the rhetoric as did the first letter and only some multiple of four would state the number of words misspelled in it. Am I discouraged? Not at all. I know, as any teacher knows, that what is permanent is that lad's instinct for writing narrative which moves and for selecting pictorial details. When the pressure is on him, whether it be from his own ambition or the mere enforcement of a teacher's will, he can and does apply the principles of rhetoric which he has learned. When he writes to me, as I would have him write, as freely and unconsciously as he would talk, it never occurs to him that the letter should be as correct as one of the themes in a course in composition. For his instructor he writes with painful deliberation and consequent discomfort, English as it should be written. For me he writes "Travelers' English."

That, too, is just exactly what his older brothers in college do. My morning mail brought me, not very long ago, a letter from a high school principal in the neighborhood of Boston somewhat to this effect: "After some hesitation I am sending you enclosed a letter which must have been written by a member of one of your courses. I am sorry to think, as I know you must be, that any man about to graduate from one of our colleges knows so little how to write properly a letter requesting information." A

glance at the letter showed it was written by a student of mine in a course in argumentation asking for evidence in regard to an educational subject. It was not properly addressed. It was neither properly paragraphed nor well punctuated. It was clumsily phrased, and it was badly spelled. As the class was a large one and I did not at once remember the man, I looked up his record. To my surprise, it was, on nearly a half year of work, a grade of B. Looking further into the matter, I found that in a course in composition just preceding mine, where he had had some training in letter writing, he had had a good grade, and when I hunted up his manuscripts in my own course I found no reason to suppose that he could ever write so unpardonable a letter. While they showed no special literary gift, they said what they had to say clearly and without breaking the simple rules of the rhetorics. Another case of "Travelers' English!" The fact is, too many of our college students to-day regard whatever they have been taught in English composition much as they regard their dress suits, as something to be worn only on occasions of special significance. As a natural corollary, I find the students in my classes too often feel that their knowledge of rhetoric should not be worn during the morning hours. Their attitude of mind is closely related to that of the youngster with whom I was recently talking on the text: "Manners makyth man." "You know that a lad of your age ought to do these things and show older people these courtesies. Why don't you?" "I do." "When? I don't remember any instance." "Oh, not here; when I am visiting." "But why not show them here at home?" "Why, you can't expect a feller to be under all that strain all the time."

How may we combat this "Travelers' English"? In the first place, by making good English unavoidable. To most of our school children and undergraduates English is at present in no way different from Latin, Greek, geometry or science; it is

simply one more subject to study. The knowledge which they acquire is superimposed and not merely the standardizing for them of a daily expression previously unconscious. The more one thinks of it, the more ridiculous it seems to try to make the majority of our youth write accurate English when accurate English is required from them chiefly or wholly in courses specially created for the study of English. Let any school require that the English of its pupils in translations from French, German, Latin or Greek, reports and exercises of all kinds, even blue books, shall be regarded in assigning the mark for the course in question, in other words, let any school make accurate English unavoidable, and we shall soon find this present complacent inaccuracy disappearing. If I were asking that all these translations and papers should be read as themes are read in a course in English composition, I know it might be answered that all teachers are not competent so to read the books and papers. But I am asking merely that a student be required to say what he wishes to say without breaking the rules that make for simple clearness and force. If there are teachers who cannot write about their own subjects and meet that demand, what business have they in our schools? It is just because in our schools we permit the double standard of English, requiring care and accuracy in the courses in English composition and perhaps a few allied courses, but pay no attention to it in many other courses, that our undergraduates have come to use, themselves, the double standard.

Nor can we tackle this problem successfully in the colleges. We recognize it at Harvard; we are trying to bring about an understanding with certain of the professors in charge of courses in history and economics that all written work handed to them shall be marked for its English as well as for its value as economics or history. There is talk, too, of a much needed course, in which one of the most successful of our teachers of compo-

sition will consider and criticise with students the work they have written or are writing for courses outside the department of English. But the number of courses in any college is too great for an easy application of the method which I have been favoring. It can best be applied in the schools, where the number of courses is relatively small. Moreover, at the period of the secondary schools the boy or girl has not the set habit of using a double standard; then it is merely a question of pushing him or her in the right direction. By the time they reach college there is an alluring habit to be broken, as well as a difficult standard to be established.

In the second place, accurate English among school children should be made desirable. The way in which too many of our college youth write English is but another manifestation of the mood which finds expression in slovenly enunciation, careless carriage, and a disregard for the rights of others. It is a fact often noted that to-day the best manners in children are by no means always among those whose parents have established social position. They and their companions are too sure of that social position to feel any need of good manners. This attitude works out curiously in regard to the use of correct English. Recently a lad in a grammar school was for some time confined to his house by illness. It occurred to his resourceful teacher that it would give special interest to the letter writing in which she was training his classmates if they were allowed to write him their sympathy. The results were shown to me as something rather remarkable, because in address, in signature and in the expression of ideas, these twenty-five or thirty letters contrasted so sharply with the letter of the Harvard student returned to me by the disgusted high school principal. But the reason was easy enough to see. Most of these children must depend upon themselves wholly for their future success in life, and in their homes they meet constantly the idea that they

are to be the architects of their own fortunes, and that the ability to write, speak and behave as educated persons is a valuable asset in working out the problem of success. To these children, as to the student of literary ambitions and the graduate student, accurate English seems not negligible, but actually desirable. Being desirable, it must be and is required. Make good English unavoidable in the schools as I have suggested, and you in large part make it desirable.

Why not attack, too, the somewhat willful mood of many young persons who seem to think that writing accurately in the ordinary every day intercourse is affected and priggish? In these last few years we have done much in the schools to create attitudes of mind in the children in regard to civic questions, in regard to amusement and art. I know that the obvious objection is that you are likely to make these young people self-concious in their use of English, that one of the charms of youth is its unconventionality, and that all this double standard is a part of the unconventionality of youth. That seems to me a fine muddle of fallacies. Youth unconventional! It is unconventional in regard to the conventions that you and I hold, its elders, but in regard to the standards of its contemporaries it is servilely conventional. What will not the growing boy endure, what shifts and devices will he not put into effect when word has gone forth from the gang that no fellow who isn't a sissy wears an overcoat! Let one or two leaders appear with small caps thrust far back on the head and a curious bang-like arrangement of the hair in front, and forthwith no schoolboy of the normal type can go without the bang, or wear his hat except in defiance of the laws of gravity. There is the very lever by which the school teacher can make good English seem desirable. Make it for some of the leaders at first unavoidable; then convince those leaders that it is easy, even if unavoidable; finally get them to take the attitude that any right minded

fellow ought to be ashamed to write incorrectly at any time; and presto, your revolution is accomplished.

Finally, it seems to me that much of this careless English is the result of the self-absorption of youth, of a natural youthful unwillingness or inability to see how what one writes will look or sound to the other man. Have we thought enough, in teaching youths with no literary instinct, of English composition as the persuasive communication of ideas rather than as a series of exercises written by the pupil to satisfy his own or the teacher's standard? I certainly have met with a good many college undergraduates who seem to think of writing English as merely an approximation as close as possible to the ideal they have gained from their teachers or have worked out for themselves. They wrote not to communicate ideas to other people, but to make the expression of their ideas conform to certain fixed standards in their own minds. Take the pupil out of himself as a standard and make him write, if you will pardon the phrase, *at* other people, determined to make those other people see in the first place what he thinks, and secondly what he feels. Stir him with that endeavor, and the desirability of accuracy will possess and control him. There is much, very much, to be learned as to the teaching of English composition to the masses of our students from Mrs. Browning's letter to the Emperor Napoleon III, in behalf of Victor Hugo. It says exactly what it wishes to say, and with much force. This is because it is so perfectly adapted to the mind of the person addressed, Napoleon, that one finishes the letter realizing one has not only read a petition, but has also gradually seen a portrait develop before one's eyes.

Indeed, the whole process of making good English unavoidable and desirable tends to make it not conscious but unconscious. Everyone knows that "Travelers' English," like "Travelers' French" or "Travelers' German," is self-conscious. The

simple, accurate English I am pleading for must be unavoidable. What we do because we conceive of no alternative desirable, we do habitually. What we desire we do willingly. Yet surely what we do willingly, habitually, is usually unconscious. In the colleges we can do much to maintain habits of writing English already acquired, but it is you, teachers in the secondary schools, who can make the use of accurate English by unliterary youths unconscious because desirable and unavoidable.

COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS

For a number of years the undergraduate has been the butt of many disparaging articles and addresses. Reading the several essays reprinted here may lead you either to admit the impeachments, soft or hard as they may be, or to strike back defensively. Whichever course you adopt, the careful examination you will be led into regarding college life cannot fail to be beneficial. Further aid in the consideration of the modern collegian is obtainable from other selections in this book. See "The Social Value of the College Bred" (page 43); "What Is Education" (page 125); "The Importance of Being Interested" (page 212); and "Ferguson—Rex" (page 261).

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

Suggested topics for composition are: (1) The Calumniated Collegian; (2) The Value of Taking College Seriously; (3) Some Features of Social Life at My College; (4) The Multiplicity of Student Organizations at My College; (5) What a College Would Be without Student Activities; (6) Which Types of Student Societies Are Most Essential?; (7) Attitude of the Students of My College toward Study; (8) A Generation of Students Having Pleasure-soaked Minds; (9) What Is a College Tradition?; (10) The Manners of Collegians; (11) What I Expect to Gain from College;

(12) The "Slanguage" of College Students; (13) Does the College Student Deserve Brickbats or Bouquets?; (14) Proper and Improper Motives for Going to College; (15) New Ideas I Have Acquired about College Life; (16) Ways to Secure Better Everyday English among College Students.

SPORT

WHAT IS SPORTSMANSHIP?[1]

W. O. McGeehan

Sportsmanship, as far as our sports are concerned, is a myth. This may sound paradoxical and cynical—anything you please—but after a quarter of a century of peering intently at various sports, amateur and professional, I am unable to recall one instance of what we would call sportsmanship. By this I mean an exhibition of chivalry or generosity in the heat of competition.

Once I thought that I detected something of the sort in a sport that does not admit of chivalry, a prize fight. That was when Tommy Gibbons was fighting Georges Carpentier at Michigan City. Carpentier was being worsted. Suddenly the Frenchman seemed to twist his ankle. He signified to Gibbons in dumb show that he was partly crippled.

For an instant Gibbons seemed bewildered. Then he appeared to be touched by the appeal. It seemed to me that he deliberately pulled his punches and slowed up in the attack. Carpentier, who seemed to be easy prey for a knockout, was allowed to stay the limit.

I was so moved by this exhibition of humaneness in a game which essentially is murderous that I wrote considerable about the gentleness and the good nature of Tommy Gibbons, who refrained from knocking out a crippled foe. It seemed that at last the modern prize ring had been touched by the spirit of chivalry.

[1] From *College Humor*. Reprinted by permission.

But later Eddie Kane, the manager of Tommy Gibbons, came to me and said, "You had Tommy all wrong. He is not that kind of a sap. He would have knocked Carpentier silly, only we were warned before that bout that if there was anything in the nature of a knockout or anything that looked brutal, we would all be arrested. So when Tommy saw that he had the fight won, he started to pull in his punches."

And I had been writing with great feeling of the sportsmanship of the prize fighter who would not strike a crippled opponent. Also I had speculated on what Jack Dempsey would have done if an opponent had signified that he had sprained an ankle. My notion was that Mr. Dempsey would have sprained his jaw, thereby administering an anesthetic for the pain caused by the sprain. This would be in accordance with the rules and customs of the modern prize ring.

They will tell you that the modern prize ring is chivalrous and humane as compared to the days of the London prize ring rules. I would like to quote a description of a round in the great battle between Jem Belcher and the Game Chicken (Henry Pearce), fought near Doncaster, England, on December 6, 1805.

The Game Chicken, you must know, was a pupil of Belcher and they had been fast friends until the exigencies of the game and the size of the purse compelled them to fight it out to a finish under the rules that are considered so savage to-day. Here is a description of the dramatic twelfth round of that bout as recorded by a sports writer of the period:

"Belcher was balancing on his back and in a most pitiable and defenseless state, but the Chicken, like a man, was above taking so cruel an advantage of his friend and putting himself in an offensive posture to show that Belcher was in his power, exclaiming most feelingly, 'I'll take no a vantage of thee, Jem. I'll not hit thee—no, lest I hurt thine other eye.' Such a circumstance ought never to be forgotten—the spectators felt it at the

same time, by their universal plaudits—and it will long live in humanity's memory."

Consider the comparatively modern parallel under the supposedly more humane and more sportsmanlike Marquis of Queensberry rules. Kid McCoy (Norman Selby) was a pupil of the "old master," Tommy Ryan. There was much written about their enduring friendship and of McCoy's admiration for his teacher.

Eventually McCoy induced his master to meet him in a bout. Once McCoy got Ryan into the ring he proceeded to cut him into ribbons after the McCoy manner of fighting. He might have knocked him out early in the bout but he played with him in an exhibition of that tigerish cruelty characteristic of McCoy, and the ring, and then knocked him out without any evidence of pity or compunction.

Let us consider what would have happened at Chicago if Gene Tunney in the last two rounds had felt any of the compassion that came over the Game Chicken when he saw that he had Belcher helpless and half blind. Tunny had Dempsey's left eye dimmed. Suppose that Tunney, who is said to be a very compassionate young man, had paused and said, "I'll not hit thee, Jack; nay, lest I hurt thine other eye."

The gentlemen who had bet heavily on Tunney would be for turning the machine guns on him. After the bout the Illinois State Boxing Commission would have suspended Tunney for not "putting forth his best endeavors," and his potential earnings of a million dollars more or less would still be tied up while he explained that he was not purposely letting Dempsey stay in order to get the return bout for a million dollars more.

Then again let us suppose that the Chicago crowd was watching the bout between Jem Belcher and the Game Chicken, a crowd as Mr. Rickard insists, composed entirely of nice people and including some of our most distinguished ladies and gentle-

men. The moment the Game Chicken stretched Belcher across the ropes the cry would have been raised, "Knock him out. Kill the big stiff." And the Game Chicken, becoming inbued with the spirit of the crowd would have sent his fist crashing into the other eye. Certainly the spirit of sportsmanship is not present at the modern ringside, despite the insistence of Mr. Tex Rickard on the preponderance of "nice" people at the current "Battles of the Century."

Sitting at fights I hear pulpy gentlemen who would shrink if a blow were aimed in their direction shouting, "Kill the nigger" or "Kill the wop." And if the potential killer does not strike, they hiss and boo him. This is not written with any intention to furnish ammunition to those who would abolish the great cauliflower industry, which provides no little entertainment to persons nice or otherwise. It is written to prove the premise with which I started, that sportsmanship is something of a myth.

The spirit of baseball precludes any notion of sportsmanship as it is understood. Ever since Abner Doubleday and his friends evolved at Cooperstown, New York, the sport which has become a national institution, the object of the game is to win—by any means as long as the victory is won.

In contrast to baseball, which is essentially a professional game, they cite the essentially amateur game of lawn tennis. Frequently in more or less unimportant tournaments I have seen tennis players deliberately toss off a point after they have been convinced that the linesman gave their opponents the worst of a close decision.

Let us suppose that a batter racing down to first after an infield tap and sliding to the base was motioned "safe" by the umpire. The batter then rose to his feet and said, "Mr. Umpire, I feel that I was out and I wish that you would reverse your decision. I feel that it would be unsportsmanlike to take this as a hit and I am

sure Mr. John McGraw would feel the same way about it. We are the Giants, you know, and the Giants would scorn to take advantage of the lapse of an umpire. The giants never would do anything that could be construed as unsportsmanlike."

I can tell what would happen in that case. The umpire would call for the club physician to examine that player's skull for evidence of dents. If he happened to get back to the bench John J. McGraw personally would break a bat over his head and the verdict of any American jury would be "justifiable homicide."

The umpire in baseball expects to be criticized constantly by both players and spectators. Among the various stories concerning Tim Hurst is the one concerning the frank batter. Hurst called a close one a ball.

"That one was a strike, wasn't it?" asked the catcher.

"Sure, it was a strike," replied the honest batsman.

"Oh, it was, was it?" said the umpire.

The catcher signalled for a pitch-out for the next one, reading the mind of the umpire.

"Strike three, you're out," bawled Hurst, as the ball sailed by at least three feet wide of the plate. "And," he added, "let that be a lesson to you for the future, young man, if you are to stay in baseball. Take all you can get and look for more."

A certain umpire was besought by the manager of a big league club to travel with the team during the spring exhibition. His expenses were to be paid on a liberal scale and he was to receive a munificent fee in addition.

"What do you want me to do for all this?" he asked suspiciously.

"Nothing at all," said the manager reassuringly. "We just want you to umpire as you see the games so that everything will be regular and so there won't be any trouble in the towns we pass through when we play the home clubs. We do not ask you to do

a thing out of the way. Just call them as you see them—only, of course, you can give us the close ones."

But wait. There was the shining exception to this rule in baseball, one clean-cut demonstration of this myth we call sportsmanship. That was after the hectic game in which Fred Merkle forgot to touch second. In the confusion that followed they went about taking affidavits from the different players. This seemed a useless formula in view of the accepted spirit of the national game.

The case was decided against the Giants. That decision cost the players of that team a pennant and their chance at the world series money. Years afterwards it developed that this decision was arrived at because of the affidavit of the late Christy Mathewson, the Giant pitcher. Mathewson made affidavit to the effect that Merkle did not touch second, and in so doing swore himself and his teammates out of a considerable sum of money to a baseball player, any sum of money being considerable to a baseball player.

Some years ago the Eastern colleges took up the matter of baseball as an intercollegiate sport. They ruled that the spectators were not to "razz" the opposing pitchers and that they were to be as polite and as repressed as a tennis gallery. But according to my observation, the rule did not work to any noticeable extent. Baseball is baseball whether it is played on the campus, the sand lot, or the big league park. The main idea is to win and the manner of winning does not matter.

As a matter of fact, you stand closer to a riot in an amateur or semiprofessional game than you do in a professional game. The professional is able to forget the game after it is over but the amateur or the semiprofessional (so called) is likely to carry the memory of the game out of the diamond with him and to harbor the grudge for a considerable period.

It has been written, "It matters not who won or lost but how

you played the game," but in reality it should be, "It matters not how you won so long as you won."

Of course, you will say that you cannot expect much of what we call sportsmanship in a game that is essentially professional. Let us make inquisition into a game that is essentially amateur, say, intercollegiate football.

Going back to the days of "Bloody Angle," that game described in Big Bill Edwards' book on football, in a contest between Harvard and Princeton there was a savagery such as is connected with prize fights in the London prize ring days. Yet there were instances of what might pass for sportsmanship.

There is the legend of the two linesmen, one of Harvard and one of Princeton. When the first whistle blew they started to exchange punches. The referee, seeing that honors were about even and that the men were fairly matched in a spirit of broad-mindedness, let them go as far as they pleased. They concentrated on each other rather than on the game and through it all they slugged with vim and vehemence.

When the game was over these two players were so battered and begrimed that they were unrecognizable and both were so weak that they could hardly move from the field. They staggered to the side lines with their arms around each other's necks and they parted with a lingering handshake. Afterwards each swore that the other was the greatest linesman he ever had played against and it was the beginning of a lifelong friendship.

But the trend is away from that sort of thing at present. You find that the feeling between Harvard and Princeton is so bitter that they cannot maintain athletic relations. This I blame on the influence of the old grads who know not the meaning or the traditions of sportsmanship. Harvard men have been accusing the Princetonians of muckerism, which is the antithesis of sportsmanship, and the Princetonians are returning the compliment with all the vehemence possible.

Last year brought about a severance of athletic relations between the Military and Naval Academies. The Navy pointed out that the Army refused to comply with the eligibility rules as accepted by the Navy and all of the civilian colleges, which was "unsportsmanlike" on the part of the Navy. At West Point they might have pointed out that the Navy broke an agreement to play the Army without reservations until the year 1930 and might have intimated that the breaking of such an agreement was unsportsmanlike.

Now when two sets of "traditional rivals" like Princeton and Harvard and the Army and the Navy find it impossible to play games together there must have been a lack of sportsmanship somewhere. I will not attempt to place the blame, but as Gene Tunney remarked in reviewing the fight with Dempsey at Chicago, there must have been something of an "unsporting" nature.

By the way, a young man of the intelligence of Gene Tunney should not have expected sportsmanship in the ring and should not have been shocked or surprised by anything of an unsporting nature. It is a good word though. We speak of the "sporting thing to do." Naturally there is the negative, "the unsporting thing to do," and from close observation the unsporting thing is the natural thing to do in the prize ring. With several millions involved in gate receipts and nobody knows how many millions involved in the betting one should expect no more sportsmanship than is expected in an oil deal of the same magnitude.

It has come to be that the victory in intercollegiate football is just as essential as the victory in professional baseball and nothing else matters. There is no chivalry to the injured in a football game. To be as brutally frank, the object is to see that the slightly injured be put out of play as soon as possible. If a coach has a player with an injured left shoulder he will send him into the game with his right shoulder very ostentatiously bandaged. By

this subterfuge he hopes to have the young men who are interested in putting this athlete out of business for the afternoon concentrate on the shoulder that is not hurt. It is not in the modern theory of playing football to show any consideration to an injured athlete. Of course, the young men who play amateur football will not go to the lengths employed by the young men who fight professionally but the spirit of the Good Samaritan is not to be found on the intercollegiate gridiron.

Of a game like intercollegiate football you would expect the development of a supersportsmanship and the fostering of mutual respect and esteem. But the statistics point to the contrary. Over a dozen sets of universities in the United States have severed athletic relations and cherish nothing but hatred toward one another because of football results.

The ancient game of tennis is surrounded by legends of chivalry and courtesy, but even tennis is being modernized. Of course, there remains the tradition of the player purposely tossing a point that he does not think he has earned but this is forbidden in matches of importance. During the last Davis Cup matches it seemed to me that a linesman called two "bad ones" on Cochet at a very critical point in the match with William Tilden II. Mr. Tilden did not toss the points aside.

Even in this game, where the umpires are ladies and gentlemen and the players are supposed to be in the same category, there is at times heard the sound of what they call the "raucous squawk." William Tilden II during a match presided over by a woman umpire protested a decision so vociferously that the lady left the official stand, walked out of the court and refused to return to finish officiating at the match.

As for the feeling that exists between the women players of this game where the spirit is supposed to be all courtesy and sportsmanship, I do not like to write. It is my theory that the ladies cannot be gentlemen when they are playing any strenuous

game. I recall an incident in Paris at the time Miss Helen Wills was stricken with appendicitis during the progress of the matches at the Racing Club. I started to gather some expression of sympathy from Suzanne Lenglen whom Miss Wills was to have met in that tournament. Mademoiselle Lenglen said (I am sure that I am quoting her verbatim), "I feel very deeply for Miss Wills, because I myself know how it feels to be sick and alone in a foreign country. And I am quite sure that France will feel quite as sympathetic toward Miss Wills as the United States felt toward me when I was sick and alone in a foreign country."

If you recall what happened at Forest Hills when Suzanne Lenglen defaulted in a match with Mrs. Molla Bjurstedt Mallory, you will get what Mademoiselle Lenglen meant by the sympathetic statement that she purred out on the receipt of the news that the American woman champion was ill. Mademoiselle Lenglen can place her words just as sharply as she places her shots.

The attitude of the custodians of the "sportsmanship" of tennis in the United States when the Davis Cup was lost at the Germantown Cricket Club at Philadelphia was not suggestive of the good loser which is supposed to exist in perfect sportsmanship. I never saw such funereal faces as those worn by the members of the Davis Cup committee and the officials of the United States Lawn Tennis Association.

There is the appearance of hypocrisy in the "good loser." Also there is the claim that it is bad psychology. The theory is that one who is capable of appearing to be a good loser is prepared mentally to lose and this is not the spirit with which anybody should enter any sort of athletic competition. But after all a tennis cup is only a tennis cup and the loss of it should not become a national tragedy.

Another thing: tennis galleries are not as polite as they used to be. The tennis officials will tell you that this is because the

game has increased tremendously in popularity and with the increased attendance the exclusiveness is gone and you cannot expect the old-time repression that used to be exercised by tennis galleries.

During the progress of the Davis Cup matches the officials frequently shouted the admonition, "Please do not applaud errors." The gallery compromised by refraining from applauding the American errors but continued to applaud the errors of the French most vociferously. Understand that I do not say that this is characteristic of an American gallery. If that match had been played at the Racing Club in Paris I feel quite sure that the French gallery would have applauded the American errors with the same enthusiasm or even more wholeheartedly.

I will admit something like sportsmanship in the game of golf. There is the story of Robert Tyre Jones in an important tournament penalizing himself a stroke because his ball moved by the wind just as he addressed it. Also there is the announcement that even after the United States Golf Association ruled that he would in no way jeopardize his reputation for being the perfect amateur by accepting a house which his Atlanta admirers built for him, Jones still refused to accept the gift.

But what convinced me that there are lingering traces of sportsmanship left in golf was the aftermath of the British Open at Muirfield where Jess Sweetser won. It was a bitter blow to have that trophy won by a home-bred American and for a while the situation seemed a bit strained, though the British were gallantly polite. Then strains of quartette singing started to ensue from the ancient clubhouse. In a short time the wassail was passed and there ensued one of the most sincere drinkings that ever took place in the lowlands of Scotland, which is saying all that could be said. By dawn the British seemed absolutely overjoyed at the victory of Jess Sweetser.

What convinced me at last that the quest of sportsmanship

in sports was quite fruitless was an incident of comparatively recent occurrence. About a year or so ago there came to me an Englishman, one Captain Percy Creed. He had a mission. It was to establish a Sportsmanship Brotherhood, which was to be world-wide in scope. I could not quite get the scope, though he explained at length and in very painstaking fashion. I gathered that it was to promote better feeling among the nations through sports and particularly in the manner in which they were conducted. The Brotherhood was to take the place of the League of Nations, only it certainly would accomplish what the league had failed to bring about.

Captain Creed had a list of commandments for the good sportsmen. He insisted that if these commandments were adopted there would be no wars and that there would not be any necessity for diplomatic notes. All of the nations would be playing games together and the peoples of the earth would be slapping one another on the back and shouting, "Well played, old top," or words to that effect.

It sounded good. It even sounded practical, and I felt that the world would be better and that I might even be a better man myself after the Sportsmanship Brotherhood was established and its ideals were heard and understood throughout the world. One of the commandments, translated into an American colloquialism was, as I recall it, "Thou shalt not squawk." Anyhow, that is what it seemed to have meant.

Only a short time ago I read with surprise and despair that this same Captain Creed had written an article for a British polo magazine in which he intimated very strongly that the British polo team had been given something of a "raw deal" in the international matches of last year. Naturally with the founder of the Sportsmanship Brotherhood being the first to break the most important commandment for the preservation of sportsmanship I was shocked into a return to my skepticism concern-

ing the existence of sportsmanship. And after all, I sometimes wonder if it is so essential for the preservation of sport.

I suppose that one should continue to preach sportsmanship and to refuse to recognize the fact that it no longer exists. But then one thinks of the fate of Don Quixote de la Mancha who tried to restore chivalry to an unappreciating world. Of course, he was "a divine lunatic" but who wants to be thrown by a windmill? And your grandstands, bleachers and galleries are filled with windmills. I prefer to remain one of those who can take his myths or leave them alone.

THE ETHICS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN ATHLETICS[1]

Price Collier

In discussing athletic matters it is often forgotten how very recent is the widespread interest in amateur sport. The modern system of athletic sports was practically introduced at the beginning of the last century—about 1812—by the Military College at Sandhurst. It was nearly fifty years later, however, before the English public schools and universities found a place for athletic sports among themselves, and made them, as they now are, both in England and America, almost a part of the curriculum. Advisory committees of graduates, paid "coaches," and the participation by the faculties of colleges and universities in the regulation of athletic sports are all innovations of the last few years.

It is not so much cause for surprise, then, that rules and regulations are still imperfect, and that the ethics of athletic sports are still under discussion—discussion frequently of an irritating kind. Trained athletes became a professional class in Greece as long

[1] From *The Forum*. Reprinted by permission.

ago as 350 B.C., and for centuries their rules, their methods, and their manners were practically the only criteria by which such contests might be judged.

There are certain circumstances which may well comfort those who are often disheartened at the apparently slow progress made in ousting both the fact and the spirit of professionalism from our modern athletic sports. At any rate we have arrived at a point where professional methods are frowned upon by all who are sincerely interested in amateur athletics; at a point, too, where unmanly behavior, either in defeat or in victory, is generally considered cause for shame and repentance. It may be doubted, indeed, whether physical contests between young men have ever been conducted on so high a plane as now, or whether sport has ever before been made to minister so directly to the moral and mental, as well as the physical, development of our "young barbarians all at play." The *laudator temporis acti,* however, is as much at home in athletics as in morals and manners. All Harvard men have heard the Greek athlete lauded at the expense of his modern prototype, and the vulgarity of modern athletic contests dwelt upon at length; and doubtless in other classic shades are men of profound learning who deplore our degeneracy as athletes. All this rather superficial commentary on comparative athletics has its effect in inducing many people to believe that we have made little or no progress in our endeavors to make sport contribute, and that notably, to the education of our youth.

No doubt Greek sculpture has had more to do with the sentiment about the superiority of the ancient athlete over the modern than any real knowledge of the subject. The few relics we possess of the Periclean age of Greek art have been used as typical of the physical development of that time. As a matter of fact, they were probably no more typical than Mr. French's Minute-Man is typical of the sculpture of an age which rejoices in such

amorphous artistic callosities as are to be found in New York, and even in Boston.

But whether or not the physical development of the ancients was more symmetrical, their ethical standards in such matters we should now consider beneath contempt. Every school-boy in these days is taught, not only by his masters, but by the overwhelming influence of his school-fellows, that he may succeed by fair means only, and that he must not lose heart when he fails. Or, as it has been said by one of our greatest literary athletes: "It is not our business in this life to succeed, but to continue our failures in good spirits." Golden words these are, in days of commercial and social scrambling, when the Ten Commandments are mere rungs on the ladder of financial and social success. At any rate, in our school and college athletics no such cynicism exists, and commercial methods are strictly debarred. But whether this was true of the athletics of two thousand years ago one may well doubt.

We are fortunate in having, for purposes of comparison, a detailed account of certain athletic games from the pen of one of the most distinguished poets of the golden age of Rome. He was writing for his countrymen, and of his countrymen. The epic which contains this account was written primarily to glorify Rome and the Julian house to which the great Augustus belonged. The poet himself was a young man. He died when only fifty-one years old, and his sympathies were, therefore, the sympathies of a comparatively young man. He was writing to please, not to malign; for, as we should phrase it nowadays, he was in receipt of many favors from the Administration. He was extolling the ancestors of those who were to buy and read his poem. It is to be supposed, then, that he would dwell only upon the pleasing traits, the daring deeds, the distinguished and glorious aspects, of the life of that time; that he would write of the ancestors of Augustus, of the houses of Memmius, Sergius,

Cluentius, and others, only in the most complimentary terms.

It is important to call attention to this point, and to emphasize it, because in the games to be described later the participants conducted themselves, at least according to modern ethical athletic standards, in a way that should have made their descendants blush to own the relationship. Though the description is not a description of games that actually took place, it is none the less a fair account; for if the poet erred in over-elaboration or in exaggeration, he may be counted upon to have made his heroes not worse, but better, than they were. We find that tales of the war of 1860-64, or of the war of 1898, lose nothing of their complimentary and glorious character in the telling as the years go by. So our Latin poet, in his epic, may be trusted to tell of what he thought most welcome to the vanity and patriotism of those for whom he was writing. He believed, and his contemporaries believed, that to play games as he writes of them was the best way to play them. If this, then, is the kind of sport that Virgil's contemporaries applauded as a picture, and a flattering one, of the past, there is no reason why we should not consider the ethical standards held up by him for approbation as fairly representative of those of the Augustan Age.

First, there is a boat-race. Four boats enter: the Pristis, commanded by Mnestheus; the Chimæra, commanded by Gyas; the Centaur, commanded by Sergestus; and the Scylla, commanded by Cloanthus. On a rock at some distance from the shore a branch of oak is placed, and this is to be the turning-point for the contestants. The distance out and back is not given, though the rock is said to be "apart in the sea and over against the foaming beach," and where "the swollen waves beat" upon it. The boats start at a signal given by a trumpet. Gyas in the Chimæra gets away first, with Cloanthus in the Scylla a close second; while the Centaur and the Pristis are having it nip

and tuck behind them. All goes well until they near the rock which marks the turning-point. Gyas, who still holds a short lead, calls out to his pilot Menoetes not to steer so wide of the rock, but to make a closer turn. The pilot fears, for some reason, that there may be a hidden reef, and as he steers wide to avoid any such danger, Cloanthus, in the Scylla, steers to the left under the stern of the Chimæra, shaves the rock in safety, and turns for home in the lead. As to Gyas, "then indeed grief burned fierce through his strong frame, and tears sprang out on his cheeks." He entirely forgets himself, seizes the old pilot, and flings him bodily into the sea. This feat of infantile fury is apparently looked upon by the other oarsmen as a huge joke; for "the Teucrians laughed out as he fell and as he swam, and laugh to see him spitting the salt water from his chest." The old man is left to take care of himself as best he may, and Gyas takes the steerman's place himself; but he is so incompetent that he is caught and passed by Mnestheus in the Pristis, and only succeeds in finishing in the third place because Sergestus lands his boat, the Centaur, on the rocks, by steering too close to the turning-point. At the end everybody gets a prize, even Sergestus, who arrives in his badly battered boat amid the jeers of this sportsmanlike crowd.

With the literary value of this piece of writing we are not now dealing; but it is not amiss to refer parenthetically to the two illustrations wherein the boat of Mnestheus is compared to a dove scared from its nest, and the Centaur to a snake bruised by a passing wheel. For our purpose it is enough to call attention to the shouting, the scolding, and the weeping of the contestants; to the cowardice of Gyas; and to the equanimity with which Æneas and the crowd of spectators look upon these childish ebullitions of temper, as being part of the game. Cloanthus, when he sees that Mnestheus has left Sergestus fast upon the rocks, and has even overhauled and passed Gyas, gets upon the poop of his

vessel and delivers an oration addressed to the gods of the waters, in which he promises to sacrifice a white bull to them if he comes in first. The whole picture is of youths of little self-control and of explosive temper, who have had no schooling in the laws that should govern contests between friendly amateurs, who are bent upon winning by fair means or foul, and who at the very thought of losing give way to hysterical despair.

In the next contest, a foot-race, the judicious chronicler grieves indeed to find all notions of fair play thrown to the winds. Those who enter for this race are: Nisus, Salius, Euryalus, Helymus, Diores, Patron, Panopes, and others. Nisus gets away first with a good lead upon his opponents, Salius being second, Euryalus third, and Helymus and Diores close together behind. Everything goes well, with the men running in this order, until near the finishing line, where the ground is slippery with the blood of some bullocks lately killed upon the spot. Nisus, still in the lead, slips and falls, but recovers himself sufficiently to roll over in front of Salius and bring him also to the ground. This he does, so says the poet naïvely, because Euryalus, the third man, is a dear friend of his, and by thus bringing Salius to grief he enables his friend to come in first. Thus, instead of Nisus first, Salius second, and Euryalus third, the race finishes with Euryalus first, Helymus second, and Diores third; Helymus and Diores getting second and third place respectively, through the outrageous trickery of Nisus.

There follows a rare row. Salius "fills with loud clamor the whole concourse of the vast theater, demanding restoration of his defrauded prize." Euryalus, who only came in first by the grace of this monstrous blackguardism of Nisus, begins to weep at the thought of losing the first prize. Diores, who had been left well behind, and who gets his third place only through the trickery to Salius, backs up the tears of Euryalus, and his

claim for the first place, in order that his own claim to third place may not be questioned.

Was ever such a group of athletic mountebanks written of as men and heroes before? We have made progress since then in these matters, in all our sports, whether professional or amateur, except, perhaps, in professional baseball. But none of the spectators, not even pious Æneas, seems in the least surprised by the result of this race. It was no new thing to them apparently. That must have been the spirit in which these contests were generally conducted. Æneas declines to interfere in the matter, and gives first, second, and third prize to whimpering Euryalus, to Helymus, and to grasping Diores, respectively. To Salius, however, as solace for his misfortune he gives the hide of an African lion whose paws are inlaid with gold.

Then follows a piece of impudence probably unparalleled in the history of athletics. Nisus, whose dishonorable action was the cause of all the trouble, appears and asks, if so much be given to the vanquished and to the fallen, "what fit recompense will you give to Nisus?" Various gifts adapted to the manners and methods of Nisus at once suggest themselves to the modern athlete. Tar, feathers, and a rail to ride on; the toe of a quickly lifted and well-directed boot—all or any of these seem appropriate. But, no; that ineffable prig Æneas laughs and gives him as compensation for his villainy a handsome shield, calling him at the same time an "excellent youth"! In some of our military annals there have been traces of boasting, of jealousy, of bitterness, and of downright self-glorification. But outside of the police court records nothing, for lack of chivalry, for contemptible meanness, for impudent self-assertion, equals this story of the foot-race at the anniversary of the funeral of Anchises.

Imagine a race with two Harvard men, a Yale man, and a man each from Columbia and Princeton entered. The Harvard man, leading, falls; twists himself over; grabs the Yale man, who is

running second, by the legs; upsets him, and thus enables his Harvard mate, who is running third, to come in first. Then imagine all these young gentlemen grouped in front of the grand-stand. The Harvard man who came in first is blubbering away, with his fists in his eyes, lest he be deprived of first prize; the Yale man, who was bowled over, is shouting his grievance; the Columbia man, who by the series of accidents gained third place, is insisting upon his right to profit by the trickery; and one and all of them, including the Harvard man who had been the cause of all the trouble, demanding to be given something. The modern imagination stumbles at the bare outline of such a predicament. Our whole standard of conduct, all our notions of fair play, all our ideas of decency have changed; and we can no more believe such manners possible to-day than we can bring ourselves to believe in Neptune and Hercules.

But all this is poetry, says some one. These games were not intended to be taken seriously, either by the poet or by his readers. That phase of the subject was dealt with at the beginning of this article. The games were not real, but the spirit of them was. There are athletic contests described by Shakespeare, by Scott, by Kipling, by Stevenson, and it would be quite fair to judge, from the imaginative writings of these authors, of the manners and of the ethics of the age described. The clothes, the weapons, the surroundings, the writer makes appropriate; but the spirit and the customs of those he holds up to us as heroes are the spirit and the customs that he, the author, regards as the most manly and the most dignified.

Virgil's epic stands in much the same relation to the men of the Augustan Age as do Shakespeare's historical plays to the men of the Elizabethan Age. Both men were writing imaginative history, and Virgil was as little tempted to hold up his actors to ridicule and scorn as was Shakespeare. Here and there are despicable characters, to be sure; but it is understood that they are

despicable, and Shakespeare never for a moment allows his readers to suspect him of sympathizing with them. The same is true of Kipling and of Stevenson. But these figures on the stage at the games presided over by Æneas are held up to us to admire, and the great poet is only mirroring the ethics of his time when he pictures them as heroes. He no more suspects Gyas and Nisus of being young cads, even though he himself created them, than do they themselves, or Æneas and his companions. Virgil lived in an atmosphere where such conduct was not unusual on such occasions; in an atmosphere, in short, where in amateur athletics the trickster, the boaster, and the baby all had their place, and all might expect to receive a prize.

The next contest is a boxing-match, and here we seem to hear echoes more familiar to modern ears. Dares, a famous boxer, who in his day had sparred with Paris and had beaten Butes, strides into the ring. He brandishes his arms, shakes his shoulders, makes passes in the air, and generally behaves as does the modern circus girl before some particularly hazardous feat. As no one appears, this modest gladiator, imagining that he has things all his own way, blows his own horn as follows: "Goddess-born, if no man dare trust himself to battle, to what conclusion shall I stand? How long is it seemly to keep me?" Thus, in varying phrases, have many of our modern prize fighters halloed in the columns of the yellow journals. But Dares had scarce finished his modest speech, and the applause of the crowd had hardly died away, when Entellus, urged by Acestes, throws into the ring his huge gauntlets—of oxhide, weighted with lead and iron—and follows them himself. Then more discussion. How familiar is all this! Dares does not like the gloves. They are too big, and too hard. He declines to fight in them. After some pardonable boasting by Entellus, it is finally agreed to fight in gloves provided by Æneas, and the two boxers take their places and begin.

Young Dares is quicker, but Entellus is the more powerful.

The fight favors first one and then the other, until Entellus, in attempting a mighty slog with his right, misses Dares and falls to the ground. Acestes rushes in to help him. Entellus, on his feet again, and furious at this mishap, renews the fight with redoubled energy. He chases Dares all over the ring, confusing him with the number and rapidity of his punches. Dares is practically beaten, when Æneas steps in and stops the fight. Dares is carried off on a litter by his friends, "spitting from his mouth clotted blood mingled with teeth." Entellus then tells the crowd how strong he used to be in his younger days, and shows them from what misfortune Dares had been rescued, by drawing off, and felling the bull, his prize, to the ground with a single blow between the horns. It "rolls over, and quivering and lifeless lies along the ground." As a last taunt to his vanquished enemy, Entellus says, as the bull lies dead at his feet: "This life, Eryx, I give to thee, a better payment than Dares' death." Of course this rhetorical kicking a fellow when he is down marks out Entellus, though old enough to know better, as of much the same type as Gyas, Nisus, Dares, and the rest.

The sparring match seems less absurd to us only because we are somewhat accustomed to our own bullies of the prize-ring of to-day. The combination of pantomimist, peacock, and bully, who poses and talks fifty weeks for every fifteen minutes he fights, is so familiar to us, that Dares and Entellus do not so greatly shock us with their boasting, their antics, and their lack of magnanimity. We should be dumfounded, however, if at the games in the gymnasium at Harvard, Yale, Groton, or St. Mark's our young athletes, with the gloves on, should indulge themselves in such posturing, or in such vituperation, as passed unnoticed among the companions in arms of the pious Æneas. Fancy a freshman who thinks well of his powers at sparring, dancing on to the floor of the Harvard gymnasium, brandishing his arms about, making feints at an imaginary opponent, side-

stepping, and ducking, to show off his agility before his opponent comes in. It is no exaggeration to say that if such a spectacle were possible nine-tenths of the spectators would believe the boy to be half-witted, or, if not that, to be laboring under some momentary lapse of reason due to over-excitement.

Two centuries of athletics show at least that much change for the better. It would be as impossible to-day for a young gentleman to behave as did Dares as it was easy, and apparently quite proper, then. Though there are streaks of rowdyism, of trickery, and of unfair play in our college and school games even now, such things have no signification as they are unpopular and unrepresentative. The collegemates of a man who should go blubbering to the judge to give him a prize would wrap him hastily in blankets, carry him off to the dressing rooms, and excuse him on the ground that he was a bit "off his head." Should the stroke oar of a freshman crew jump on the coxswain of the boat and pitch him overboard for faulty steering, the young man, unless proved to be insane, would never sit in a boat again, and would probably be expelled from college. Self-control, good temper, and "continuing our failures in good spirits" are now recognized as being as much a part of the game as feathering the oar, or as running with the mouth shut, or as knowing how to counter. The ethical side of all these exercises dominates all kinds of athletics, and he who breaks the laws of the spirit of sport is as much a felon in spirit as at law is he who breaks into his neighbor's house.

Of the other games celebrated on this same day little need be said, for there is little that serves the purpose of this discussion. A mast is set up, a pigeon is tied to the end of it, and four archers, among them our old friends Mnestheus and Acestes, shoot for the prizes. The first strikes the mast with his arrow; the second cuts the string that holds the bird; the third brings down the bird as it flies; the fourth, Acestes, has

nothing left to shoot at. But the poet, ever ready to make the best of his heroes, tells us that Acestes let fly his arrow into the air, where, to the amazement of the whole company, it was seen to catch fire, and to sail like a meteor out of sight among the clouds. There, again, the poet has no mind to discredit the honor of these games. If to us there is in these descriptions much that is silly and treacherous, it is not because the poet has tried to give such an impression. On the contrary, wherever by his art—and a very lofty art it is—he can add solemnity or dignity to the proceedings, he has done so. When he describes what to our notions of manliness are the tricks of the "tough," he does it all unconscious that such manners and such methods are in any way contemptible. These were the athletic ideals of his time; these were the ethical laws by which the athletes of the century before the Christian era governed their games.

It would be interesting to trace the development of manliness in these matters. Whoever has read his Benvenuto Cellini and dipped into the literature of the Italian Renascence, and remembers Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth, Tom Brown's Schooldays, Tom Brown at Oxford, Verdant Green,* Aldrich's *Story of a Bad boy,* Robert Grant's delightful description of a boat race, and the various encounters in Stevenson's stories must see readily enough how we have made progress, slowly, perhaps, but steadily. Nowadays we prevent foul play against wild animals by our game laws, and against our beasts of burden by the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

It is hardly to be doubted that the lads who have the good fortune to spend six years at our game playing schools, like Exeter, Groton, St. Paul's, St. Mark's, and then four years more at college, must enter life with a sense of justice and a repugnance to foul play that will leave a mark upon our whole civilization. The game playing Englishman has been successful in managing the Hindoos in India, the negroes in South Africa,

the Egyptians in Egypt, and the aborigines in Australia and New Zealand. Certainly the Englishman is not of the imaginative temperament that sympathizes readily with those who differ from him socially and religiously. Rather is he to be described as the school boy described the head master of his school to his father—"a beast, but a just beast!" This world-wide notion among the weaker peoples of the earth, that one will get fair play at the Englishman's hands, has made England the successful colonizer that she is.

We should demand and expect no less from our own "young barbarians." We have our colonies to govern; we have the poison of the fierce lust for money, for which a wholesome antidote should be provided; we have the rude jostling of the self-advertising social strugglers to beware of, we have in our midst the disease of political corruption, for which a remedy is sorely needed; we have a powerful press to tame; we have the fads in religion and in morals, always rampant in secluded communities of active ability and little culture, to meet and vanquish; and, though we are taking matters rather gayly in these days of our youth and prosperity, it needs no prophet to foresee that our Hercules will need some hard training to accomplish all his labors successfully.

In every bit of work, from sawing wood to polishing a poem, it is encouraging to look back and see how much has been done—how many sticks are actually sawn, how many verses are satisfactory in sense and sound. So we may turn back to this literature of our school days, and see that we have gone a long way toward the goal of manliness in our sports and pastimes. Though there is always much to do in turning out a first-rate man, in this particular phase of his development much has already been done. Not only may those who are professionally interested and those who are participants in playing games feel encouraged, but every man who loves his country

wisely will welcome any proof that men are more manly than they were. The ideal is a long way off, to be sure, but a little honest praise can do no harm. The critics are always with us! It is something gained that thousands of our boys are being taught to play with all their might, to play fair, and to win if they can. A lad who has had ten years of such training can scarcely fail to retain something of that same spirit when he comes to take part in the real contests of life. Living in the richest and the most unkempt country in the world, where standards are mostly tentative, and where the leveling of a democracy offers huge bribes to wealth, to notoriety, and to popularity, the man who holds that it is not everything to succeed, but that whatever happens he must continue his failures in good spirits, is well worth producing, even at the price, in time and money, of teaching him how to play his games.

DYING FOR "DEAR OLD——"[1]

Heywood Broun

A YOUNG man is being supported by two comrades as he limps across a field. His face is grimed and bloody and one foot drags behind him. He is crying. Not because of his injury, mind you, for this is a deeper hurt. A cause for which he has fought is going down to defeat. After the disaster of this afternoon his team has lost all claim to the football championship of Cambridge, New Haven, and Princeton.

He is young, you say, and will soon get over the tragedy which has come upon him. I am not so sure of that. I remember the man who dropped the punt during my freshman year at Harvard. Everybody thought Yale would win easily, but the Crimson

[1] From the *Century Magazine*. Reprinted by permission.

line was holding beyond all expectations. The score was 0 to 0 and then this man came into the game. The first play to follow was a punt by the Yale fullback. This man had the ball squarely in his arms. He dropped it. Down flashed a Yale end, and in six rushes the ball was carried over the line. There was no further scoring. Yale won.

All this happened in November, and in June there wandered about the yard an unhappy soul who was known to all his fellows as "the man who dropped the punt." He was a senior, and it may be that graduation brought some release, although it must have been hard for him to find a spot in the United States to which the news of his mishap had never carried. Fate had been harsh to him, but not unscrupulous, exactly. He did drop the punt.

The true protagonist of the tragedy was another. He might have been spared, for at the time his brother dropped the punt this one had not yet matriculated at Harvard. That made no difference. The tradition endured. During his four years of college life he was known universally as "the brother of the man who dropped the punt."

And in all seriousness I advance the surmise that there are middle-aged men in this country who have been a little embittered and shaken for thirty years because of the fact that in some critical football game they acquitted themselves badly. The team on which they played was beaten.

I don't think this is a fantastic assumption. Unless he grows up to be President, or defendant in an important murder trial, the college football player is likely to receive far more extensive and searching newspaper publicity in his undergraduate days than at any other period of his life. He is called upon to face an emotional crisis in his life and to be watched by seventy thousand as he faces it. On the following day several million people will read of what he did. The quarterback who calls for

a plunge through center will be publicly denounced as dull-witted if the play is piled up just short of the goal line. To stumble in the spotlight never did anybody any good, and if the man who fails happens to be nineteen years old, he may get an ego bruise which will leave him permanently tender. And if he succeeds brilliantly he may be no better off. The American community is cluttered with ineffective young men who gave their souls to learn drop-kicking, and then found that there was no future in it.

The football player is not permitted to take any big game casually. Emotionalizing his men is accepted by the coach as a necessary part of his functions. "I was assigned to work on a big halfback," a former football star at Harvard told me. "He was a good defensive player, but in the early games he did not seem to show much fire. He was a lonely sort of fellow, and it took me some time to find a line to get going on. We talked awhile, and he told me that he came from Weston, Massachusetts. I said to him, 'My brother lives in Weston, and when you get in that game to-morrow I want you to play so that he and everybody else in Weston will be proud of you. You don't want to disgrace my brother in Weston, do you?'

"It was perfectly true that I did have a brother in Weston," my football friend continued, "and the angle I took worked all right. In fact, it worked a little too well. After I'd been talking about Weston for quite a time, this big halfback began to cry. I could not get him to stop. He was crying the next morning when we got out to the field, and the doctor would not let him attend the talk before the game. The doctor had to walk him up and down the sidelines to get him quieted down. Still he did go in and play a whale of a game."

I've always wanted to get an exact transcript of the parting words of a head coach to his men, or his subsequent speech between the halves. I do know one, but it was delivered to the

squad of a comparatively small college. Just before the North Carolina eleven took the gridiron against Harvard, their coach said to his players, "I want you boys to remember that every man on the Harvard team is a Republican." But in this case oratory failed. The game was a conventional Republican landslide.

More effective was an address delivered to another Southern team which invaded the North. On this occasion the coach relinquished his privilege of providing the last words and called an old gentleman into the locker room. The voice of the veteran rang out like a trumpet call. He spoke of the Civil War and of how the South had held the Yankees back for four years. There was a line not to be split by any Yankee plunger. And the sons of Rebs could do it again. The old man called on the excited youngsters to remember Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee. They remembered and played gloriously, but later there was hard feeling, for the discovery was made that the old man had never served with any of the great commanders whom he mentioned, but had actually marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the Sea.

Coaches are fond of saying, "I want you boys to fight and keep on fighting." If asked to explain his precise meaning, the coach would undoubtedly answer with complete sincerity, "I told them to play hard." But it does not always work out that way. Only too often the instructions are taken all too literally. Football grows cleaner, but Spotless Town is still a long march ahead. And when a young man deliberately injures an opposing player by the use of foul tactics, there are accessories before the fact. Graduates who insisted loudly that "Dear Old ——" must have a winning team, and coaches who said that defeat would sully the honor of the institution, must share in the blame. It is n't possible to rouse impressionable youth up to the point of being ready to die for "Dear Old ——" and not have a few of them, in the heat of battle, come to the decision that some

of the foe ought at least to be maimed for the same good cause.

In spite of the stiff penalty provided by the rules, slugging continues. The officials can't see everything. Again and again players are tackled after they have crossed the sidelines and the whistle has blown. Men who are down get jumped upon. To be sure there is a difference between hard football and dirty football. When one watches the big games from way up on the rims of bowls and stadia, he is likely to have a good deal of trouble in detecting just where honest ardor ceases and foul play begins. I have observed, however, that star players tend to get injured a little more often than those of slighter worth. To be sure, the burdens of attack and defense fall more frequently to the stars, but this is not the only reason. Football, even under strict observance of the rules, permits the practice of disarming the enemy by injuring his most conspicuous players.

And in addition to physically dirty play there are other devices not wholly glamorous. A great college coach taught his scrub team to curse the varsity players most foully through an entire week of practice. "It worked well," explained a veteran of that eleven. "When we got into the big game that Saturday I never paid any attention to the names they were calllng me. I don't care about being called names like that, but the practice made me used to it. The coach told us not to listen to anything but the signals and to go through with our assignments. They did all the cursing, and we won the game."

And if all this is well founded, why is college football looked upon as the very flower and pattern of the highest sporting ideals in America? I don't know why. I like to watch college football, and I can get emotional about it, but when I want moral stimulus and confirmation for my faith in the fundamental romanticism of man, I go to see professional baseball. There have been scandals in the big leagues, and even the most worthy and

honest player is paid for his performances on the diamond. That does n't matter. The distinction between the amateur and the professional cannot be reduced to a simple formula. In any field of endeavor your true and authentic amateur is a man who plays a game gleefully. I have never seen any college player who seemed to get half so much fun out of football as Babe Ruth derives from baseball. Ruth is able to contribute this gusto to his game spontaneously. Nobody makes him a set speech in the dressing room before he embarks to meet his test. The fans will not spell out N-E-W Y-O-R-K with colored handkerchiefs to inspirit him. There will be no songs about hitting the line. Indeed, Ruth will not even be asked to die for the cause he represents.

Instead of running out at top speed, Babe Ruth may be observed ambling quite slowly in the general direction of the diamond. He approaches a day's work. This thing before him is a job, and it would not be fitting for him to run. But a little later you may chance to see a strange thing happen. The professional ball players take up their daily tasks. Soon, in the cause of duty, Ruth is called upon to move from right center all the way to the edge of the foul line. And now he is running. To the best of my knowledge and belief there is no current gridiron hero who runs with the entire earnestness of Ruth. Once I saw him charge full tilt against the wall of the Yankee Stadium. It was a low wall, and Ruth's big body was so inextricably committed to forward motion that a wall was insufficient to quell the purpose inhering in the moving mass. And so his head and shoulders went over the barrier, and after a time his feet followed. The resulting tumble must have been at least as vicious as any tackle ever visited upon a charging halfback. But for Ruth there was no possibility of time out. He could not ask so much as the indulgence of a sponge or a paper drinking cup. Shaking the disorders out of his spinning head, he tumbled him-

self back over the wall again and threw a runner out at the plate.

It is my impression that in the savage charge up to the wall and over, Ruth was wholly in the grip of the amateur spirit. If he had stopped short of the terrific tumble, his pay would have still continued. To me there is nothing very startling in the fact that young men manage to commit themselves wholeheartedly to sport without hope of financial return. That is a commonplace. Recruiting volunteer workers for any cause is no trouble at all. I grow more sentimental over a quality much rarer in human experience. I give my admiration utterly to that man who can put the full sweep of effort into a job even though he is paid for it.

The bleeding right tackle making a last stand on the goal line is to me a lesser figure than Walter Johnson staving off the attack in the final game of the World's Series. For, as I look at it, the bleeding tackle is fighting merely for the honor and glory of his college. My mind will not accept him as a satisfactory symbol of any larger issue. But when Johnson pitched, I felt that the whole samurai tradition was at stake. Once I shook hands with Walter Johnson and he remarked that the late summer had been a handicap for pitchers. Nothing more was said, and I got no direct personal emanation from the man, which convinced me that I was in the presence of true greatness. It never was the real Johnson, but only the fictional one, that captured my imagination. He was the Prince of Pitchers and the Strike-out King. From Montana he came to the big leagues to throw a baseball faster than it had ever been thrown before. And as a boy I read of how the hands of his catcher were bruised and maimed by the ordeal of receiving this mighty delivery.

And so Johnson became a demigod, and I am always sad when the gods die. I saw Johnson sicken under torture. I saw him driven to the dugout in defeat. And then I saw him come

back from his cavern revivified with all his old magic. This demigod was alive again, and before me was played out a solar myth. So it had been with Buddha and Osiris. There is resiliency in the soul of man and he may lie down to bleed awhile and return refreshed. College football is just a game; professional baseball can rise to the height of a religious experience.

And it is a religion with only the scantiest bonds of ritual. It is incumbent upon the faithful to stretch in the seventh inning. Beyond complying with that one easy ceremony, the rooter has no responsibility in this Quaker meeting. If he chooses to sit silent, that is permissible. Only when the spirit truly summons him is there any necessity of shouting. And so I find the emotion at a big-league ball game far more genuine and deep-rooted than at any college football encounter. All shade and sensitivity are sacrificed in football by the pernicious practice of regimentation. "A long cheer with three 'Harvards' on the end!" cries the man in the white sweater through his megaphone. It is entirely possible that at the precise moments he calls upon me and my fellows to declare ourselves there is stored up in none of us more than a short cheer. It may even be that we have no inclination to cheer at all. Still, the duty is heavy upon us and we must render lip-service.

Before the afternoon is done, the vilest sort of hypocrisy will be forced upon us. When the team in blue comes out upon the gridiron we shall all be called upon to render them a long cheer and to add three "Yales" for courtesy. This is in violation of the deeper feelings of the human heart. We wish no success to Yale. At the mass meeting eloquent speakers have pointed out that it is imperative to the honor of Harvard that Yale shall be turned back from our gates. Already we have sung our intention to smash, bleach, and ride them down. And here we are called upon to cheer them. It is all too distracting. Ambi-valency is not a condition which one cares to celebrate at the top of his voice.

The psychology of baseball is much more simple and more honest. The Washington rooter makes no pretense of wishing the Giants well. He pays them the compliment of thoroughgoing opposition. In the first game of the 1924 World's Series two home runs were made by New York players. It was as if a lace handkerchief had been tossed into the Grand Canyon. This was an aggressive silence. A sincere horror and anguish struck forty thousand people into a muteness which fairly throbbed. They made no dishonest pretense of polite applause, but maintained instead an honorable silence.

And yet your baseball player and your baseball fan never take defeat in any such tragic spirit as the football collegian. Finality is so long delayed. The game which is lost may be canceled by victory on the succeeding day. And all this serves to create in the mind of the impressionable a picture of life more accurate than that which is conveyed by football. Defeat is the portion of every man born into the world. He must learn to accept it and, if he is to amount to much in his community, he must get from every check a certain stimulus to appeal from the decision. There is no use crying over spilt milk because it is no great trouble to run around the corner and get another bottle. As our Salvation Army friends say, "A man may be down but he's never out." That won't do for a football proverb. A team can be both. Princeton, let us say, has just run rings around Harvard. The final whistle has blown. From this there can be no appeal. The issue may not be tried again. The teams will not meet for another year, and then many a new figure will be in the lineup of either side. Here is a finality which is disturbing. The Harvard rooters have no recourse except to say that football is not so terribly important and that anyway Harvard still has a better English department.

I arranged that my small son should first come into contact with sport by watching professional baseball. One reason is wholly

unconnected with ethics. When he asks questions, I am better prepared to answer them. But, beyond that, I don't want him to think of a game as something which leaves two or three young men stretched on their backs in the wake of every smashing play. I cannot think up any good reason, suitable to his immature years, why these young men should submit to such an ordeal. The chairman of the football committee at a great Eastern university explained to a mass meeting that preparedness was the chief justification for intercollegiate football. He said that unless the young men of America submitted to the arduous discipline and drill of training and the hard, fierce knocks of fighting football, we should have no adequate officers for our next war. But I won't want to use that reasoning on my small son. I have tried to enlist him in the determined ranks of those who insist that there will be no next war.

Only once did I ever hear of an official football speech which met with my entire approval. It was made by a Harvard captain. His team had lost to Yale, but by a smaller score than was expected. It had been a fast and interesting game. At the dinner when the team broke training the captain said, "We lost to Yale, but I think we had a satisfactory season. We have had fun out of football, and it seems to me that ought to be the very best reason for playing the game."

A shocked silence followed his remarks. He was never invited to come to Cambridge to assist in the coaching of any future Harvard eleven. His heresy was profound. He had practically intimated that being defeated was less than tragic.

COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS

America may be said to be a sporting nation. Nowhere else in the world, England perhaps excepted, is there so great an interest in all forms of athletic endeavor as in the United States. As every true

sportsman knows, there is more to athletics than the physical effort. There is an intangible quality, a certain something which for want of a better term we may call "spirit" that takes hold of the imagination and grips the heart. The question whether it be a "spirit of health or goblin damn'd" has provoked much discussion. In the article "What is Sportsmanship?" a somewhat pessimistic view is taken by a well-known sports writer for one of the New York dailies. On the other hand, the author of "The Ethics of Ancient and Modern Athletics," a man with wide experience as clergyman, editor, and author, takes a more hopeful outlook. In "Dying for 'Dear Old ——,'" Heywood Broun, the clever columnist formerly of the *New York World,* raps American overseriousness towards athletic competitions. Out of such a symposium as this might well come a thoughtful examination of the spirit of sport. Possibly Stevenson's essay, "Gentlemen" (page 129), may be taken as collateral to this discussion. Incidental references to college sport are in nearly all the selections given under the grouping "The Modern Collegian" (pages 401 to 454).

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

Suggested topics for compositions: (1) Sportsmanship I Witnessed at a Recent Athletic Meet; (2) Athletic Ideals at My College; (3) Athletic Courtesy; (4) Varying Standards of Sportsmanship in Different Sports; (5) Professionalism in College Athletics; (6) The Creed of the True Sportsman; (8) What Was Unsportsmanlike in the Greek Boat Race Described in Collier's Article; (9) Football as War; (10) Athletic Contests in Literature (see the books referred to in Price Collier's article, and possibly find others); (11) Sportsmanship as the Modern Descendant of Chivalry; (12) Keeping Alight the Lamp of True Sport in Our Colleges; (13) The Influence of the Paid Coach on the Spirit of Sportsmanship; (14) Why a Stadium Has a University; (15) The High Cost of Football; (16) Why I Take (or Do Not Take) Part in College Athletics.

TRAVEL

THE EDUCATION OF TRAVEL [1]

Charles Francis Thwing

The two great forces in life and education are truth and personality. The education which travel gives is chiefly an education by means of truth. Personality plays a less constant part, though at times a most important one.

The truth which travel uses as a means of education is truth obtained largely through the eyes. It is observation. It lies in seeing things. The world makes its appeal to the individual through each of the five senses; but the eye conveys as large an amount of the material for knowledge as hearing, smelling, tasting, and touching. If, to the infant, the physical world is primarily a world to be touched, to the adult its chief relation is a world to be seen. "Seeing the world" interprets travel, as "seeing life" is supposed to interpret life. The dazzling, far-off glories of the Himalayas, the endless stretch of the ocean, the picturesqueness of Japanese landscape, the tropical luxuriousness of Hawiian or Ceylon forest and foliage, the barren waste of the dry, brown, wind-swept plains of northern India or of northern China, represent the truth which observation offers. Likewise, passing from landscape to man and his works, the low, squatty, begrimed, insect-infested hovels of hundreds of thousands of villages of the Orient, the thin, slight costumes of crimson and orange of Japanese and Hindoo, the noble refinement and elabo-

[1] From *Educational Review*. Reprinted by permission.

rate simplicity of the Taj Mahal and other memorial tombs of Agra and Delhi, the kaleidoscope of street and bazaar in every oriental town also represent the truth which observation offers. It is truth as vast as nature, as diverse as life. To come to possess as one's own every part of the infinite field, either in its largest relations, or in its infinitesimal divisions, is a form of knowledge which education cannot but regard as of most precious value. Such knowledge stands for remoteness from the provincial, the parochial and the local. It means a world-citizenship. It means sympathy, breadth, largeness. It also represents mental fullness and richness. But knowledge thus gained is chiefly knowledge in the mass. It is a conglomerate, composed of tens of thousands of separate parts and truths unrelated, flung together, without a basis of principle or a category of orderliness.

Such knowledge is of small worth, either as truth or as power. This conglomeration is to be interpreted, and being interpreted, is to be classified. Each fact is to be seen, not simply in itself, but in relation to other facts. Each fact is only one member of a series; it is to be seen as a resultant of causes preceding it in time, and surrounding it in space, and also itself as a cause which shall in turn produce other results also. One may look upon a far-off, sky-kissing peak of Mt. Everest, or the volcano formations of Japanese islands as a geologist and find in these formations evidences of the globe's history; or he may look upon them with the eye of the artist; or still he may see them, as most do see them, with a sense of unreasoning wonder and astonishment; but, however seen, they do receive an interpretation either scientific or esthetic, or broadly human. The world of man may also be seen as a collection of political, or of social, or of economic, or of martial forces. One is always to behold with discrimination. Discrimination means interpretation, and interpretation should result in classification. No one, for instance, can mistake the strong, massive, immobile face and heavy form of the Chinese

for the small, weak, mobile face and slight body of the Hindoo. The Mongolian is not the Aryan.

But truth is not only to be seen, interpreted, classified,—it is also to be assimilated. It is to become a part of the individual. Education by means of truth demands that knowledge shall be incarnated in the life and character of the traveler. It is sadly evident that not many travelers do fully assimilate the knowledge which the world offers with liberal profuseness. Many see without interpreting, more see and interpret without classifying, and a still larger number see, and classify without making truth and truths a part of their being. They return from long pilgrimages the same individuals that departed, neither enlarged nor enriched. Knowledge, like clothing, has not become assimilated when it rests upon one as a coat or a jacket to be put on or to be put off at pleasure. Knowledge, like food, becomes assimilated when it has been unconsciously made a part of one's being: it has thus entered into every faculty and strengthened every function. The education of travel requires that the knowledge of truth shall become a part of one's being.

But the highest element in the getting of the truth which travel offers is the element of appreciation. Appreciation presupposes and embraces observation, interpretation, classification and assimilation. It is at once an intellectual and an emotional condition. It is both a virtue and a grace. It belongs alike to the head and to the heart. It belongs to the head in its primary stages and forms; to the heart in its final and highest development. It stands for both cause and effect, and also for conditions, as well as for effect and cause. It transcends observation, interpretation and classification as interpretation and classification transcend observation. Appreciation includes the feeling of the significance of phenomena and movement as well as the understanding of them. The man of appreciation pausing before the

monument of the Angel and the Cross at the memorial grave in Cawnpore feels the meaning of the suffering and the triumph of the women and the children who met death in the great Mutiny. His eye sees; his intellect understands; his heart is stirred. The man of appreciation beholding the bullet-scarred walls of the British compound at Peking, seeing the words "Lest We Forget," is thrilled with emotions over the quiet courage and noble endurance of the hundreds who faced death daily for months, and death, too, which was more than dying. The Nile pyramids, the Roman Forum, the furrowed streets of Pompeii, the shivered Parthenon,—works of men,—or the works of the Creator, as the yellow Tiber, and the narrow Bosphorus, all move and thrill. For in them humanity has come to its highest and whitest crests of either association, achievement, or fulfillment.

Observation, interpretation, classification, assimilation, appreciation, these are the five points of the educational creed of the traveler. They are the five points, too, of every education wherever and however given or received. They are at once causes and content, conditions and results. But as causes and conditions they do represent certain educational results of the highest significance, results which are implicitly involved in the causes themselves.

But besides the education given by means of the knowledge which travel offers there is, as I have intimated, education by means of personality. Every one going into a foreign country should avail himself of the opportunities which may fittingly be opened for knowing great men. Great men are the guiding forces of a nation. They are a microcosm of a people. They stand in the present for what a nation may become in the future; at least they represent certain tendencies which are at all times moving upon or through a country. No American, at least of the earlier time, ever went to Europe more adequately provided

with letters of introduction to scholars and diplomats, to princes and to kings, than George Ticknor, and no one ever used the advantages thus offered with keener discretion or larger worth.

A further result of the education which travel gives is intellectual enlargement and enrichment. The mind is liberalized; it is set free; its narrowness becomes breadth; its shallowness depth. The mind passes, from being a line to being a square, and from being a square to being a cube. To length it adds breadth, and to both thickness. It sees things not so much in themselves as in relations. It understands; it analyzes, and Dr. Holmes intimates that in analysis lies education. It weighs evidence; it gives to a fact a proper value; to a truth a just meaning. Its circle of information and understanding widens. Its plummet lengthens, and the bottoms of its ocean of thought and feeling go down deeper. The soil of its reflections and emotions receives a new layer of the falling and enriching leaves of ripened experiences.

Another result of the education of travel lies in the increase of one's resources. The enlarged worth of mind and of heart becomes a power to bless and to help, to comfort and to guide one's self as well as others. It forms a reserve fund to be used daily, and also, if need be, to be drawn upon in crises. Some men's minds are like the shop windows and show cases of small dealers, who put there all their goods; other men's minds are like the storehouses of great merchants, who decline to make display, but who, when proper demand is made, bring forth rich accumulations to bless and to serve. Men who properly use travel gather great riches which they are unwilling to barter but are willing to spend for self or for others. Such a mind was Darwin's, to whom travel brought material for his most daring and scientific inductions. Such a mind, too, was the greatest of modern scientists, Kelvin's, who stood ready to use his vast store of knowledge to bless humanity, sending messages under the oceans, and making the sailors' task upon those oceans easier and

safer. Such a mind was that of Pasteur, the greatest of Frenchmen, and one of the most human and humane men of all humanity.

Closely allied with the increased resource of the individual is the grace of humility which travel cultivates. Enlargement of knowledge, however gained, should result in a deepened humility. The man who knows most is most conscious of what he knows not. The enlargement of the circle of knowledge on its inner side is the enlargement of the circle of ignorance on its outer side. The traveler who starts on his journey, convinced that there is only one proper method of dress, of building, or of keeping a house, of carrying on a business, of administering a college, of curing a patient, of prosecuting a law suit, or even of divine worship, should return with the belief that the modes of helpful and tasteful dress are many, that the ways of building and keeping a house vary from a Japanese cottage to a palm-leaf hut, and that the forms of divine worship may be as diverse as are either the conditions of the climate, or the needs of the human soul. Travel removes arrogance, haughtiness, intolerance. It gives willingness to respect others' opinions, to suffer others' prejudices,—if prejudices they be,—to recognize other points of view and standards than one's own, and to find in other nations and other personalities some qualities higher than are found among one's own people, or in one's own bosom.

Travel is also an education in efficiency. This result is gained both in negative and in positive ways. The peoples of the world are, on the whole, inefficient in their doing. They do not take forethought; they do not select out of several ways the best way of achieving; and they are inclined to let intention wait upon performance. The life in China, India, Ceylon, Egypt, Italy, Spain, is a life rather of unmeaning condition than of aggressive forcefulness. An Englishman or American is impressed with the loss which each nation suffers through its lack of efficiency. The

world is still a wasteful world. The sin and the mistake of inefficiency and wastefulness quicken the traveler unto economic aggressiveness and aggressive economy.

A still further result of the education of travel lies in the inspiration of service for all men. This result does not invariably emerge. For so vast is the world, so intricate the world's problems, so deep the world's needs, that one may be inclined to ask why should one disturb himself in order to make his little contribution to the world's benefit. The contribution can make no appreciable alleviation of the world's suffering, and give no discernible light in the world's night. Such questionings, however, is not the mood of the healthful or healthy mind. Such questioning is the mood of intellectual weariness and emotional dissipation, of ethical and religious pessimism. Rather the natural mood is of increased desire, as well as of enlarged power, to help. The world's need is so deep, the world's darkness so black, the world's sore, whether in Africa or in Asia, is so sore, the world's blundering so dense, the world's contentment with what is not best so blind, that the man whom travel has educated is eager to make an offering, be it ever so small, for the world's enlightening and guiding, strengthening, soothing, and comforting. When Lord Shaftesbury lay dying at the age of eighty-four, after a lifetime spent in alleviating the lot of the poor and the suffering, he cried out, "And must I die and leave the world with all this suffering in it?"

But there is one result of the education which travel is supposed to give which is not good, and which in any true interpretation should be noted. It is the result lying in intellectual and other dissipation. This dissipation I call intellectual and other. By "other" I mean much more than intellectual, large as that is. I mean the scattering of life's purpose and purposes, the thinning out of the interpretation of the objects toward which worthy struggle is directed, the disintegration of the forces which do or

should struggle upward, in a single word, the weakening of the will. In the American college, and indeed in colleges of all nations, are found men who have remained so long that the aim of their first coming has been forgotten. Year after year they stay on, taking enough studies to retain the right of residence, yet not approaching a bit nearer to what most men regard as the goal of a liberal education. They are neither intellectually virtuous, nor intellectually vicious; they are quiet nonentities. They are always becoming, but never become; they are always going, but never get there. Travel, long-continued, is liable to work a like result upon the traveler. It incapacitates him; it cuts the nerve of the mission of his life; it weakens without destroying; it emasculates without giving any result nobly feminine; it makes character thin without making it broad; it produces intellectual and moral ennui without producing dissatisfaction sufficient to quicken and to arouse; it gives a man appetite for the lotus root which though not very good itself, is yet good enough to keep him from trying to get something better.

Behind the content and the substance of the education which travel offers, and leading to the results which this form of education achieves, lie the method and the force for getting this education. Into this form of training, as into every form, one should enter bearing a keen intellectual inquisitiveness. He should wish to know, and should know the fundamental as well as the superficial, the lasting as well as the temporary, elements of the life of a people. Surely if he lack this wish, he will return home well nigh as ignorant as he was on his departure. This desire serves as a motive power in prompting research, in enduring hardships, in seeking out individuals, in asking questions, in advancing the whole process of learning. From this fact follows easily the inference that one should travel when intellectual curiosity fills a large place in one's constitution. Intellectual curiosity may lessen and may at last entirely fade out. The journey of Velas-

quez to Italy helped to determine his career, for it was made at a stage when mind was active and power of acquiring great. Walter Scott went to Italy when his brain was tired and his hand feeble. It was without influence. Italy for more than a hundred years taught and inspired the northern nations through their citizens who dwelt in Florence and Rome; but these men of the north usually came unto her in the period of intellectual enthusiasms and eagerness.

With intellectual inquisitiveness should be united moral thoughtfulness. If intellectual inquisitiveness represents acts, or a series of acts, moral thoughtfulness represents rather a mood or atmosphere of the individual. The most important elements and phenomena of a nation are moral. Behind the decay of Greece from social causes and the decline of Rome from political, lay moral conditions. Behind the industrial forces making modern England, or America, lie moral forces, giving temper and quickening to the material. The traveler of a mood of moral thoughtfulness seeks and is more able to find the moral elements of a nation, or of a community. The traveler who goes to any oriental country without such a mood investing him as a garment will be impressed by, and will gather up only, the elements of exterior picturesqueness. His character will receive no enrichment, and his intellect no proper enlightenment. The world is, on the whole, a world embedded in moral foundations. This moral condition gives itself to the heart and the mind only of him who approaches it in moral sympathy and moral reverence. John Ruskin is a great moral interpreter of our literature and humanity by reason of the moral atmosphere of his character.

In fostering the education of travel a high place should be given to the value of the sense of humor. Travel involves annoyances of all sorts, from the hunger and sleeplessness of one's self to the boorishness and faithlessness of those who should be courteous and honest. But each annoyance, however hard, pro-

vided it contains no immoral element, may have its element of the ridiculous. The ridiculous is constantly met with, and is usually not hard to find. A friend of mine in Madura, Southern India, had a servant who was found beating his wife. His mistress told the man she could not keep a servant who beat his wife. "What shall I do," said the servant, "Is not marriage made for the comfort of man?" When Phillips Brooks was in Japan at one time waiting for a delayed train, he and his traveling companion, also large of stature, were taken for American wrestlers who had come to Japan to exhibit their strength and skill. I am not told whether they gave to the little folks of the little islands a public exhibition of their prowess. Talking once with the conductor of a dining-car on the Union Pacific Railroad, I remarked upon the unreasonableness of passengers and upon the impossibility of a conductor making answer to impertinences. "Yes," he said, "we have a swearing-box upon the road into which we go sometimes and relieve ourselves."

Akin to this sense, or possibly akin to the application of this sense of humor, is the value of a smile or of a laugh. One of the constant annoyances of travel in rural district or urban center is the invitation to buy or to use. The rickshaw man wants you to hire his little vehicle; the jeweler to buy his wares; and the post-card dealer to purchase his cards. Scolding is of small avail for putting an end to persistent or personal application; to scolding the ear has become dumb and the heart hard. But the eye is sensitive to a smile, and further, if the occasion prompts a laugh is also well. For a laugh may convey an intimation of the ridiculous and most natives dislike any evidence intimating that they are being made fun of.

One may be suffered to say that in getting the full advantage of the education of travel, the virtue and the grace of courtesy is to be exercised. Travel often seems to represent the mistake, the fault and the vice of boorishness. It embodies a constant and

silly struggle for the best: the best tables in the dining-room; the best seats in the railroad cars; the best carriages at the station; the best places for chairs on the steamer deck. Travel brings out the innate and acquired selfishness of humanity. But courtesy still represents the wiser method. Courtesy results, in the long run, in richer material results than selfishness. Selfishness should really lead one to the grace of unselfishness. For courtesy must, abroad as well as at home, spring from genuine regard for one's fellow-travelers. In it are recognized all rights, and in it also is embodied the right to give up one's own rights.

The sympathy out of which courtesy arises has a still wider and deeper application. The traveler is to enter a country bearing a heart and mind sympathetic with it. Let him enter with a mind so broad that, while not neglecting to understand national limitations, he shall not fail to appreciate the causes of these limitations. Let him neither unduly appreciate advantages nor unduly depreciate disadvantages. Never let him enter either Thibet or Afghanistan,—if he can get into either country,—in a spirit of antagonism. If he do enter in this spirit he will come away—if he come away at all—a smaller self than he entered. Antagonism closes the doors of knowledge; sympathy opens them; antagonism dulls appreciation; sympathy quickens; antagonism narrows; sympathy broadens. The sympathy should be both intellectual and emotional, each acting on and reënforcing the other. The traveler, like the missionary, finds he secures results the richer as his sympathy is the heartier. Are not Dickens' *Notes on America* less valuable because he had so little sympathy with the country of which he wrote?

The most comprehensive thing to be said about the methods and means for securing the richest worth of the education of travel is that one is to take best care of oneself. Oneself represents the capital stock of the traveler. Any impairment of its resources is disastrous. If this stock be kept at its full earning capacity, rich

dividends and large increments of advantage are assured. Most travelers fail to appreciate the worth of themselves. Their appreciation of the value of their purse is keener than their appreciation of the value of their brains. They economize in money; they do not economize effectively in intellectual force.

In the education of travel, as in all education, oneself is to be maintained at the height of efficiency. The physical health is of primary worth. The danger of its suffering by irregular habits is great; the risk of its impairment by under-eating, by over-eating, by ill-regulated eating is constant. Sleep is in peril of being damaged; and opportunities for exercise are naturally limited. The intellect, too, becomes wearied. It ceases to respond to the attractions of the world's exterior, or to quicken itself by or for thinking. Even the heart, as in intense joy or sorrow, becomes exhausted. Exterior causes directly promote exhaustion. The new sounds and the new sights—long heard or long seen—the new methods of life and work, all new conditions calling out either enthusiasm or disgust, make drafts on every resource. Unconscious, as well as conscious, forces work to deplete strength. The traveler is in peril of becoming, like the boating or football men, overtrained, stale. He can not do or give his best, or receive what is best for him to receive. Travel, in such a condition, is as useless as a college education given to a youth without the force of responsiveness. Friends of mine making a trip round the world rested every third day; out of each week at least two days were sacredly set aside for purposes of recreation.

Worthy education, whether pursued in one place or as a peripatetic, represents hard work. The work is harder according as the moving is greater. Therefore special care is to be taken to save oneself from the bad effects of overwork. Sleep, food, exercise, form the trinity of forces which are to be conserved.

Taken at the right age, taken under good conditions, the education of travel is of great worth. The age usually chosen is

rather too early than too late, except for the lad of intellectual parts. Taken before the age of eighteen, unless the mind is inquisitive, it is seldom of full worth. Taken after graduation at college, it represents the proper age and degree of education. The education of travel well supplements to the sober-minded youth the education of the college. This young graduate still holds his powers of observations acute, and he is also in the age of intellectual discrimination and of moral thoughtfulness. He is able to compare, as well as to observe. Wide traveling also, occasionally pursued throughout one's increasing years, is a continuation of education which helps to make life rich in thoughtfulness, broad in tolerance, tender in sympathy, and of the noblest effectiveness.

CROWD WANDERLUST [1]

Walter S. Hiatt

Since we crawled out of the ooze on to dry land, since that first jungle baby crept on all fours to see what lay in the next dell, the wander instinct has been strong in us. It has perhaps been the dream of every person ever born to travel to some distant place; in this century, to go around the world.

There is something very fresh, almost primitive, about our present travel psychology. It smacks of a fabled first sport, of the day when drama was born. Our eyes are full of seeking, draw our bodies in headlong plunges up and down the world. We count our crowds by the million because people won't stay still. Our South and our West are full of young people who see the country by working their way from job to job. I met one of these lately, a tramp librarian.

[1] From the *Century Magazine*. Reprinted by permission.

"I adore travel," she volunteered, as she handed out some references on the amazing growth of the tourist industry.

"Why?"

"Oh, it's such fun," she said with glowing eyes; "seeing life, different countries and things. My home is in the Northwest, but I've traveled a lot already, seen California, the Middle West, New York." Then a shadow crossed her face. "I haven't seen Europe or the East—yet."

In this prim bespectacled librarian spoke the age-old call of the wild, the voice of romance, the yearning for the new and the strange, the will and the daring to take the open road across wide rivers on to new frontiers, to answer freedom's challenge.

When the travel itch caught people, they used to have to invent sound reasons for wishing to follow the path that lured them. Not so long ago, in quieter days, travel for pleasure was often considered the sport of spendthrifts, of very bad runaway boys, something shady, one of the vices of the loafer, at best the recreation of harmless if not respectable old people, preferably men. Boys of the Middle West who wondered how it would look to see the ocean roll—if it really did roll—were solemnly warned that it was a most dangerous place. And as for ships, it had been known since Bible days that they invariably sank with all hands.

To-day people are ashamed to stay at home, and as for ships they can't be kept off them. Lately I was on the dock of a vessel sailing for Spain. One of the passengers was a Middle West teacher on her first trip abroad. As the steamer pulled out of the slip, her face radiated joy. She threw kisses helter-skelter at friends on the dock. Every twist in her quivering body said, "At last, at last, I'm going!" One of these women friends on the dock exclaimed, tragedy in her eyes: "I feel like an exile, positively! I have to stay at home."

Last year a steamship man organized a world university cruise for men students. He had more than a thousand applications

from young women who didn't know it was a cruise for men only.

Inland people respond readily to the newer plans of travel that make it cheap. A few years ago a Missouri physician, out of health and funds, felt he should go abroad for a rest. He had heard of the group travel plan. So he organized a tour for physicians and nurses, found a sufficient number, and came home restored to health, with money in his pocket.

On a recent trip the *Leviathan* carried thirty-two hundred passengers, nine hundred of whom were students of all ages. By tapping the desire of America to travel, and placing comforts at the disposal of travelers at a minimum rate, the Atlantic steamship trade has avoided some of the losses resulting from the United States immigration exclusion law.

Travel has become a top-liner, the chief of all outdoor sports. Go! That's the new crowd psychology of all the peoples of the earth. Go! It's grand fun. And everybody's doing it, especially the women. That poor old World War started it, of course. Like Rip Van Winkle, every once in a while we rub our eyes and see some new changes wrought by that war. The war buried many; but it has resurrected more. That churning of souls brought out the wild sap of youth, revived the instinct of freedom, restored the roaming lust of the caveman, akin to that of the animals of the jungle, the birds of the air, the troop of horses jumping pasture fences.

We have lost the rocking-chair point of view of living; we have a newer, or perhaps an older, concept of leisure. The prewar traveler who, loaded down with baggage and guide-books, took his travel seriously, to improve his mind, is all but gone. Certainly he is now submerged in the crowds of joy travelers, always on the go, new editions of the Flying Dutchman.

Proof or evidence of this new travel mind has lately been provided by the failures of two world expositions, one in Lon-

don, one in Philadelphia. After the London failure, the matter was heatedly debated in Parliament, charges of mismanagement and corruption made, finally the losses settled with much grumbling. To the Philadelphia exposition last year came five, not fifty, million people as expected. There followed the same charges, the same grumbling, as after the London exposition.

Why would not people travel long distances, as they had in pre-war days to other expositions? The answer is, in the slang of the day, that expositions are "out." People have traveled so much that they have seen most of the things expositions provide, or else they wish to see their sights at the point of origin, not in glass cases or as side-shows. Above all, when they travel, it is frankly to enjoy themselves. They are more sophisticated. They know a good deal, and they know what they want. Coney Island, the most widely advertised freak pleasure-resort in the Western Hemisphere, has for several seasons complained about the unfavorable weather that keeps away the great spender crowds. It is not the weather at all. People go farther, to other beaches where there are more crowds or fewer crowds, where the atmosphere is different. Resort managers about London and Paris have the same tales to tell. Staid London has always been a dead city on Sunday; and now Paris, and for another reason, is dead on Sunday. People begin on Saturday to leave for the country; they range for hundreds of miles over France, instead of going for a brief afternoon walk on the grand boulevards or to the Bois, or taking a ride on the Seine boats. On holidays, Sundays, in vacation time, Berlin, Munich, Vienna, empty themselves in the same way.

So there is a new world picture, and it was not there in 1914. Nor does anybody want to go alone any more. The crowd is milling here at home, afoot, hiking, hopping into automobiles, riding horses, aëro-planing, motor-boating, swimming, racing hither and yon by railroad, by electric car, by motor-bus, fleeing

east, south, southwest, to Canada and from Canada, to the West Indies, to Europe, around the world, in season and out—there are no more seasons for travel-going!

Fear of strange places has gone out of the world. That mid-Victorian fixity, primness, stay-at-homeness, inhibitions of what the neighbors think, these are with the snows of yester-year. I sometimes fancy I saw the death of Fear. It was on Monte Nero, the last mountain held by the Italians against the Austrians seeking to break forth upon the plains toward Venice and Padua. A motor-truck carrying shells to Italian guns was swinging up a road built along the mountain. The road was being shelled by the Austrian guns. On the seat of the truck was a baby, out for a ride, and at each shell explosion he clapped his hands in glee. A grand ride!

That baby is the new generation, symbol of other crowds roving the wide world. Those other crowds are not so prosperous as the American crowd, not so well fed and clothed, not provided with so many aids to travel, but they go. I've seen Russia topsyturvy with such crowds, piling on trains already overcrowded, pushing into coaches that were jammed, then climbing for more room on the car roofs. I've seen the same spectacle in Rumania, other crowds in Turkey, Persia, going afoot, on horseback, in wagons, carts, going.

And it was these people, particularly the Orientals, who before the war regarded the American or European traveler as some sort of lunatic. To them the objects and pleasures of travel were unintelligible. That European and Asiatic peasant used to be a stay-at-home body who rarely left his fields. Recently I saw some hundreds of peasants rushing a train in Central Europe.

"Where are they going?" I asked the distracted conductor.

"I don't know, and they don't either," he replied sourly.

When the war was ending I was caught in the remnants of the Austrian army that had formally surrendered to the Italians and then been told to go home. In a railway station at Laibach a strapping young Austrian soldier came up and shook hands. "We are all brothers now," he said. "Free to live. I'm going to make off to South America right away."

Four years later I passed a few days at the old home of Tolstoy, near Tula. There was a piano in the room assigned to me, and a young Russian used to come in to practice his music. One morning he said, "I'll tell you good-by. I'm off on a tramp to India." So he went, afoot with a stick, a haversack, light pocket and light heart.

The World War killed in battle about nine million men, but it deeply stirred the remaining fifty-six million of the sixty-five that were mobilized. It opened new horizons to their hundreds of millions of fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, children, started them going, physically and mentally. How could it have been otherwise? Millions always on the march, minds working, filled with hope, fear, wonder, hearts beating faster, love and hate, all the passions in play. Stimulating instruments to set them going have been the free railway ride furnished by governments to soldiers and their families, the wider use of the automobile and the motor-truck, the steamship, the larger manufacture of these and their intensive use as carriers, the new inventions, the radio, the newspaper, more money, more books, broader geographical information, more international trade. These are the handmaidens to the spirit of motion born of the war.

The love of jazz, the recklessness, the laziness, the irresponsibility of post-war people and the new generation are manifestations of the same motion spirit. Behind this desire to go, to keep on going, stand too a multitude of minor sports. Never has the world seen such a development of sport. When one goes somewhere, one must do something, play golf, run, walk, play

tennis, dance, see a horse-race, a motion-picture. Some observers declare the world is motion mad, afflicted with a St. Vitus's dance, as it has been on a smaller scale, in times of less population, in other periods of upheaval.

In Central and South America, in Malaysia, everywhere, in spots untouched by the war, the motion spirit is working. I have just seen it in action in the West Indies. During the war and for a period of eight years there was an occupation by United States marines of the republic of Santo Domingo. It brought new contacts to a land that had been living in the eighteenth century. The Americans built a few hundred miles of road, brought in automobiles. Now the go spirit has entranced this fairy-land. With their last dollars the people buy or hire automobiles, drive them over impassable roads, or make long journeys on mule-back or afoot, move about as restlessly as in Persia. The native women bob their hair, wear silk stockings and one-piece dresses, and show themselves as alert and independent as American women. And both men and women are dreaming of leaving that paradise of white light, soft air, cheap living, the quiet of the sea-shore, the marvel of the hills covered with green and flowers, to come to the United States, the place of bright lights and go.

For the same reason an army of negroes moved North, out of the Southern States. The same interpretation can be applied to the people of Iowa and of other States who have moved to southern California, to Florida, to Arizona.

Without emphasis on these migrations within the United States, or on shiftings of population in other parts of the world, the go spirit has certainly many interesting phases that do not belong to 1914. The northern peoples, the Germans, the Italians, the Portuguese, the Spanish, the French, the Dutch, The English, have at some impulse in their history become great travelers,

but never as to-day. At certain holiday periods it looks as if all England, traditional home of the traveler, was moving across the Channel on the way to France, Belgium, Italy, there to fight tides of Germans, Hollanders, Spaniards.

The American tourist swarm has become almost a nuisance at home, and last year it was a matter of political comment in France. The French felt overwhelmed by the numbers. There are about fifty thousand Americans resident in England, and a larger number in France. The number of Americans who go abroad, largely to Europe, is now annually about four hundred thousand, and they spend more than half a billion dollars to go. The American Legion will go forty thousand strong this September, and the fact hardly raises comment. What would have been said in 1914?

Not people but crowds on the move, and always more people, and always bigger crowds. Crowd-sick people crowd to get away from crowds. Where do they come from, where are they going? Some of it is for business, but much of it is for pleasure, the pleasure of going, seeing. Automobile venders estimate that sixty per cent of the motor traffic is for business, and they estimate the nation's annual motor transport bill at eleven billion dollars.

Consider the huge city of New York, never still night or day. It was far quieter in 1914. Then its population was 5,136,706. In 1926 the population was 5,924,139, hardly 800,000 more people. Its surface traffic by street-car was a billion people in 1926, just over 100,000 more than in 1914.

But its subway, elevated railway, and bus traffic, taken in a lump, has doubled, jumped from 914 millions in 1914 to 1938 millions in 1926. It has a million more people living in its suburbs, and there are more people who visit it from greater distances. So there are upward of 338 millions of people a year who come and go by railway or ferry. Roads lead to rivers to

cross, and over four of its great East River bridges pass each twenty-four hours on foot and on wheels 2,500,000 people as compared to 1,500,000 in 1914. It has more than half a million city-registered motor-cars and trucks, and hundreds of thousands of others come and go each day from distant places.

On Manhattan Island, one of the five boroughs of New York, the single bus line that in 1914 carried 11,276,000 passengers in 1926 carried nearly 70 millions. This curious fact may be interpreted to mean that people living within the city travel more, make many more trips daily than in 1914. They cannot keep still!

Paris and London, like New York, were pervaded by an almost village calm in 1914 as compared with to-day. In those cities is found much of this bewildering traffic, more people afoot, more automobiles, more strangers, more people going about, more crowds, with more traffic rules to protect the safety of the individual in the crowd from the crowd. At six o'clock in the evening life is equally unsafe in Piccadilly Circus, the Place de l'Opéra, and Fifth Avenue at Forty-second Street.

This international need and desire to go is creating gigantic traffic problems in every city and land. In 1914 the railways of the United States carried more than a billion passengers on an average journey of 33.25 miles. In 1926 they carried just under a billion passengers on an average journey of about 40 miles. The electric railways carried last year between fourteen and fifteen billion passengers, a slight relative increase over 1914. But elsewhere the traffic increase has been incalculable. In 1914 there were 1,625,739 registered passenger automobiles, each running its average of five thousand miles a year with an estimated average of two and a half passengers, running for pleasure or profit. In 1926 there were 19,520,000 registered automobiles, or roughly twelve times as many as in 1914, running their hundreds of billions of miles and carrying billions of people. Somebody going

somewhere all the time, night and day, rain or shine, the motor accommodating the motion spirit born of the war.

It was the war that brought in the motor-bus. As late as 1917 there were no intra- or inter-state bus lines. To-day there are 80,000 busses in use, operating on 232,000 miles of road as common carriers, competing with or replacing electric and steam railways, and used by schools, hotels, and excursion parties, in addition to their regular passenger services. On holidays, during the seasons of flight, in vacation time, the highways are crowded to the full, yet the total mileage of 3,000,000 has been increased by 500,000 since 1914, and on the surfaced mileage by 400,000. Significant of the nomad spirit is the fact that in 1925 there were 15,279,730 visitors to national forests, 3,000,000 more than in the preceding year.

The Romans built a few thousands of miles of roads, and they have been held up to the admiration of mankind for centuries. Right here we are spending more than a billion dollars a year on roads; our work in any one year would make the roads of Rome seem bridle-paths. We spend other billions on tunnels and huge bridges, with paltry millions on road signs and speed marks for the guidance of our crowds, and we think nothing of it.

We have not managed yet to get as many people together in a single place for a single purpose as the Romans, whose Circus Maximus in the fourth century accommodated 385,000 spectators to witness games and horse and chariot races. But we could if our amusement taste demanded it. In New York we crowd on any given week-day winter night more than a million people into upward of five hundred theaters and pleasure places. Nowhere to go but out!

Our go spirit has resulted in building of more than ten thousand wayside motor-camps throughout the country, in providing many rest-camps for hikers in our national forests and parks.

It takes us to the sea in new thousands yearly, where there is more room, and is resulting in the building of unnumbered pleasure motor-boats and yachts for use in rivers, on lakes, bays, sounds. The number of luxurious passenger and tourist ships and sea-going yachts is increasing each season. Our eleven thousand or so millionaires and friends and families readily spend a few thousand dollars on cabins for a seven-day trip to Europe or the West Indies. To accommodate this trade, the British, the Germans, originators of the joy-ship, the French, the Italians, even the Spanish, so long silent on the seas, are building newer and larger sea sky-scrapers.

And there is the air. Nobody is afraid of that either. For profit or pleasure, commercial aëroplanes in the United States last year made 258,762 flights for 5,396,672 miles and carried 205,004 passengers. How many people would have been willing to fly in 1914?

There are many who look sad-eyed at this post-war travel fever. They say the world has become populated with a horde of tramps, and, as was well known in 1914, rolling stones gather no moss.

President Cutten of Colgate University, looking at it as a purely American phenomenon, has called it "the threat of leisure." "For a variety of reasons," he says, "we are less prepared for leisure than any people since the beginning of time."

That is as may be. What's happening here is happening in every land, more bridges, tunnels, roads, more automobiles, more hikers, more ships dotting the seas, more people going, with a round 1700 millions of people on earth, and the population figure rapidly rising each year.

The motion spirit is encouraged by governments through official travel bureaus, by tourist agencies, by banks, by the suggestion of advertisement, by books of travel, by hotels and resorts providing comfort for travelers. The money investment is

so huge and so dovetailed that no estimate can be formed of the number of billions involved.

As opposed to this blind travel, never has the world seen so many travel expeditions for delving into the lost, forgotten, unknown places of the earth, expeditions to explore the seas, to bring strange animals out of the jungles, to study the past life of mankind. Such expeditions stimulate new ones, divert blind travel into definite paths. People are no longer content to read about strange places, listen to lecturers; they want to be actors in the great drama of beholding, finding.

A new trend of world travel is toward the United States. Just as Americans want to see the older lands, their wonders of art and architecture, their strange customs, and to participate in their pleasures, so the people of the older lands are eager to get acquainted with the most talked-of country, see its marvels of industrial equipment, its hospitals and educational institutions whatever is commonplace to us but strange to them.

It may be that in retrospect this period will be compared to that of the Renaissance in Europe in the sixteenth century, one of the elements of which was the go spirit of geographical discovery.

"The great flood gates of the wonder world swung open." So wrote Melville in his preface to *Moby Dick*. He was writing of the lure of travel, of going, and as a sailor. In his day many thousands responded to that lure, since the war many millions; and some have seen more than Melville with their eyes if not with their minds.

That is the point. Literally, to travel is to go from one place to another. To-day people stride the earth with the ease of a Colossus. They may boast that they have seen more than Columbus, who was rather a poor traveler in the light of modern conditions; he never got around the world. To-day that

may be done inside of thirty days, and to-morrow perhaps in a few days. But what do the minds of these trippers see? "I know I can't see everything, so I prefer not to travel at all," I lately heard a woman complain. For so poor a mind, her decision was remarkably clever.

Perhaps the chief fruit of travel for the individual is health. Cage the lark and it dies. Travel gives one a mental and bodily shaking-up, leads to a readjustment of vision. It carries with it the opportunity to enjoy life to the full, and brings an energizing thrill no other sport can offer. After all, there is something very personal about travel. "I saw"; "I went"; "I did this and that." It loosens the tongue. Therein comes one of its many delights. Travel gives rise to tales unnumbered. It brings the imagination into action, makes it playful. Those tales may tax the credulity of the listener, but as he could not be present, he could not contradict the recital. Also, as time and life go on, these plausible recollections are stimulated in an amazing degree.

Travel develops courage, confidence, makes one self-important, sometimes important in the eyes of others, say, when one has come safely and unafraid through a danger. Travel must always remain an amateur sport. There are no gate-receipts. It may be practiced by the young, the middle-aged, the old, and by both sexes. One does not have to be an expert in this business of getting about; and, if one travels in the right frame of mind, the mistakes of travel are the best part of the fun. The mistakes may be the real adventures of modern travel. Travel leads to dreams, dreams before the journey, dreams on the way, more dreams at its conclusion when any hardships are forgot. Travel should be a teacher, teach us that home is the grandest spot in the world and to stay there; but it rarely does, for once a traveler, always a traveler.

Another advantage of the sport is that one really doesn't have to go very far to enjoy it. Some of its best fun may be in camp-

ing out by a lake-side, going down to the seashore, and wading a few miles along the beach. De Foe, the author of the great wander book, *Robinson Crusoe,* which has sent so many on their travels, was never near any of the scenes of his story in a physical sense. His mind was too busy working on other things. He could hardly have approved of travel for pleasure. Among his many tracts was one stoutly maintaining that the only enjoyment in life comes through making money.

Travel leads to new companions, strange comrades, to wayside friendships, to the discovery of a faithful Man Friday. Travel gives occupation to those who have none. It is a boon to the old, to the idle rich; though indeed the happiest traveler may be the poorest. He does not expect much and therefore cannot be too much disappointed. He has not the right to complain, as do so many of our Americans abroad, that flapjacks and corn-syrup are not on the menu, that in France so few people speak English in the understandable accent of the folks back home. Nor does he storm because there is no bath. He has the doughty pilgrim spirit of the happy tropical tramp who exclaimed, when a tornado blew the thatched roof off his hut: "What an interesting country! I never saw that happen till now."

The right travel spirit is that which was described by Darwin, who, very grateful for the opportunity he had enjoyed, wrote at the close of a five-year voyage around the world: "The effect ought to be to teach him good-humored patience, freedom from selfishness, the habit of acting for himself, and of making the best of every occurrence. He will discover how many truly kind-hearted people there are, with whom he never before had, or ever again will have any further communication, who yet are ready to offer him the most disinterested assistance."

This travel that puts so much spice into life, until in the upper half of the hour-glass remain but a few grains of sand, also leads one to forget to remember.

If the World War had any compensations, the travel spirit is one of them. It awoke the instinct to try to be careless, to seek more freedom; and does not freedom ever lie over the hill, across the sea, somewhere else?

Let's go see.

COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS

Both "The Education of Travel" and "Crowd Wanderlust" will be helpful in stimulating discussion of the advantages of travel in general, as well as some of its present-day tendencies. Additional discussion of this general topic may be found in "On Going Afoot" (page 348) and "Railway Junctions" (page 362).

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

Suggested topics for compositions are: (1) Travel as a Means of Education; (2) Conditions to Be Fulfilled If One Reaps the Benefits of Travel; (3) Some Manifestations of the Travel Craze in My Community; (4) What the Automobile Has Done to Popularize Traveling; (5) Means of Travel in 1830 Contrasted with Those of 1930; (6) The "See America First" Slogan; (7) A Round $1,000 for a Travel Vacation—Where Shall I Go? (8) On Seeing Great Men; (9) Some World-Famous Travelers; (10) The Benefits of Youthful Travel (making use of your own past journeys); (11) The Democratization of the Automobile; (12) The World on Wheels; (13) The Airplane and Passenger Service.

MAN AND MACHINERY

THE IRON MAN[1]

Arthur Pound

I

A YEAR ago I sat in a meeting of schoolmen and leading citizens who were wrestling with plans for a new high school and technical college. The leading citizens were manufacturers of motor-cars, because our town's reason for existence is the production of such cars, of which we can be relied upon to deliver upward of one hundred thousand a year, when the public buys them fast enough to clear the loading-docks. Our leading citizens, consequently, are leaders in their industry as well. For downright public spirit, no more satisfactory group of employers can be found anywhere. They took it for granted that our new high school and technical college was to be keyed to utility. They wanted practical education, or, as one phrased it, "education for life." As their program unfolded, it seemed that their goal was rather education for production. They may have seen new light since the wheels slowed down, but neither then, nor later, did the schoolmen offer any protest.

As an outsider, a member of neither group, I sat there, dazed, silent, a little dashed and fearful, as one amid new ruins. I knew there was something wrong with the program of these manufacturers; but what it was I could not say. Now I know, be-

[1] From *The Atlantic Monthly*. Reprinted by permission.

cause I have been studying the reactions of automatic machinery upon social relationships.

There is no better place for such a study than this town of ours. It exists for, and accepts the dictation of, industry highly automatized. In brisk times more than twenty thousand men and women work for three corporations, whose plants are full of automatic machinery. When these marvelous tools are busy, the town is prosperous, gains population, spends lavishly, yet saves much withal; when the tools are stilled, the town loses population, develops poverty, and lives on its savings.

In 1900 this was a quiet little manufacturing city of 13,000. In 1904 it produced its first motor-car, and growth from this time was rapid and sustained, draining away the surplus labor of near-by farms and villages. The 1920 census showed 38,550. In the next ten years, the city achieved a population of nearly 100,000, acquiring, among other interesting phenomena, a Little Poland, a Little Hungary, a Little Serbia, other immigrant colonies, and a Cosmopolitan Club financed by the Chamber of Commerce. We built a Polish church and school, two Russian churches, a Czech church, and presently we shall have a Jewish synagogue. During the war we imported camps of negroes direct from the Black Belt. All these non-natives, about 75,000 in the twenty years, came either to tend automatic machines, to supply the economic and domestic wants of the operatives, or to coöperate in a scheme of production in which the automatic tool was the decisive factor.

Of course, this growth induced the usual and to-be-expected rise in rents and land-values. We built houses as fast as we could find the money; but in spite of enormous profits to constructors and investors, we could not provide housing fast enough to satisfy the industrial leaders. In 1919-20 the corporation controlling our largest two plants built thousands of homes. As a strike ensued, the builders fell back upon the principle which had

profited them in automobile manufacture, substituting for skilled labor machinery and unskilled labor.

In 1920, production on automatic machines here and elsewhere having outrun consumption, the wheels slowed down to a fraction of their former speed. Immediately our town began to lose population; thus proving that, with cities as with plants, quick growth means weak roots. Coincidentally rural districts began to gain. While we were losing 15,000 out of our 100,000, a village eighteen miles away added twenty per cent to its 1920 census of 400. Money brought these people into town, and, jobs failing, lack of money took them out again into the fields, woods, and villages. Michigan woods were full, last winter, of men who, a year ago, were tending automatic machines. What back-to-the-land propaganda failed to do in twenty years, economic necessity accomplished in six months.

Of all the states, Michigan shows the greatest percentage of urban growth from 1910 to 1920; also the greatest growth in the use of automatic tools. This is because ours is the automobile state. The automobile, as an economic want, burst into being rather than grew. It was a new means of transportation, not the development of an older means. Its makers faced the markets with open minds and almost empty hands. They had no well-established shop-practice to consider, little or no machinery to junk. Their margins were large enough to insure that whatever increased production would return profits. Moreover, the nature of the business required large outputs of identical parts, accurately machined, standardized and interchangeable. Hence the automobile industry is to-day the most highly automatized. Hence the reactions of automatic machinery upon human nature and the social order may be observed here in all their vigor.

Those machines which tend to replace the worker or reduce his function to a minimum are described as automatic. They are so designed that the worker need not know the vital steps which

the mechanism takes in producing the desired result. The dividing line between these tools and those that merely lengthen or strengthen the arm of man is nowhere definite and precise, but examples will help to point the distinction.

With the power wool-clipper as with the sheep-shears, the mind of the operator must work with his muscle, to extract from use the increased efficiency of the tool. But with an automatic tool, the attendant is required only to feed the machine and relieve it of its produce from time to time. There are a good many semi-automatic machines; but the tendency is toward their complete automatization. Each year sees semi-automatic machines develop toward automatic perfection; each month sees the scope for skill in industry lessened, particularly in those basic industries which concentrate large numbers of workers in given centers, and so exercise a determining influence upon social relations.

Skill, of course, is still vital; but the need for skill has passed upward. Machine-design, shop-organization, routing of materials, and distribution of produce—these require a concentration of skill and technical knowledge far beyond the similar requirements of non-automatic industry. The rank and file need use only a fraction of their native intelligence and manual dexterity, while the skill-requirement, which formerly spread more or less over the whole shop, is distilled into a relatively small group of engineers and executives.

This shift of vital function from the man to the machine is the key to many problems. It affects all departments of life. We have seen how it broke down the barrier of apprenticeship which had sealed factories more or less against rural labor, and brought raw farm-boys into town, leveling farm and factory wages, lifting food prices. We have seen the power of the Iron Man to pull the negro north and the peasants of Europe west. And we have seen something, but no all as yet, of his influence in shifting women from the home to the mill. The clear, unmistakable

tendency of automatic machinery is to level labor, as to both supply and wage.

Certain collateral effects are equally impressive. Many automatic machines can be operated as well by a child of twelve as by his parents. In fact, the tender of automatic machines reaches his or her highest economic power early in life, when nerves are steadiest. The strain involved in nursing automatic machinery is a repetition-strain, complicated by clatter. The operative does the same thing over and over, amid rhythmic sounds, in an atmosphere frequently stale with oil or dust. Youth stands this better than age, because youth reacts more quickly. Whereas, in the old days, a man used to come more slowly into earning power, reach his highest pay at thirty-odd, and continue fully competent until age began to slow him down at sixty-odd, his son leaps into high pay as a hobbledehoy, reaches his economic apogee short of twenty-five, and from thirty-five to forty-five slides swiftly downhill. He is a better earner at twenty than his father was; but the chances are that he will be a poorer provider at fifty.

I prefer not to be too dogmatic on this point. Automatic machinery is so new, having been in common use about twenty years and still being in its infancy, that present deductions on economic life-expectancy are founded upon too few instances to be altogether conclusive. Moreover, the swift decline of earning power in middle life may be partly due to causes only indirectly related to industry—poor housing, youthful excesses, and the like. However, present indications point to the correctness of the cycle outlined above.

Now the difficulties of the problem presented to educators by automatic machinery begin to emerge. The majority of youths, male and female, no longer need to be taught how to earn their living. Three days after the law that sets limits on child-labor leaves them free to work at the machines, they will be earning

big money—practically as much as they ever will earn. There is little to learn; the mills can teach that better and cheaper than the schools. The labor turn-over cost per man ranges from $25 to $100; this includes the pay of the novice and his instructor, investment, depreciation, and overhead. Since it includes the non-automatic and semi-automatic processes, the cost of training men to serve the automatics must be considerably less than the average, and will decrease as automatization becomes more intense. The instruction period on automatics varies from half a day to a week; it is estimated that seventy per cent of the workers in an automatized plant can be brought to efficient production in three days or less. The schools can never match this record; in addition, the cost to the schools of the equipment for the effort is prohibitive.

The pockets of these children are full of money at an age when their fathers earned less than a living wage as apprentices. They are economically independent of home and social control. They have the eternal belief of youth that the preceding generation is fossilized, and the buying power to act upon their belief. They are foot-loose to go wherever automatic machines are turning. They can buy their pleasures, and they do. They can afford to flout age and authority; they do. Their very active minds have no background, and feel the need of none. They have no conception of the cost of civilization; no standard of reference by which to judge social and political questions. They have not even lived long enough to learn the simple truth that common sense and wisdom spring from the same root. With far greater need for early thrift than their elders, because their effective economic life may be shorter, they spurn the homely virtue of economy. They buy pleasures, buy companions, buy glad raiment; they try—desperately—to buy happiness. And fail. Yet they are splendid raw material for citizens. Let a great cause kindle them, and they rise to it like knights and ladies—*noblesse*

oblige. They met every war-need more than half-way; fought and fell; sacrificed and saved—during the emergency. Their faults are those of youth plus affluence.

Here is the explanation of our youthful delinquency. Our "bad men" of this winter are mostly minors. "My court," said a Detroit judge, "is the scene of a procession of beardless boys." They acquire appetites—expensive appetites; pleasure leads into bad company. A prank gone wrong, an unfortunate slip, a month without a job and nothing laid by—and we have the beginning of what we call the crime wave.

II

Much as this situation complicates the educational problem, the school-system somehow must be adapted to it. Somehow these children must be brought up to a mental and moral level approximating the economic level upon which they set foot immediately after leaving school. This is a grim task. In the public schools, certain things must be taught before the age of sixteen, which now are taught only in college, and to which many college students appear to be immune. The proposal itself would be revolutionary if it did not arise from a new set of industrial conditions, to which society is accommodating itself clumsily, but, in the main, peaceably. As such, the change, though startling, is clearly evolutionary—and inevitable.

What are the positive educational requirements of the machine age? To clear the ground, let us eliminate the non-essentials. The child who is going to tend an automatic machine does not need, in any economic sense, to read more than a shop-poster or direction-sheet. If he can sign his name to a pay check, that is enough. If he is willing to trust the shop to figure out his pay, he need not know his numbers. For the time he stands beside the machine, his earning capacity is not increased

by anything he knows. Knowledge may be useful in getting him away from the machine; but that escape is going to be more difficult as automatization proceeds toward its logical conclusion. Such knowledge as the operative comes by in school possesses for him only a cultural value. It does not help him in the least to earn his living; but it helps him immensely to spend his leisure.

For these children—these prosperous, precocious children—possess leisure, and the means to make the worst of it. They work, most of them at least, no more than eight hours a day. Presently it may be seven, even six. As production becomes more and more automatic, the wants of men can be supplied with less and less labor. Consumption, of course, may expand enormously; yet the demands for goods remains in stiff competition with the universal demand for leisure. "I've got enough; let's go fishing," was the state of mind so common in 1919 that it disturbed factory schedules, roused employers, and set tongues wagging about labor-profiteering.

Employers may fight the tendency toward the shorter working day, but theirs is a losing fight. Of late, in our town, we have gone along producing on a five-hour schedule all of our kind of automobiles which the restricted market would absorb. In so doing, we have discovered that with picked men, heightened morale, and with a closer synchronizing of all the elements involved, production per man can be greatly increased. If the present highly effective organizations are slowly enlarged, thus preserving their efficiency, it is difficult to see how the market, under normal conditions, can absorb more than eight hours' produce from day to day.

If this seems to contradict previous observations on the elimination of the personal element through machine use, please note that the improvement is due largely, if not altogether, to the work done by the engineers and executives in more efficiently

routing materials to the machines. Under boom conditions, the stream of supply was often interrupted, thus throwing the machines out of production. This has been largely corrected; also, in the meantime, the machines have been tuned up, and new ones added in some cases. The attendant of the automatic machine remains just where he was; but the machine has the chance to do more and better work. Of course, even in a highly automatized plant, there remain a good many jobs that require either no machinery or semi-automatic machines; and in such cases the recent weeding out of the ineffectives does produce beneficial results. If the market will not absorb the products of the longer working day, on the present more efficient per-man per-hour basis, then it seems apparent that, viewing the country as a whole, industry will have to adjust itself to eight hours or fewer, probably fewer. The nation's supply of automatic tools is not going to be decreased simply to lengthen the working day; on the contrary, competition continually forces more and more of such tools into operation.

A shorter working day manifestly means greater leisure for the masses. Now it is everlastingly true that the bulk of human mischief is done in spare time. There is precious little chance for original sin, or any other kind of sin, to work itself out under the strict regimen of a modern factory. While human beings are at work, they are, perforce, reasonably decent: the employer sees to it that the time he buys is not wasted; but no one exercises an equal degree of control and supervision over a man's unbought time—his leisure—unless it is the man himself.

In a town dominated by automatic machinery, therefore, the educational problem is to train youth for the right use of leisure. Why waste time teaching city children how to work, when their chief need is to know how to live?

Precisely here is the point of my argument. Education for leisure, under the conditions of automatic production, is educa-

tion for life. The attendant of automatic tools does not live while he is on the job; he exists, against the time when he can begin to live, which is when he leaves the shop. His task does not call for a fraction of his full powers as a sentient being, or monopolize his interest. If he could buy the same amount of well-financed leisure as easily in any other way, he would shift jobs to-morrow. It is impossible for him to grow mentally through his work. So he comes to his post as a slave to the galley, and leaves it with the gladness of a convict escaping prison. Psychologists say that a large part of industrial arrest is due to the inhibition which the automatic tools place upon the expression of personality through labor. Be that as it may, the fact is that the hours given to tending automatic machines are given to buy leisure; and in that leisure the operative lives. He lives in his sports, at the movies, at the prizefights, at the blind pig, as well as at the theater, the lecture, the library, the park, and on the front porch of his inamorata.

In general, it has ever been true that leisure is the cream of life. We have tried desperately to build up an immunity to leisure, with our dull gospel of work for work's sake. There is glory in creative work; but even that becomes pain and weariness if we are kept too long at it. All labor produces, sooner or later, weariness and pain, nature's signal to quit and go a-playing. When does that most stolid of men, the peasant, live most fully—when he plods the endless furrow, or when, at evening, he sings his songs, dances, prays, and courts his maiden? When did the skilled mechanic of another day feel his manhood soar highest above clod and worm—when he was chasing a screw with a cold chisel, or when he was taking the air in his garden, or, perchance, hobnobbing with his mates in the corner saloon? Is the tireless business man better company when he is chasing a golf-ball, or when he is chasing a profit? Is the banker best satisfied with himself when he is figuring interest, or when he is hip-deep

in the stream, figuring trout? I think that the men of the best sort reach their farthest north in life, not in the hours they pay for life, but in the hours they spend in living. Certain am I that none but an imbecile could find delight in sharing the daily toil of the urban masses, so mechanized has it become. Consequently, education for leisure is precisely education for life. And education for life comes squarely down to education for culture.

To apply the early Victorian ideal of education to a machine age, to call upon Matthew Arnold to prescribe for a flurried and worried democracy, may seem absurd. But that is what the situation needs; and the necessary is never absurd. That cultural ideal was to fit for leisure those who had leisure—a small minority. With certain reservations in the interests of truth, it may be said to have produced a few first-rate minds and a very considerable number of gentlemen and gentlewomen. Now, because leisure has broadened out to include the majority, we must cultivate gentlemen and gentlewomen *en masse*. What was once a privilege for an arrogant aristocracy has become a necessity for an arrogant democracy. Unless our American gentlemen and gentlewomen appear in due time and in sufficient numbers, civilization will be wrecked by machine-made barbarians, unable —though their machines compass the globe—to replace what they have destroyed.

III

What is the first requirement for the right use of leisure? Self-restraint. Leisure is liberty from an exacting, definite control—that of the boss. In leisure a man is subject only to the state. When the worker leaves the shop, he passes from a positive control to a negative control. Inside, he is required to do certain things; failure to do them results in sure discovery. Outside, he is required not to do certain things, although, if he does them, no penalty may follow. Thus we see that it is im-

mensely more difficult to train human beings for life and leisure than for toil, and that, in America, only odd and unusual persons get very much out of leisure. About all that a retired business man feels equal to is golf and musical comedy. The workers offer more encouragement—Brashear and Henry George showed what laboring men could do in spare time.

Need for self-restraint increases in direct proportion to affluence. I am sure that eight dollars a day at eighteen—and some of our lads earn much more than that—would have corrupted me beyond repair. The wonder is, not that some of these highly paid striplings go wrong, but that all do not do so, considering the opportunity offered them by their cynical and predacious predecessors. More even than wild oats, I am sure that eight dollars a day at eighteen would have insulated me against right relationship with the world of ideas and ideals, past, present, and future, by blasting nascent inquiry and speculation. The establishing of this relationship in youth is, I take it, the end of all true and worth-while education, involving, as it does, the subjugating of the assertive, unbaked Ego to the social well-being, as manifested in the legal, moral, and ethical codes prevalent in one's environment and enforced, more or less, by the power with which common consent invests political institutions. Respect for authority, even that qualified assent involved in the pragmatic view of established institutions, has extreme difficulty in getting a roothold in a generation whose youth is economically self-sufficient.

It follows that knowledge, as the chief restraining influence in the youthful mind, is the substitute that education must establish in place of the set of controls which formerly resulted from the young man's poverty of fear of poverty. Remembering that the rising generation reaches its highest economic utility early in life, and that it soon, relatively speaking, reaches the economic status of old age, I think we must agree that, unless youth is taught

thrift, pauperism will lengthen and strengthen from the point in time. A grievous outlook, to be forestalled at any cost.

There is need, therefore, to drill thrift into children; let the experts busy themselves on methods. The whole field of economics must be opened earlier and charted more simply. It is odd, in a nation that bows down to economic fact, to find the teaching of that economic theory almost wholly a college monopoly? It ought to be possible to begin the teaching of economics in the kindergarten, and to bring the pupil along so that, before he becomes a part of the economic machine which supplies human wants, he may understand at least its delicate nature. Suppose a child of five were set moving a given number of blocks from this space to that by hand—an hour's work. Then suppose the child were given a basket to ease the job—time, ten minutes. Then suppose, further, that an intelligent teacher explained that the basket was capital, the result of previous thrift, of labor in past time. That lesson would stick. Somehow to get this, and other fundamentals, into the mind when it is plastic, is the supreme educational task of the future.

So with the idea of law. My children know, among other surprising things, the chief products of every state in the Union; but they have no conception of the legal system which enforces equity and fair play in the exchange of those products. It seems the simplest thing in the world to teach them that laws exist to protect the weak from the strong, the just from the unjust, the person of good intent from the swindler. Once they had mastered that idea, they might see the policeman as a friend rather that as an enemy, and our economic-judicial system as something to be protected instead of destroyed. A generation so reared might insist upon the law doing its primal duty; but it would be evolutionary, not revolutionary, in its demands.

But self-restraint is not, of course, all that a man needs in order to make something out of leisure. A man may be ever so self-

restrained, and yet be desperately bored at the prospect of spending an hour in his own company. Self-restraint is merely the brake upon the ego-motor; it will keep the individual from running amok in society, but it will not start anything. Its virtue is negative. What the ego-motor needs in leisure is fuel, something upon which it can travel, progress, journey into new realms of thought. The best fuel for the purpose is compounded of interest in the present, understanding of the past, and sympathy with the future. History, literature, science, art, music—all these give to life meaning, and to leisure, inspiration; a reasonable concern in all that man has done, is doing, or is about to do upon this planet; with such equipment any fool could use leisure aright. To sow that seed is the first duty of educators now as always, now more than ever.

So much for the background. But backgrounds are always hazy; let us concentrate. Since work is coming to be no longer a primary interest for the child of the masses in civilized lands, it is incumbent upon us to provide, in so far as they can be provided, other primary interests through which the individual can justify his existence; interests which, rising out of and sustained by his background, shall flourish like the green bay tree all the days of his life. Every man, whether he works a turret-lathe or a comptometer, needs a hobby to busy himself with in this age of growing leisure. We hear less of vocational training than we did—for good reason, since its utility is passing. Presently we shall hear more of vocational training, which shall give every youth destined for the mill or office a hobby for the center of his garden of leisure.

In a machine age the applied sciences are paramount. Let them remain so. There are important posts on the peaks of industry which must be filled. Let us see to it that every mind fit to join the directorate of industry gets its educational opportunity. Machinery is undeniably one of the prime intellectual

interests of the American masses; in leisure an informed generation would continue inventing, perhaps invent faster than ever. Therefore let us give youth all it can stomach of the sciences, deepened and broadened to the uttermost. But by no means should we submit to the specialist's obsession, that, with the key to universal knowledge in his hand, he travels down a walled alley, shut off from the humanities, from philosophy, from religion, from life.

I am not competent to provide the synthesis for this analysis, to describe the educational reforms which are necessary, and which I am sure are on the way. That is a task for many and mature minds. But certain key-points emerge out of the haze. We must, I think, insist upon ten years' schooling for every child as an irreducible minimum, before plunging into the whirl of automatic production. There should be four school-terms instead of two, with a brief holiday between; the long summer vacation is an anachronism in a factory town. So also is the Saturday holiday—six days a week in school henceforth. There is so much to be taught, and there are so few years to teach it in, that youth must hurry. At the same time, school should be so much more interesting that the charge of drudgery could not hold. Then, too, there must be more teachers and smaller classes; better equipment; more money spent all round. Finally, there should be a complete system of continuation schools, wherein those who desire to use their labor-bought leisure by securing further instruction could be accommodated on their own time. All graduates presumably will have been so far inoculated with the intellectual virus that they will go on improving their minds at leisure, *to some extent,* thus demonstrating on a wide scale that education is not a matter of youth, but of life. With such a start the many will read, discuss, and enjoy the noblest works of man. And some among them, have no fear, will create as well as re-create.

But the program, after all, may be left safely to the specialists now that the problem is stated for their attention. They may have been a bit tardy in seeing how the Iron Man is frustrating their efforts, and why; but that is because they have been concentrating upon an even more wonderful mechanism—the human mind. Let them quarrel, as no doubt they will, over the details of the program; but they can be trusted to accept the statement—once they square the facts by the rule of reason—that the welfare of our people and the preservation of our institutions depend upon our educating youth to use reasonably and gloriously the growing leisure which the common use of automatic machinery has in store for humanity.

SLAVES OF THE MACHINE? [1]

Stuart Chase

I

Have you joined the Frankenstein chorus? It is quite the thing to do nowadays. From pulpit, rostrum, editorial chair, the cadence comes, in swelling volume; and the burden of the song is to the effect that man has become the slave of his machines, even as Doctor Frankenstein was overwhelmed by the monster he created.

Here, for example, is the Rev. Henry P. Frost: "In this age of the machine, the shadow of the Frankenstein monster that we have made falls with sinister menace across the upward-reaching pathway of the race. We are all classified, standardized, regimented; while our human life and individuality are stifled and dwarfed." Professor Harry Elmer Barnes, while not a mem-

[1] From *Harper's Monthly.* Reprinted by permission.

ber in good standing, nevertheless foregathers with the boys from time to time: "Machines . . . either the greatest boon to humanity thus far achieved, or a Frankenstein monster ultimately destined to confuse and finally destroy his baffled creator." Mr. Austin Freeman holds that man without a working hand becomes a different and a lower organism. He loses independence and self-reliance; he is readily subjected to regimentation; his sense of personal liberty is abated, while his esthetic sensibilities are blunted and debased. Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, with his usual charming originality, will have nothing to do with the Frankenstein choir as such, but instead trots out for our inspection a Demogorgon: "Has mankind released from the womb of matter a Demogorgon which is already beginning to turn against him, and may at any moment hurl him into the bottomless void?" Sir Philip Gibbs allows us only the difficult choice between killing all scientists and completely reforming man's moral and intellectual nature.

I am not a machine tender, but first and last I encounter a good many mechanisms in a day's march. As the chorus swells, it occurs to me that, before beginning to analyze selfdom in the general politic body, it might be well to determine how far I am myself a slave.

The first thing that I hear in the morning is a machine—a patented alarm clock. It calls and I obey. But if I do not feel like obeying I touch its back, and it relapses humbly into silence. Thus we bully each other, with the clock normally leading by a wide margin. (Once, however, I threw a clock out of the window, and it never bullied anyone again.)

I arise and go into the bathroom. Here I take up a second mechanism and, after inserting a piece of leather between its rollers, move it briskly up and down before proceeding to scrape my face with it. I turn various handles, and a nickel dial studded with small holes showers me with water. Downstairs, if it

chances to be either the first or the fifteenth day of the month, I take a can with a very long nose and oil an electric motor which blows petroleum into my furnace, a motor which runs the washing mashine, and a motor which operates my refrigeration engine. Meanwhile an electrical range is cooking my breakfsat, and on the table slices of bread are being browned by a toaster, which makes a buzzing sound in its vitals and then suddenly splits open when the correct shade of brown has been attained. Before I leave the house the whine of the vacuum cleaner is already in my ears.

I go to the garage, start explosions in six cylinders of an internal-combustion engine, and proceed to pilot it to the station, passing or halting before three sets of automatic signal lights as I go. At the station I cease operating machinery and resign myself to another man's operation of an enormous secondary mover, fed by a third rail from a water turbine at Niagara Falls.

Arrived at the metropolitan terminal, I buy a package of cigarettes by depositing a coin in a machine which hands me matches and says, "Thank you; it's toasted." I then spend ten minutes walking just three blocks. If I tried to shorten this time appreciably I should most certainly be killed by a machine. Instead, I look down into an enormous pit where the day before yesterday, according to the best of my recollection, there stood a solid brownstone house. Now it is an inferno of swarming men, horses, trucks, pile drivers, rock drills run by pneumatic secondary movers, steam shovels, clacking pumps, and preparations for erecting a gigantic steel derrick. From across the street comes the deafening rat-tat-too of a score of riverters.

I enter my office building, and a machine shoots me vertically towards the roof. I step into a large room, stopping for a moment on the threshold to sort out the various machine noises that greet me, that lend a never-ending orchestral accompaniment to all my working days in town. The sputter of typewriters,

the thud as the carriage is snapped back, the alternate rings and buzzes of the telephone switchboard, the rhythmic thumps of adding machines, the soft grind of a pencil sharpener, the remorseless clack of the addressograph.

To go downtown I use one of the three horizontal levels of transportation which the city affords. As a profound melancholia always accompanies a trip on the lowest, I endeavor to use the upper two exclusively. Many of my fellow citizens do the same, particularly since a score of them were killed at Times Square the other day. Killed in the rush hour, like beeves in the Chicago stockyards, except that the packers put no more animals into a pen than can go in.

In the evening I reverse the morning process. At home, I may sit for a few moments beneath a machine which gives off ultraviolet rays, or I may dance to strains of a machine which runs a steel needle over a circular, corrugated disc, and for the governor of whose delicate mechanism we are indebted to James Watt.

During the days I spend at home, my direct contact with machines is limited to running the motor car, making minor repairs upon it, answering the telephone, and using, hearing, and tinkering with the various household so-called labor savers—particularly the plumbing system. In the summer, by way of contrast, I may spend weeks in a mountain camp, where the only mechanisms are the motor car, the telephone, and a remarkably temperamental contrivance for pumping water. In short, year in year out, I doubt if my direct contact with machines averages much over two hours a day. When I go to town the ratio runs considerably higher; when I stay at home an hour would certainly cover it; in the summer an hour would be too much.

So far as I am aware, no permanently evil effects befall me by virtue of these two mechanical hours. I suffer from no prolonged

monotonies, fatigues, or repressions. The worst moments are dodging street traffic and hearing its roar, riding in the subway, changing tires, and cleaning out the incinerator. All these depressions that I suffer from are certainly compensated for by the helping-hand machinery holds out to me—a calculator for figuring percentages, an oil heater which requires no stoking, a reading lamp which does not have to be trimmed and filled, an ocean liner in which to go to Europe (and I go), and a car for errands, together with the genuine thrill which often comes from controlling its forty horses.

I do not feel like a slave, though, of course, I may be one all the same. Clocks and watches are hard masters but so they have always been—they worried many good men before the days of James Watt. No individual living in a social group is ever free, but I wonder if these two mechanized hours have put more chains on me than were to be found on the Roman citizen two thousand years ago, or an inland Chinaman to-day—cultures innocent of engines both. As I look about the United States, the most mechanized nation under the sun, I have reason to believe —and will shortly adduce the statistical proof—that the number of those bound intimately to the rhythm of the machine is a small percentage of the total population; while there are probably more people whose contacts are slenderer than mine, and there are those whose contacts are more pronounced. What with my household engines, my commuting, and my continual sorties along the sidewalks of New York, I am more mechanized than the majority of my fellow-citizens and, needless to say, far less mechanized than a minority thereof. Furthermore, let it be specifically understood that in this article I am analyzing direct contacts with machines—operating, touching, seeing, hearing, smelling, using them; rather than the more nebulous, though possibly more important, indirect effects of the power age on the general social structure. James Watt is certainly guilty of doing

something to the divorce rate, but just what, nobody clearly knows. For the moment I prefer to cling to more objective phenomena.

II

While it is impossible to count all the common machines (there are about seventy common varieties, running into an aggregate of hundreds of millions of units—all the way from a watch the size of a dime, to a two-hundred-thousand-horsepower turbine) it is evident that a tremendous mass of metal is forever around us—a wall, which grows higher every day. But that it imprisons us tightly is not even open to question. It certainly does not, and cannot, for decades to come. It is still far too low a wall not to be readily jumped over. If my average daily contact with machines is two hours, the average for children and housewives is most certainly less. For farmers, storekeepers, office workers (except typists and calculating-machine operators), professional workers, and the bulk of unskilled construction and transportation workers, it is presumably about the same; leaving a higher ratio only in the case of factory employees and of certain groups, largely skilled, among the transportation, mine, and construction workers. If I am not undone by contacts with my quota, it stands to reason that most people are not undone.

But at this point it is necessary to probe deeper into the meaning of direct contact. I go from Times Square to Yonkers; in one case in the subway, in the other driving my own car. In both cases I am in direct contact with a machine, employing it over an identical area for transportation purposes. Are the psychological effects the same? Indeed they are not. In the one case I submit to bad air, poor light, discomfort, and control by somebody else. My rôle is entirely passive. In the other case, I dominate my own mechanism, guide it through complicated

traffic patterns, speed it up along the fine vistas of Riverside Drive. My rôle is active and psychologically stimulating.

To say, then, that one confronts a machine, is to say something but not very much. The kind of behavior which results from that contact is a far more important consideration and, as an instant's thought will disclose, all manner of reactions are possible. Despite the diversity, it is possible to reduce these reactions to seven basic classes.

1. Operating machines with a large measure of individual responsibility in guidance and control. (Running a motor car, an airplane, or a locomotive.)

2. Operating stationary machines with responsibility only for speed or direction control. (Running a turret lathe, a vacuum cleaner, the engines of an ocean liner.)

3. Tending machines with no responsibility for control. Complete submission to the mechanism. (Feeding a punch, mending yarn on a loom, tightening bolts on an assembly line.)

4. Inventing, designing, repairing and inspecting machines. (The work of the planning and inspecting staffs of any large factory—say Ford's; the day by day work of a good garage man.)

5. Playing with machines. (A child with an electric train; his father tinkering with a radio; playing the saxophone, trap shooting.)

6. Being carried by a machine with no responsibility for its control. (Riding in a train, an elevator, a Ferris wheel.)

7. Submitting to a machine in some one else's control—a variation of 6. (Sitting in a dentist's chair, facing an enemy's barrage, dodging traffic.)

We touch here the roots of the whole problem of machinery and man. It is obvious that certain machine contacts are as lethal as others are wholesome and invigorating. To control a powerful mechanism such as a locomotive or an automobile

is to give the ego a joy ride, the reverse of the slave psychology. Even to operate a stationary contrivance like a derrick, a steam shovel, or pneumatic rock drill, is often a stimulating experience. The chief engineer of the Mohawk Trail told me that "every man who comes on the job wants to go on the jack drills."

To make sweeping conclusions about any process so varied is downright nonsense. The Frankenstein chorus does not hesitate to make them, but we cannot share their certainties. The most devastating effects are undoubtedly found in category number seven, when men face the mechanisms of modern warfare. In the piping times of peace, however, the category of the most dubious aspect, humanly considered, is certainly number three—machine tending. In this class falls the regimented factory worker, the robot whose "sinister shadow" has been following us ever since the word was coined by a German dramatist.

III

Let us concentrate for the moment upon the case of this factory worker, for it is here if anywhere that the gloomy chorus is merited. How many robots are there? Is their number increasing relative to the total population? What is happening to them physiologically and psychologically? Is a race of sub-men really being created? Neither I, nor any one else, can answer all these questions, because nobody has taken the trouble to collect the basic data; but I can answer some of them and suggest the available evidence in respect to others. First, as to the number of robots in America.

According to the 1920 Census of Occupations, the total persons gainfully employed were 41,615,000. Of this number, there were 7,972,000 in factories, not including officials. Outside of factories, theoretical robots are to be found in such occupations as running office machines, minding telephone switchboards,

cutting coal with machinery, firing locomotives and stationary engines, running elevators, and so forth. The total of men and women in these outside jobs foots up to 827,000. If we add this figure to the factory workers, we have an aggregate of almost 9,000,000 potential robots—but we have not the faintest shadow of a right to do so. From the opinion of various engineers whom I have consulted, it is probable that less than one-half the factory workers are potential robots, in the sense that they are submitting to the rhythm of machines outside their own control, and hence, by implication, slaves. In other words, more than half of all factory employees are either not operating machines at all—but rather cleaning, carpentering, painting, handling materials, minding stock—or they are operating machines under their personal control—turning the lathe or the grinder on and off, speeding it up and slowing it down as they shape the wood or metal upon which they are working—or they are repairing and inspecting machines, which is a skilled and reasonably independent process.

If we allow one-half the factory workers as an outside figure for possible robots, and then add the non-factory occupations, we reach a total of a little over 5,000,000—5,338,000, to be exact. The population of the United States in 1920 was 105,711,000, and so our possible number of robots works out to five per cent of all men, women, and children, and about thirteen per cent of those gainfully employed. Greece in her great days had 5,000,000 freemen standing on the backs of 12,000,000 slaves. I dare you to conclude that a population seventy per cent slave is more wholesome than one possibly five per cent slave to the machine.

There are important additional considerations. The United States is more mechanized than Western Civilization generally and, therefore, we should expect to find the proportion of so-called robots at its maximum in this country (unless possibly in England or Germany). Second, factory population—our biggest

item—has been steadily declining since 1920. There were 1,250,000 fewer employees in factories in 1928 than there were in 1923. Third, the whole course of modern technical development is in the direction of more automatic machinery. Mr. Televox now operates power stations with no living man inside of them. The automatic function relentlessly replaces machine tenders and feeders with skilled inspectors, and thus, together with a decline in numbers there is a tendency for the remaining operatives to leave the robot class. My guess would be that the ratio to-day is less than four per cent of the total population, and that as the automatic function grows, the ratio will steadily decline.

IV

The fact that the robot ratio is small, and growing smaller, is not encouraging to the case of the gloomy philosophers, but it does not dispose of the case. Far from it. One does not need to be a sentimentalist to recoil from the thought of working in the stokehole of a liner, or of knotting broken threads in a textile mill all day; and five million human beings in chains remains a ghastly total if it can be established. Can it?

Mr. Ralph Borsodi gives us an excellent illustration of the many robot occupations which still surround us. In one of the great establishments manufacturing automobiles, he tells us, there is a room filled with punching machines. In front of each stands a worker, feeding it pieces of steel by hand. A lever is geared to the mechanism, and to this lever the man is chained by a handcuff locked to his wrist. As the punch comes down the lever moves back, taking the hand with it. To look down the long room is to see machines, levers, and men in unison—feed, punch, jerk back; feed, punch, jerk back. (Yet these workers were handcuffed partly out of pity for their flesh and blood. Before the articulated levers were installed, they were

continually losing their fingers and their hands under the down thrust of the punch.)

It has been estimated that sixty-five per cent of all workers in automobile factories are on the assembly line or submitting to mechanical control. The percentage of potential robots is undoubtedly high in this industry—although a large mill for manufacturing motor-car frames has just been built which is completely automatic, the only labor employed being that of the skilled inspector.

But are all machine-tenders thus handcuffed, actually or figuratively? Here, on the other hand, is a "steel bird." He is the man who rivits skyscrapers together. He is restless, adventurous, courageous, and gay. He earns big money, is a mighty spender, and a sporty dresser. He may be killed, but while he lives, he lives—and swaggers. The power age exalts his personality. Here is a locomotive engineer, indefatiguably ministering to a vast black monster. The control of this beast is not always good for his health, but no finer body of men in the sense of character and dependability was ever grown in any culture than locomotive engineers. And here is Charles Lindbergh, minding a machine over three thousand miles of ocean. So closely was he bound to it, that he spoke of himself and it as "we." In a sense he loved it, and all the world loved him for that affection. I have not heard him called a robot. Nor yet such machine tenders as Chukhnovsky and Commander Byrd.

For countless centuries stone was cut with the chisel and the hammer. In 1880 the stone planer was invented, and by 1895 was in wide use. Stone cutters were reduced to half their former numbers, but for the men who remained, wages were increased, hours decreased, working conditions greatly improved—particularly in respect to dust, that greatest of all industrial killers. Because the machines were expensive, better sheds than any hitherto known were erected over them, which they magnani-

mously shared with the men—who found themselves working a power-driven planer in light, heat, and comfort instead of driving a chisel in a cold, dreary barn.

Or let us take another example. The linotype came in 1887. By 1903, 7,500 machines were in use in the United States and Canada, and the industry was completely revolutionized. Hours of labor were cut from ten to eight; wages were increased some twenty per cent, regularity of employment was greatly increased —the old "tramp printer" disappeared, shop conditions were improved. The machine brought greater strain, but not of the repetitive variety. "The amount produced on a linotype is directly proportional to the skill of the operator . . . he must think more quickly than a hand compositor." Machines increased the intelligence of printers and so lifted them farther from the robot class.

V

It is alleged that the modern industrial worker of the class we are considering suffers from injuries to the body and to the mind. The robot, we are told, is the victim of industrial diseases and accidents, and is subject to a growing burden of mental maladjustments resulting in nervous breakdowns, neuroses, and psychoses. He is becoming a sub-man, incapable of taking an intelligent interest in public affairs, and thus a liability upon the community.

In respect to his health, the available facts seem to be these. There is little question that the initial stages of the industrial revolution in England and elsewhere were lethal in their effects upon the workers. Robots were made and slain by the thousands. There was relatively far more machine tending, as the automatic process was unheard of, while shop conditions were universally bad. But in about 1850 in England, and with the turn of the century in the United States, conditions began to mend. It is

probable that the health of the present-day worker is improving with that of the rest of the population. Take New Haven for instance—where pretty nearly everybody who does not go to Yale goes to work in the metal shops. In 1880, the New Haven death rate was 18.2 per thousand; in 1925 it had fallen to 12.5 —a decrease of over 30 per cent. During the past half century, says Mr. C. E. A. Winslow, over one-third the total burden of disease and early death has been lifted from human life in the Western nations. We know from other studies that the health of certain industrial groups, particularly those where the factor of dust is high, does not measure up to the community average; but there is no evidence that industrial workers as a class are going backward in this respect, and a good deal of evidence that they are going forward. Consider the single factor of the great improvement in factory air, light, heat, and sanitation in the past few decades.

The healthiest occupations in England, according to Mr. Haldane, are glue and manure manufacturing—"an interesting commentary on the widely held theory that bad smells cause bad health." Electrical workers and machine compositors, he finds, are also very healthy, with death rates less than 50 per cent of average. Then follow clergymen, gardeners, farm laborers, teachers, doctors, and lawyers. Lithography and soap making are very wholesome indoor trades.

In respect to industrial accidents, an exhaustive study just published by the American Engineering Council indicates that since 1920, while the accident rate per unit of output is declining, total accidents have increased. Production is growing faster than accidents, but more men are being hurt. The Council believes, however, that this is a temporary phenomenon, brought about by the new industrial revolution through which we are now passing (i.e. mass production), and the adjustment will presently be made. Meanwhile it cites many industries and plants in which

organized safety work has greatly reduced the number of accidents, and argues for a great increase in such measures, not, if you please, so much because it means less men in the hospital, as because it means more profit to the employer. The Clark Thread Company has a record of ten million man-hours without an accident. If employers generally can get it through their heads that accident prevention pays them in dividends—and it will not be the fault of the Council if this does not happen—we may expect a sharp decline in the accident rate in the next decade.

In brief, I can see no support for the claim that modern industry is progressively ruining the bodies of its workers. Many are ruined, but as the longer life-span tables show, even more are saved.

VI

We turn now to the central charge of the Frankenstein chorus —the injurious effects of the machine upon the worker's minds. Here the evidence is scantier and less conclusive. Psychology is still an infant science, and as Professor W. F. Ogburn points out, we know little about what is happening to the central nervous system of the modern machine tender. A few facts are, however, available. One of the crying needs of the times is for more. The amount of sheer undocumented nonsense in this category is colossal. I have read most of it.

To begin with, nobody seems to know whether mental diseases are on the increase for the total population, let alone the machine workers as a class. What every medical man is agreed upon is that mental cases now require as many hospital beds as all other cases combined. This looks, and is, serious, but it tells us little about *trend*. Modern health practice insists more and more upon the segregation of the insane and the mentally defective. In the past ages they mumbled in the chimney corner or begged upon the streets. Society now takes care of them—which

speaks well for society, but gives no evidence that there are more to be nursed. Of all men examined for the American army in 1917, 1.5 per cent were found to be afflicted with mental diseases —while no less than 12 per cent were afflicted with bad feet; indicating that they were worse at the bottom than at the top. That great numbers of our fellow-citizens are slightly mad is only too painfully apparent; but how many were in similar sad condition in the Middle Ages, when the only engines were perpetual motion toys that would not work? When monks and nuns, cut off from the most normal of all human relations, filled their own asylums and overflowed upon the country-side? When the Holy Office was frightening the world out of its wits; and saints, devils, witches, magicians were as popular as the movies? When "all the forms of lunacy thrived, even producing types peculiar to itself, such as lycanthropy, in which men transformed themselves into were-wolves"?

James Watt argued as early as 1785 that workers under the new régime "are to be considered in no other light than as mere mechanical powers . . . it is scarcely necessary that they should use their reason." Frederick W. Taylor, the father at once of high speed steel and Scientific Management, observed: "The ideal of efficiency in industry is to simplify the work to such a degree that it can be done by a trained gorilla." For many routine tasks it has been found that the feeble-minded make the best operatives.

Mr. Fred Colvin of the *American Machinist* admits that he has wept for the soul-destroying effects of the machine, and has urged the shifting of men from one routine job to another "to save their tottering reason." Indeed, he has tried it in sundry shops—only to be overwhelmed with the resulting riot! The poor robots did not want the change, and said so loudly and clearly. Here was a man lying upon a cradle on his back under the assembly line, screwing up a bolt. He had a comfortable position and an admirable rest for his head. When the management tried

to shift his job, he threatened to quit. He was convinced he had the softest berth in the shop—"nothing to do but lie down all day, and getting good money for it." Repetitive work, if geared aright, makes for pleasant day dreams. "Most people do not want to 'express themselves,' and are much happier with somebody else taking the responsibility. The stolid look is a generic one. Such men are built stolid; they would be stolid on a farm."

Dr. C. S. Myers reports three classes of labor, psychologically speaking. There is a recognized type which takes no interest in his daily work but acts as if he were a machine. Such a one is apt to satisfy his longings by recourse to pleasant imagination or day dreaming. For him no repetitive task, however monotonous, is felt as such. So long as he is not asked to alter his methods or attend to new details, he remains happy. A second type resents his work, but strikes a psychic balance with sport or games. A third type is in continual revolt, and if kept at repetitive work too long, is likely to fly off the handle. He is invariably of higher intelligence than his mates in the other groups.

Federal and State Labor Departments in coöperation with Insurance Companies recently studied industrial accidents in New York. They announce this warning—lest we grow overoptimistic about the happiness of gorillas: "Monotony of routine jobs is responsible for many fatal slips. It would be well for employers to make sure that the men and women assigned to routine work are temperamentally able to stand the monotony." A recent study of the Psychological Institute of Paris concludes that adding machines and other calculating devices constitute a distinct danger to the nervous system if operated for more than two hours a day.

Is it not reasonably evident from the evidence given above that there is no ground for writing off our five million so-called robots as psychologically a total loss? Does it not depend on the

kind of man and the kind of machine? A large fraction of the whole group like their jobs; another fraction resent them, but compensate outside—by dominating their automobiles, let us say. The remainder, who hate their work and cannot compensate, constitute a real industrial tragedy, and no stone should be left unturned to free them. Fortunately a stone or two is already being moved.

Just as the safety movement is attempting to check industrial accidents, another and younger movement is marching out against conditions which make for industrial fatigue. Excessive fatigue sets up poisons, reduces efficiency and output, and thus injures profits. Elaborate systems have accordingly been worked out for its measurement. The Industrial Fatigue Research Board of England puts special counters on looms, and special meters on their motors to measure power consumption. It finds that in this class of work, Tuesday morning between 8:15 and 10:15 is the hour when fatigue is at a minimum. Every Tuesday morning; always at this time. Efficiency drops after 10:15 to lunch time; picks up afterwards for an hour, sags downhill the balance of the afternoon, reacing its lowest point at 5:30. On Monday, at 5:30, efficiency is 5.8 per cent below the Tuesday morning norm; on Friday, 7.5 per cent below. Friday at 5:30 is always the bottom of the curve. There is thus a daily and a weekly fatigue cycle. It is affected by temperature and humidity as well as by physical work. As the day wears on the temperature of the weaving sheds rises; as the week wears on the effect becomes cumulative—only the week-end stoppage bringing temperature back to normal.

With these facts in hand, the manufacturer, desiring to reduce costs and increase profits, takes steps so to control temperature, humidity, speed of operations, motions of workers, hours, rest periods, that the fatigue curve approximates a horizontal line, thus keeping output at maximum.

Carbon dioxide expelled by the lungs has also been used by Mr. Polikov to determine fatigue. As fatigue increases, more carbon dioxide is given off. Thus compositors on a night shift exhaled 2.5 cubic centimeters per second at 5 p.m., and 11.7 centimeters 6 hours later. The amount of exhalation by type-foundry workers jumped from 3.1 to 13.3 in the same period.

One of the main factors in the creation of fatigue is dry air at high temperature. "By adjusting the cooling power to the heat production of the worker, sweating can be prevented, and the work done with comfort and ease. The curse of Adam can be removed by the aid of a fan." An instrument called a "Kata thermometer" has been devised to assist such adjustment.

No further cases are needed to illustrate the point. It is enough to say that all over the industrial world to-day fatigue studies are being made and highly ingenious methods to prevent fatigue are being devised, and here and there installed, of which the commonest are shorter hours and rest periods. And they are being made not for humanitarian reasons, but for business reasons. If and when the technique gathers sufficient momentum, it will become difficult for workers to degenerate physiologically; and as even monotony would register on the output curve, important psychological benefits might well accrue. In the latter case, work must be rearranged, or the worker transferred, if maximum output is to be attained. What other culture ever dreamed of such controls?

Enter the next ten factories that you pass, and ask the manager if he uses fatigue curves. He will think that you come directly from the nearest speakeasy. Not until you reach the nine hundred and ninety-ninth will you see them actually upon the walls. But if they mean lower costs, bigger margins in the competitive struggle, they are bound to come —just as automatic machinery and mass production have come. They open limitless possibilities for keeping the bodily mechanism of the worker at par.

And his soul? I wonder how far it is necessary to lie awake worrying about a healthy's man's soul?

VII

In planning a military attack, it is better to know the true strength of the enemy and the disposition of his forces, than to credit him with fantastic numbers and supernatural powers. A billion horse power prancing around in our social structure creates enough real problems, heaven knows, without setting up whole categories of mythical evils. If we are to combat the real problems we must see their real outlines. Instead of talking poetical moonshine about Doctor Frankenstein, the time has come to throw a bridle around such of these horses as are over-careless where they step. Not around phantom steeds, if you please, but over specific prime movers, and their entourage of tool machines. We ought to know where they are hurting us, how much they are hurting us, and whether or not the hurt is growing.

So far as the above analysis has value, it would appear that talk about machinery enslaving all mankind is nonsense. Talk about machinery enslaving the whole body of the industrial workers is nonsense. Talk about the workers losing their health as a class is unfounded. Talk about the workers losing their minds is very dubious—the day dreamers haven't any minds to lose, and an increase in mental diseases generally cannot be proved.

The real dangers, as against the phantom ones, lie in the fact that altogether too many workers are being needlessly hurt in accidents by improperly controlled machines, and that an unknown number, in the absence of fatigue curves or other tests, are doing repetitive work for which they are temperamentally unfitted, and so tearing themselves to pieces. Rather than wail about machinery the enslaver, I suggest the creation of a strong-arm

squad to deport any manufacturer who permits machines to mangle his workers, or who puts workers upon them without first testing their ability to stand the rhythm. All machines which by their basic design are over-dangerous either to body or to mind, should forthwith be melted down in the nearest blast furnace. However efficient they may be, they are too costly for society to tolerate.

COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS

Is machinery enslaving man? Does it deprive man's life of certain spiritual values? Is it, even on its own plane of material well-being, a failure? These are questions that have insistently come to the fore lately, even though they have been before the world for a hundred and fifty years. As this problem is called the world over the "American peril" from the fact that America is so outstanding in its use of machinery, it behooves us to weigh and consider the indictment. Does the average American own and drive his Ford, or does his Ford own and drive him? "Maybe," answers one of the articles above; "and again maybe not," answers the other.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

Suggested topics for writing are: (1) The Drawbacks of Machinery; (2) The Machine and Individual Skill; (2) Machine-made versus Hand-made Products; (3) The Influence of Machinery upon Men's Lives and Characters; (4) Do Machines Ruin Art? (5) The Thrall of Standardization; (6) Which Is the Real Cause of the Trouble—the Machine or Present-Day Commercialism?

THE USE OF THE MARGIN

CREATIVE LEISURE [1]

Daniel Gregory Mason

A PARADOX of our modern world that grows no less exasperating with increasing familiarity is that the greater the amount of leisure that science, applied in industry, puts at our disposal, the more unleisurely, hurried, distracted, noisy, and feverish our actual life seems to become. Writers like Kropotkin, Lord Leverhulme, Wells, Russell, show us how, with modern industrial methods, we could with seven, six, or even five hours' work a day for each of us produce all the goods we need for all; yet this magical liberation from the curse of work, undreamed of by our ancestors, we are wholly unable to use in such wise as to make our lives more noble, deliberate, and beautiful. We are defeated in all our efforts to make a fine use of these new and glorious possibilities—defeated, not alone by economic inertia but even more helplessly by the far more intractable because deeper-lying psychological stupidity that prevents us from knowing, even when we get it, what to do with our leisure. As always happens to intelligence when it is not alert enough to dominate material developments for its own ends, they dominate it. Even more than in Emerson's day, "Things are in the saddle, and ride mankind."

Thoughtful critics of our civilization are painfully aware of the drabness our machine-system is imposing on the world. The trouble with us is not that we do not think about it, but that we

[1] An address delivered at Columbia University. Reprinted by permission.

think about it too often sentimentally, in a mere vain hankering after old civilizations forever gone, or cynically and uncreatively, in the fashion of the popular denouncers and ridiculers. What we need is to think about it realistically and inventively; realistically, recognizing how inevitable it is and no longer wasting our strength in futile efforts to evade it; inventively, discovering gradually by analysis and experiment how material prosperity, so vain in itself, can be transformed into the ultimate human values. The best current thought seems inclined to admit frankly that the spread of industrialism, and the mechanization of the worker it brings about, cannot be combatted directly. A more hopeful enterprise seems to be to start with the increasing amount of leisure made possible by industrialism itself, and see whether the lost values may not be there restored. But such an attempt can be successful only with the aid of a full understanding of the psychological peculiarities that determine our use and enjoyment of leisure. Let us therefore ask ourselves first of all: "What do we mean by leisure?—and under what conditions can it be fruitful?"

Perhaps, in thinking out our answers to these questions, it will be helpful to begin by recognizing candidly that at present, among us in America, little true leisure exists—what we have is mostly not the genuine article. We have plenty of what we carelessly suppose to be leisure—more, probably, thanks to our economic good fortune, than is to be found anywhere else in the world; but most of it falls short of creativeness, and so is not real leisure at all. The wrong attitudes and ideas which spoil it are largely, as might be expected, by-products of industrialism. Perhaps the most insidious one is the jaded emotional state, seldom consciously recognized, that results from industrial monotony and denial of personal initiative. The fatigue-poisoned mind and body, too dull to enjoy quiet beauty and true thought, crave the crude excitements so abused among us: restless speed-

ing in motor cars from nowhere to nowhere; the rapid movements and trivial but exciting physical dangers of the amusement park; superlatives and exaggerations in talk; the artificial stimulants and feverish pumped-up gayety of the "wild party"; the "thrills" so insistently demanded by the younger generation; violent plastic arts using harsh angles and garish colors; noisy, mechanical, over-accented music. The "jazz-age," in a word, is a jaded and joyless age, incapable of the happy serenity of creative leisure.

And this pervasive emotional attitude is unfortunately reenforced by a pervasive fallacious idea, also derived largely from industrialism. Because quantity production works well in the manufacture of shoes (at least well so far as concerns the cheap production of a great many shoes of a sort) we assume too uncritically that it can be applied to more vital matters, and that we can play as well as work in herds. We all go to the same "shows," listen to the same tunes broadcast from the same stations, sight-see the same sights from the same char-à-bancs, even read the same books chosen for us by the same witch-doctors. We accept, in fact, a regimentation of our leisure, blissfully unconscious of the ironic absurdity of such a process. Hence in general, and by and large, what ought to be leisure in America is joyless and feverish instead of joyful and creative, and gregarious and regimented rather than individual and full of personal initiative. It is a killing of time instead of a time for living. Surely in such a world it is a matter of vital importance to ask to what extent and by what means not only the factory workers and the vast army of clerks, but all of us caught in the industrial machine, can get in our spare hours, fortunately increasing in number, that sense of fruitful life which comes in supreme degree to workers like the medieval craftsmen and modern artists and men of science.

We may then, at this point recast our problem in some such

terms as these. If work had not been mechanized and regimented by industrialism, we should have no problem of leisure, since every one would get his instinctive satisfactions through his work. As things are, the essential matter is to find how leisure can be made to give to all men as much as possible of those instinctive satisfactions that work brings when it is creative, but not when it is mechanical. In short, the conditions of creative leisure may well be modeled fairly closely on those of creative work.

Now this immediately lands us in two difficulties, which we must frankly face. To begin with, an indispensable element of creative work is discipline, and at first thought leisure and discipline seem to most of us mutually exclusive. We can hardly admit that leisure can be disciplined and remain leisure: a disciplined leisure seems to us as great an absurdity as a regimented leisure. But here we are surely letting a half-truth carry us too far. This half-truth, an important one, is that there is always in fruitful leisure an element of spontaneity, even of irresponsibility. It is happily illustrated by Bliss Perry, in his book on *The Amateur Spirit,* in a saying he quotes from a Williams professor: "If you are turning a grindstone, every moment is precious; but if you are doing a man's work, the inspired moments are precious." It is celebrated by Stevenson in his delightful *Apology for Idlers,* and typified in Sainte-Beuve, who, he says, "as he grew older, came to regard all experience as one great book, in which to study for a few years ere we go hence; and it seemed all one to him whether you should read in Chapter XX, which is the differential calculus, or in Chapter XXXIX, which is hearing the band play in the gardens." We shall probably all agree to the importance of the *spontaneous* element in leisure, its evasion of routine and of the rigidifying effect of habit, its wholesome surrender to free-ranging curiosity. Inspired moments are such moments of spontaneous interest, freed from routine pre-

occupations and conventional standards, in which the individual throws off his harness and goes, so to speak, "out to grass."

And together with his harness, Pegasus throws off all thought of cab-fare. Leisure, that is to say, is not only spontaneous, in that its creative preoccupation with the new, the tentative, the experimental, obliges it to escape from routine, but also irresponsible, in that the experimental values just feeling their way into being are obliged to avoid already recognized values, especially practical and financial values. Leisure is profoundly unutilitarian. Whatever else it may or may not be made to do, it can never, thank God, be made to "pay." It is by its deepest nature discovering and enjoying truths whose future use (should they prove to have any) depends on their present uselessness. Bertrand and Dora Russell give a good example of this. "Mendelism," they point out, "is now studied by hosts of agriculturists and stock-breeders, but Mendel was a monk, who spent his leisure enjoying his peas blossoms. A million years of practical agriculturists would never have discovered Mendelism . . . The utilitarianism of commercial industry must ultimately kill the pure desire for knowledge, just as it kills the very analogous artistic impulse."

True and inspiring as all this is, however, it does not really follow in the least that because leisure needs spontaneity and irresponsibility, it does not also need discipline. The idea, so prevalent nowadays, that "inspiration" and discipline are in no way related, or are indeed opposed to each other, is seen by a slightly deeper view to be a sadly misleading, often a disastrous, fallacy. Here we come to the second of the difficulties referred to a moment ago. The younger generation, in its natural reaction from submission to authority, with which most open-minded older people heartily sympathize, has suffered severely by confusing discipline with authority, and rejecting the one with the other. The inevitable effect of such rejection is to render both its work

and its leisure uncreative and unsatisfying. Its ceaseless demand for "thrills" is largely sheer dissatisfaction, and a sense of having been somehow cheated out of the charm of life. The remedy is to analyze anew the conception of discipline, separating it completely from its misleading associations with authority. A scientifically realistic psychology will enable us to distinguish authority, which is discipline imposed by others, from self-discipline, without which we can do nothing. We are obliged to value discipline not because it is moral, or respectable, or commanded by any one. We are obliged to value it because through it we can get the satisfactions we crave, while without it we cannot.

Such a book as Graham Wallas's *The Art of Thought* makes it abundantly clear why this must be so. His psychological analysis divides the entire creative processes into four stages: Preparation, Incubation, Inspiration, and Verification. Of these the first and last, Preparation and Verification, are conscious, the other two, Incubation and Inspiration, unconscious. Wallas describes the first stage, Preparation, as a period of "hard," conscious, systematic, and *fruitless* analysis of the problem." Its function is to provide the mind with its materials, to charge the battery as it were, so that the spark of inspiration may later shoot vigorously. He cites the famous account given by the great French mathematician, Henri Poincaré, in his book *Science and Method,* of the way he made his discoveries. "Unconscious work," says Poincaré, "is not possible, or in any case not fruitful, unless it is first preceded and then followed by a period of conscious work. These sudden inspirations are never produced . . . except after some days of voluntary efforts which appeared absolutely fruitless, in which one thought one had accomplished nothing, and seemed to be on a totally wrong track. These efforts, however, were not as barren as one thought; they set the unconscious machine in motion, and without them it would

not have worked at all, and would not have produced anything."

Wallas next proceeds to show that conscious preparation is followed by an equally long or longer stage of unconscious Incubation, almost more difficult to bear because one is now working in the dark. A process of trial and error is set up below the threshold of consciousness, in which the materials are ceaselessly shaped and reshaped, and all possible associations worked out with the freshness and amplitude made possible by the abeyance of the conscious will; and when a successful combination happens, it irrupts into consciousness as an "inspiration."

In the light of these analyses, we realize that just as the part of an iceberg we see shining so brilliantly in the sun is but an insignificant fragment of the vast bulk that under water is hidden from our vision, so the moments of inspiration, for all their charm, play a small part in the creative process in comparison with the laborious efforts that consciously prepare and unconsciously incubate them. If we wish to make our leisure creative it is necessary that we recognize to the full the laboriousness of these, its preliminary processes. Preparation, as both Wallas and Poincaré remark, is essentially full of *fruitless* effort,—and what requires more courage and more patience than to continue efforts one knows to be fruitless? And incubation is a series of trials in which the errors greatly outnumber the successes.

All that remains to us in closing is to ask how we individuals can get the social support we so obviously need in a process so arduous as we now recognize creativeness to be, without having this support take forms that would impede our spontaneity or regiment our responsibility. This is the final problem of creative leisure. The most hopeful solution of it seems to lie in social groupings at once looser and subtler than those definitely organized ones that serve as a background for work. We seem to be developing nowadays new techniques for all sort of informal

groups—groups for amateur theatricals, for choruses, for athletic games, for debates and intellectual discussions—that bring social stimulus to the aid of individual initiative without hampering it. Still freer are those spontaneous companionships that are always springing up in colleges, and that often do far more for the development of those who participate in them than more formal education. And then there are the comradeships of scientific men and artists of which their biographies and correspondence are so inspiringly full: Darwin and Huxley, fighting shoulder to shoulder the superstitions of their day; Flaubert and George Sand, or Stevenson and Henry James, discussing the function of literature; Brahms and Joachim exchanging exercises in counterpoint; Curie and Madame Curie delighting the world with the spectacle of a marriage of true minds. In all such associations there is a maximum of stimulus with a minimum of inhibition that is full of suggestion for our gregarious and over-regimented America.

Finally, there is that subtlest form of social stimulus which inheres in the individual's awareness of a common body of knowledge, such as the psychological laws of creativeness at which we have been glancing. It is quite possible that some day, as psychological knowledge becomes widespread, it will be thought disgraceful to kill time in mere pastimes or stagnant ennui, boredom will be an acknowledged index of stupidity, and leisure, made creative by self-discipline, will be regarded as the very gist and nucleus of life. Whatever each man's powers may be, leisure will be recognized as his natural opportunity for effectuating them. One man may study peas blossoms with Mendel, another investigate the differential calculus, a third listen to the band playing in the gardens. All will be developing, independently and spontaneously, but also resolutely and systematically, their latent talents, however humble and all will be learning in the process, to the extent of their capacity, the open secret of artists

and scientists—that creative leisure is the path to the deepest joys of which we are capable.

THE MENACE OF LEISURE[1]

Helen McAfee

In the good old times before Labor was capitalized, the "twelve-hour day," which then prevailed, quite naturally meant the working half of man's existence. The other half was hardly worth mentioning. Among the workers, there was little energy left over for discussing it; and among the capitalists, little interest—only a few visionaries bothered their heads about a division of their employees' lives so perfectly balanced that it was easy to accept it as a part of God's plan for the universe.

Then we awoke one morning (no longer ago than yesterday in the scheme of history) and found that the workday had been cut to eight hours. Here was a true revolution in human affairs. But this was not all. Talk was at once let loose about a still further reduction of the "day." An eminent English industrialist ventured the prophecy that if every one of his fellow-countrymen did his part, none need labor more than four hours out of the twenty-four. And Mr. Santayana, alarmed by the idea of overproduction, went so far as to suggest that "in a world composed entirely of philosophers, an hour or two a day of manual labor . . . would provide for material wants."

Although Mr. Santayana's world does not seem imminent, "overproduction" has become a bugbear of the hour, and it is already possible to see a good deal of truth in these speculations. Despite a temporary reaction here and there, as in Fascist Italy, the work period in many activities and in many countries has

[1] From the *Century Magazine*. Reprinted by permission.

fallen well below the classic eight hours, if an average be taken for the whole year, and especially if time be taken out, as in football matches, for breaks in routine—like relighting tobacco and waiting for the Central. This decrease in working hours in the formal employments is, of course, due to the new organization of industry, with its "mass production" and its machinery—so abhorred by the Butlerites. But the picture is nearly as impressive when one turns to the less organized and more informally employed. Think of the housewife of to-day and the comparative nothingness to which labor-saving devices and electrical appliances, antiseptics and contracepts, have transformed her once endless drudgery. No wonder we have on our hands a Woman Problem, although this—to come straight to the point—is merely a part of the larger problem of human leisure.

Considering the dramatic fashion in which it has overtaken us, one might have thought that this problem of leisure would be everywhere recognized. One might have supposed, too, that the revolutionary reduction in work time which caused it would have led to a revolution in terms. It is patently absurd to keep on calling the scant third of the earth's spin that we now devote to wage-earning a "day." It is equally absurd to keep on centering our discussions, as we do, almost wholly about work, when what Western countries are being more and more confronted with is the prospect of its disappearance. Business men, it is true, are beginning to realize the dilemma to which production of an increasing amount of *unused* goods is giving rise; but except for a handful of sociologists and philosophers, few people seem to realize the dilemma of its alternative, the production of an increasing amount of *unused time*. Indeed the majority of us, living in an age when men have more leeway than ever before, frequently insist that we have "no time." How are we to get rid of this strange delusion? The first step is to abandon the obsolete phrases of a bygone age when a man's employment con-

sumed at least half of his life, and to throw the emphasis where it now belongs, on the sixteen-hour day. Let us cease to worry exclusively about the bare third of existence that is devoted to work and take thought for the remaining two thirds that are devoted to leisure.

Mr. Santayana has observed that a part of the English people have developed to a greater extent than Americans the arts of leisure. This may be true, but it is true only of a small part. The great masses in England as elsewhere in the West must reckon up all their present resources and then proceed to improve and extend them if they are to solve their problem of the long non-working day.

How well provided are we with the wherewithal to fill it profitably? At the moment, reading, riding, and radio would seem to be the three fundamental R's in the modern program of leisure. Outside of eating, which offers fewer possibilities as a diversion in countries where it is divorced from genial drinking, and sleeping, which appears to grow less attractive as artificial lighting increases in efficiency, these are the voluntary activities on which the masses must mainly depend for aid in the consumption of spare time. Sports and games, and social occupations that exist for the betterment of mankind, such as "charities," or for the stimulation of the individual, such as the arts, are, after all, only for the chosen few. Formerly talk was one of the great human recreations, but we have been warned that talk, except on the most desultory telephone type, is, like letter-writing, on the decline. Our restless Time-Spirit is all against the revival of conversations of the comfortable Gargantuan proportions with which Dr. Johnson and his friends used to pass an evening. (The same decline seems to have begun in thinking, beyond the confines of the job. Prolonged contemplation, always more popular in the Orient than on our side of the

world, is apparently alien to the nervous nature of the modern Occidental.)

But although we cannot, as we frequently say, "stop to talk," we can and do stop to read—perhaps because this requires less constructive effort. The growing demand for reading-matter has generally been put down to the spread of literacy; but, like literacy itself, it should primarily be credited to the spread of leisure. Naturally it is being everywhere exploited. The good talkers and thinkers whom we are still fortunate enough to have with us are reserving their expressions more and more for print. So it is to books, magazines, and newspapers that we must go for one of the really solid substances with which to fill our unemployed time. Probably most people would agree that the modern newspaper is the greatest ameliorative device that civilization has yet provided for the victims of the sixteen-hour day. If you take the daily journals with all their feature stories and signed columns, and the Sunday editions with all their sections, not forgetting Real Estate and Finance, Advertisements, Sports, and the Funnies, you certainly have a time-filler of no mean importance.

But the magazines are also doing their part to lighten the load of leisure. The number and variety of current covers would dazzle a visitor who had not seen a newsstand since the nineties. And how rapidly they are still multiplying! A magazine that exists to-day only inside the brain of some ingenious pioneer may in six months be traveling around the globe in half a million gay bindings. The size of the editions is one of the outstanding economic wonders of the age.

Nor has the older and more conservative book trade been unresponsive to the pressure exerted by mounting leisure for greater abundance of matter. The day of the small biography, the compact novel, the slim duodecimo of verse is over. We want bulk. No Life can expect to attain a great sale unless it makes

a thick volume—preferably two of them. Mr. Page's *Letters* may have been too long for a burdened chief executive, but they are not too long to please a public with sixteen vacant hours to get through. No abbreviated editions of copious memoirs for us; we cannot afford to miss a word. The classics must be reprinted with all the original text restored, and a generous introduction thrown in. Miss Rebecca West's suggestion that stories should be made both longer and harder was a straw to show the way the wind is blowing. Recently Mr. Wells, always a generous entertainer, has heartened his readers by executing a novel in two volumes—an adventure for which we were well prepared by the group-novels of Proust and Rolland, Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Bromfield, from each of whom we have already had many volumes, with the end not yet in sight. Bigger novels and more of them has been the slogan of successful publishers. Houses that insist upon issuing works in pocket size are obliged to placate the public by guaranteeing in advance a whole series or library in one field. So fearful are we of being left high and dry, with nothing to read. Choice collections of lyrics of the "Out, out, brief candle" kind no longer satisfy us. We must have verse, preferably narrative, which, when it is put between covers, looks like a real live book. To compete with *Ask Me Another* questionnaires and similar exercises, it should take as long to get through them. Perforce the modern poet is not the idle, but the busy, "singer of an empty day."

But fortunately things to be read must first be written. And herein lies another convenient dike against the encroachment of leisure. Writing, once a specialized employment, is now being thrown open to the whole population. As a result of the foreshortening of the workday, authorship has been removed from the jealous grasp of the few—the highly privileged and the professional journalists. There is now, as far as time goes, no reason why a plumber should not set out on a family saga—indeed

unless he is unusually resourceful in other types of diversion, there is good reason why he should do so to occupy his long hours off duty. I have seen no statement as to the present hours of yeggmen and tramps, but their recent invasion of literature seems to indicate that they too are "up against" a protracted leisure day. Moreover, to supply the every rising demand, authors are being recruited from all ages as well as from all ranks. The number of our adolescent writers is growing apace.

There are some who deplore this democratization, as they call it, of a once exclusive art. They should have thought of this possible result when they advocated the sixteen-hour day and desired to have the masses taught to read. No normally aggressive person with time on his hands can look at other people's works indefinitely without having a healthy curiosity to see how a book of his own would look—at least in typescript. Publishing such experiments is another matter, which we cannot consider here. For the moment the question is less one of literature than of the economics of leisure. Living as we do in a realistic world, we may expect to see the sharpening hunger for printed pages, as a result of lengthening week-end and shrinking workday, somehow supplied.

Then there are the "pictures" (the movies or the cinema according to one's nation or station) to fall back upon. They may well be classed with books, as first aids to the idle, for two reasons. Primarily because most of their directors have failed so far to free them from entangling, and often bungling, alliances with reading-matter in the conventional sense. However eloquently a sequence of pictures may tell its own story, it must not be allowed, say these magnates, to speak directly to the public. (There was "The Last Laugh"; but the laugh in the end will be on the conservatives of Hollywood.) Yet in a more fundamental meaning the moving films are to be regarded as reading; for do they not revive the principle of the earliest kind

of calligraphy—the archaic pictographs of very ancient peoples? In our libraries we read characters out of which all drama and universality have been lost. At the cinema we read the running characters of our common mother-tongue.

Obviously we are dependent upon all that we can take in of printed matter in the usual sense, as well as in the older sense of the movies, for assistance in shouldering our burden of leisure. One sometimes wonders in a crowded picture-show house of immense size what the masses did before they had the three-reel films. One answer is that they didn't have the free time to attend such affairs. A curve or graph representing the expansion of the movies and the printing industries would coincide in a remarkable fashion with the rise of the sixteen-hour day. How much further we can develop this resource in the future, is for the oculists to determine, for there is a physical limit to the use that can be made of the eye. Doubtless the psychologists will also have something to say about the number of books or films *per diem* that can be safely perused, for too much reading, like too little, makes Jack a dull boy.

But even two kinds of writing are not enough to fill all our spare time. Besides, man as he exists in Western civilization, unlike his Oriental brother, cannot always be sitting still, and our workday occupations, as we are frequently reminded, have been growing increasingly sedentary. These facts alone are sufficient to account for the present mania for riding about the world, whether in steamship or train, airplane or motor-car. Happily a good deal of leisure can be disposed of in this form of activity, which for the majority who indulge in it puts very little strain on the higher nervous system. This is notably true if one pushes one's travels into foreign countries and pauses now and again to look at an alp or a cathedral. But motoring without objective whether in the air or on the earth, has also developed possibilities as a time-killer. It gives a pleasant illusion of "doing

something," especially grateful to the still mobile millions employed at desks or machines, as well as to the old and retired. Like the craze for reading, its vogue is entirely logical.

And what of the future of riding as a resource for the leisure masses? It does not look so bright as it should. The danger seems to lie in the increased speed of locomotion and the consequent threat of a drop in time consumed. At present the trans-Atlantic crossing, which with average luck may be prolonged to eight days, is an ideal way to use up free time. But what is going to happen to that vacation mainstay of hundreds of thousands—a summer trip abroad—when the eight-day sea passage is reduced to twenty-four hours by air? There is, I fear, grave peril of such an evolution within a generation, if not within a decade.

But, the reader will say, there is a more favorable outlook for motoring terrestrial than for motoring celestial as a consumer of leisure. The congestion of vehicles on our popular highways has already, it is argued, acted as a brake on speed, with a corresponding extension in the use of unemployed time; and the general opinion is that the normal increase of traffic should at least prevent any acceleration. But one cannot be sure about that. Men are singularly unimaginative where the facts of their daily life are concerned. May not the inevitable increase in traffic beyond its present well-nigh unmanageable mass force us into a totally new method of handling it; something, perhaps, in the nature of a *viator,* or moving surface for crowded roads, on the principle of the *escalator,* or moving stairway, which would admit both of far greater numbers of motors (since they could stand with safety end to end) and of far greater speed without danger of collision which accompanies the present rate?

The human body is so constructed that it can only do about so much of one thing, no matter what opportunities are offered. As riding, like reading, involves eye-strain, it cannot be indefi-

nitely relied upon for aid in passing the sixteen-hour day. This is where music comes in. It has large potentialities for the reduction of leisure, since it uses another sense. The routine of modern work imposes less tax on the auditory faculty than on the visual. Hence, when it is done for the day, our ears are still fresh. That is why we sometimes find attending a concert in the evening more recreative than reading a book.

And how well provided we are with music to ease the burden of leisure! Generally I think Mozart the perfect after-dinner diversion, but there are moods which nothing short of Beethoven will satisfy, or Bach, or Wagner; there are moments when we want to be ravished by the violent moderns, and other moments when we crave our own sophisticated jazz. But there are, or have been, great physical difficulties in the way of a musical solution of the leisure problem. For all except the few initiates, music to be enjoyed must be heard by the sensual ear, and this introduces the element of instrumental performance. Almost every one can read Sterne, let us say, and get the gayety; but only a mere handful of people can play Mozart and get anything but the most dismal results. And although the number of good public interpretations is fortunately growing, they are still beyond the reach of the vast majority.

Not until recently, therefore, has music shown possibilities of coping with anything like its share of the sixteen-hour day. But the mechanisms for reproducing sound are changing all that. Granted that we have had to take them up to the present partly on faith, the ear by their aid seems likely at last to do its bit for the whole man. The radio, like the phonograph, and other devices, is bringing music to people who in the past had to do without it. We may hazard a guess that the future amelioration of our leisure conditions depends in no small degree upon the success that science may have in perfecting musical reproduction.

Nor are the other arts—the theater, the dance, painting, sculp-

ture—being neglected as possible, if not powerful, agencies for reducing the mass of spare time. Indeed so steadily has the increases in playhouses and museums (and of the crowds frequenting them) kept pace with the multiplication of non-working hours that one suspects here a nice mathematical relation between them, if one only knew how to put it; something that could be neatly expressed like Gresham's ubiquitous law or Euclid's delightful fable of the variables. Of late, the liveliest of all the lively arts has done even more than could have been predicted to help us while away free evenings. Doubtless the dispersion of the ballet after the fall of St. Petersburg has had something to do with the revival of dancing, as the dispersion of scholars after the fall of Constantinople had something to do with the Revival of Learning; though just now our own Charleston bids fair to outrival the influence of the old Russian capital.

Which brings us to a subject generally avoided outside "highbrow" groups—Education. At the school age when this is the business of existence, most people form such a prejudice against it, or say they do, that it is the last resource in the world you would expect them to return to in later life to help close the gaps between set tasks. Nevertheless they choose, great numbers of them, to do so, and they make their choice heard. Poor universities that already have their hands full with the upbringing of youth are compelled to take on the added effort of extension courses, both summer and winter, for their elders. Charitable organizations are forced to turn aside from charity to teach subjects for which they were never founded and for which they are but ill equipped. And governments are being made to divert energies and funds to found museums of every conceivable sort —science, crafts, history, archæology. People will even pay for these diverse educational privileges, and if they cannot obtain them at close range, they will go in for them at a distance, by "correspondence," or radio. With working time still on the de-

cline, there is no reason to think that there will be any less of this demand in the future. The problem is to find sufficient personnel to meet it.

Just as charitable institutions have been driven into education, so immense pressure has been exerted upon them, since the establishment of the sixteen-hour day, to enter many other new and difficult fields of social work. They are being asked, it appears, less and less to relieve poverty and more and more to relieve idleness. The people whom they aim to serve not only want classes in many subjects, but they also want facilities for every conceivable sort of diversion. This evolution in our "charities," among which should be counted the far-reaching activities of the institutionalized church (and what church now confines its work to its tabernacle?), is one of the most striking features of the age. It is a phenomenon of the new leisure.

So far we have been considering the victims of the sixteen-hour day. When we turn from the average workers to the preferred classes, there is still longer hiatus between tasks, lasting anywhere from seventeen to twenty hours. With these groups we should expect to find the leisure problem worse. Paradoxically it is often not so bad as when the hours off duty are fewer. This is due in part to certain modifying psychological factors, and in part to special circumstances. Certain varieties of activity which occupy less than the conventional working time—such as plumbing and bricklaying—seem especially to attract men of naturally contemplative temperament who are unruffled by the stagnation of time inside or outside of work hours. Then there is the type of person whose illusion of activity varies inversely with the amount he indulges in. One hardly ever hears the worker with the longest schedule complain that he is "driven to death" or that she has "a thousand things to do." These are the words of the twenty-hour-day man, or the woman who has no required hours

of labor at all. Such people suffer very little from the heaviness of leisure because they are not aware of having any.

Of course, if the working time of one's vocation is phenomenally short, one can always seek a second vocation, and thus hope substantially to cut down even a twenty-hour schedule. Here is a further positive suggestion toward the future solution of the modern problem of leisure: the undertaking by every worker of several jobs. But would there in that event be enough jobs to go round? They are not too easy to find with our present more modest scheme. And over how many could an individual advantageously spread himself?

It is often remarked that if you want to get a certain thing done (usually it is a thing of no great importance), you will be most likely to succeed if you ask a busy rather than a disengaged person to do it. There is truth in this saying, though hardly for the reason popularly assigned. It is not so much because the busy individual is more efficient that he can be thus prevailed upon to add to his tasks as because he has a poorer perspective. He fails to see that the new task set before him is really not worth while, whereas the more philosophic idler grasps at once its futility. From this there might seem to be danger of deduction that with the growth of leisure we should all become doubtful in the end of the virtue of undertaking any job whatever. This is possible up to a certain stage! but then a *reductio ad absurdum* would be reached which would send us back to work again.

A case in point is the break-up of the Victorian "leisure class," which used to be much talked about. It is fast disappearing, if it has not, like the old Russian aristocracy, already gone. Bored by inactivity, its descendants have, for the most part, supplied themselves with jobs. Leisure now seems to be seeking a level. Along with the decline of the old working-day, there have risen certain new types of non-renumerative voluntary labor. Indeed

the short schedules of the masses have furnished the unemployed rich with plenty of opportunities for self-respecting work. For example there has been an enormous growth in the purely recreative side of the work of charitable organizations, that have been forced to provide amusement for laborers in their expanding free time. To keep them manned and supplied with funds gives an outlet to a vast store of energy. An ambitious woman with an interest in such "causes" may now if she cares to do so fill her days as full of board meetings as a bank president.

So too with many other forms of communal effort, nearly all of them novel. Semi-charitable objects such as schools and colleges can assure their graduates lifelong careers in fund-raising. The recent opening of politics to women does not seem to have entailed a corresponding withdrawal of men, as might have been forecast; on the contrary, it is more likely to cause a doubling of the effort involved. Again, the innumerable women's associations and men's orders (some of them national or international in scope)—all phenomena of the new division of leisure —have multiplied by large figures the total of informal jobs. Thus the barrier between the former "leisure" and "labor" groups seems to be vanishing.

Curiously enough, a leveling process appears to be going on in the enjoyment of leisure as well as in its allotment. Without much distinction of class, people seeking diversion read books and magazines, ride about the earth in automobiles, and listen in on electrical waves. The moving pictures attract all social types and all ages. And the night life of cities, which has, as might have been expected, developed tremendously with the extension of the sixteen-hour day, tends more and more—perhaps under the influence of jazz and bootlegging—to become stabilized on a broad social basis.

Nowhere, however, has the tendency to democratize the diversions of leisure been more marked than in sports. Formerly

sportsmanship was chiefly a matter of caste, and being a good sport was synonymous with being a "gentleman." For sports cost time even more than money, and the old army of steady workers lacked both. As the equalitarian economic process has gone on by which the "gentleman" has come to have less time and money and the "laborer" more, it was natural that the classes previously excluded from these forms of amusement should have turned to them as a means of writing off part of their accumulating surplus. The major popular sports—swimming and skating, football and baseball, cricket and golf and tennis—have all received new accessions as a result of the extension of leisure.

Yet although there has been a substantial influx from the "lower" and "middle" classes into the group that goes in for sports at first hand, its total is still small in comparison with the whole population. Whether this is due to lack of facilities, to slowness of adaptation to change, or to a psychological complex—a feeling on the part of the great realistic majority that sports are in some sense childish affairs, a playing at life in which full-grown men appear rather foolish—it is not possible to determine. However this may be, it is clear that the bulk of modern mankind, even with ample time and money at its disposal, prefers to take its sports vicariously and so comparatively economically. Entire cityfuls delight in beguiling an occasional Sunday afternoon or an evening off in witnessing a football match or prize-fight for one citizen who cares to devote months to the training which might fit him to participate. Large numbers are willing to spend odd moments in reading of the exploits of a Lenglen or a Nurmi, but few desire to go further toward emulating them. Thus the net results in time expended are much smaller than might have been looked for. Sports have become a democratic but a limited resource to be reckoned with in the reduction of the sixteen-hour day.

Only one section of society appears to have no leisure problem,

and that is the children. As the number of offspring in many classes has decreased, the parents' margin of leisure has widened. Not so the children's. What with the elaboration of education and the organization of amusements, the modern child has scarcely a moment that he can call his own. While a great to-do has been made over the curtailment of the working-day of adults, little notice has been taken of the mounting hours of their juniors. In special cases—as, for example, the not very large proportion of children who are employed in factories—certain protective laws have been passed. Something should now be done about the schedules of the poor little rich folk and the moderately well off, who go to school all winter and to "camp" all summer, and carry, besides, two or three kinds of dancing and rhythmics, art crafts and home crafts, music, scout work, and half a dozen sports. If these conditions are not soon alleviated, the children may take matters into their own hands and form unions to revolt against their intolerable hours.

In every other section of society the menace of leisure raises its head. And as organization and mechanical invention show no signs of abatement, it will probably grow more rather than less serious until the sixteen-hour day is left far behind.

One of the anomalies of the present situation is, as was said at the outset, that virtually no one—except for an occasional philosopher—admits the existence of this problem. The working-man never speaks and apparently never thinks of his sixteen-hour day; his talk is still all in terms of his old wage-earning period. Professional men, and other types of laborers with declining schedules, continue to assure the world that they have less and less "time"—whatever they may mean by that.

Now, this is all very interesting psychologically, however reprehensible it may be from the point of view of an accurate statement of facts. It is possible that this general denial of leisure is

due primarily to the slowness of human adjustment. After a new idea is announced to the public by scientist or artist, a decent interval is always allowed to elapse before it is hospitably received. Perhaps we have not yet had time to become conscious enough of the new employment situation to express it in the new terms. Or possibly the failure to speak of the current sixteen-hour day is simply a sign of the common unwillingness of mankind to name any uncomfortable reality. Often denial of distasteful fact is a venial sin. But it becomes another matter when it prevents men from taking measures essential for their welfare.

From the brief inventory that has just been given, it is clear that our resources for the advantageous use of our present extra-job hours are anything but adequate—not to speak of the still longer hours with which such modern Napoleons as Henry Ford threaten us. If we are to solve our problems of leisure, it is high time that we set about facing it.

ESTHETIC INTEGRITY [1]

Lee W. Dodds

A FRIEND of mine, who is a lawyer, recently rebuked me for what he is pleased to call my "damned indifferentism." You live in a world, he went on, which is courageously tackling the most important and difficult problems—political problems, social problems, moral problems. The world has waked up to a new sense of responsibility for its own welfare. We're fighting things out nowadays, and striving for ultimate solutions. Democracy is on trial. Yet you, a man of at least average ability, stand aside! Yes, my dear fellow, you stand aside. You take no part in the scrimmage. Even as a writer you are ineffective and puerile, be-

[1] From *The Unpopular Review*. Reprinted by permission.

cause you do not adopt a consistent point of view, support the opinions or second the action of a given party. No one knows what you believe, nor how to take you. Are you a socialist? You don't say. Have you any faith in democracy? It's impossible to judge. For all you tell us, you may be a black reactionary, an aristocratic snob. If you are, why hedge about it? Surely it's better to choose your colors and stick to them? But what do you give us, when all's said? A few vague verses that reveal nothing of any consequence to others, and a few stories and plays so entirely objective as to be negligible. And you sometimes wonder why your work wins so little appreciation! Good heavens, man! You are years behind the times. We refuse to feed on wind any longer. We want something nourishing to masticate. Meat, my boy, meat—red meat! The day of piffle and dreams is over.

At the time, I was a good deal abashed by this attack, which was delivered with great earnestness and energy—so much abashed that I found it impossible to make any attempt at a reply. My brain, such as it is, works slowly; I am a ruminative person. But now, after many days of reflection, I am no longer hopelessly abashed. It now seems to me there are certain things that might have been urged in rejoinder, if I had had sufficient presence of mind to think of them in season.

My present purpose in setting these belated notions down, is not, however, a personal one. It seems to me that my friend's remarks were not aimed at my head alone. At any rate they have stirred within me certain general reflections, which have gradually taken form as a sort of protest against the modern tendency to exalt direct action, executive efficiency, at the expense of certain other, at least defensible, goods.

What, I begin by asking myself, are we striving toward here on Earth? What, if man's stubborn efforts are finally crowned with success, will be the outcome of all this direct action and

executive efficiency? The one result desired, and aimed at from so many disparate angles, is surely a perfected civilization, a world made homogeneous, and so skillfully and stably organized that the crying evils of society will, virtually, have disappeared. If a man is struggling toward anything, he is struggling toward a World Order which might fairly be called Utopia. Yes, Utopia. I state this soberly, fully conscious that the idea of Utopia has always been a laughing-stock for practical men. But this is merely the wise refusal of practical men to look too far ahead, lest they grow dizzy and discouraged while grappling with the pressing problems and business in hand. It is entirely right that practical men should conserve their energies and take short views. Nevertheless, it is obvious that some approximation to Utopian conditions, here on this difficult planet, is the one logical goal toward which they strive.

Not being a practical man, as my friend rather warmly reminded me, I am perhaps entitled to take somewhat longer views, and even to sport, on occasion, with hypotheses. And I have been wondering a little, for the fun of the thing, how the far descendants of these practical men—Utopia being no longer ridiculous, because no longer a dream—will employ the large reserves of leisure with which the better ordering of society must infallibly endow them. They will, of course, be—those far descendants—men physically and mentally our superiors. They will not be an idle or frivolous breed; for it can hardly be supposed that the descendants of men who have achieved so much, and who are themselves capable of preserving what has been won, will be content, or even inclined, to give up their leisure hours to meaningless dissipation.

What are the resources to-day for men of superior character and intellect in their hours of leisure? Leaving aside that portion of their leisure which they do well to devote to gardening, golf, or some kindred open-air pursuit or game, there remain

for casual amusement or deeper delight, social intercourse, scientific inquiry and speculation (using the word "scientific" in its broadest sense), and the esthetic arts. And of these resources, for men of finer culture, I think one may fairly say that the esthetic arts are easily first as ministers of emotional relief and abiding joy. Man, so far as we can judge from human records, has always had a sense of beauty, and the workings of this sense in all its ramifications have played a by no means clearly understood, but obviously an important part in the progress of civilization. The claim is not extravagant, and should in fairness be granted. Those who are artists are often tempted to go much farther; and, no doubt, too far. It suffices that the vari-colored threads of the arts are woven into the garment of civilization, that they have brightened the fabric and softened its texture, and that they have not impaired, but rather have added to its serviceable strength.

Cultured men to-day turn most readily to art, in creative or receptive mood, for their higher solaces. In Utopia, all will be cultured, leisure will abound, and the esthetic arts must necessarily expand in interest and influence, if only to fill up the vacuum. As needful activity diminishes, contemplation must increase; and beauty is the one essence in earthly things which it is possible to contemplate without satiety and without fatigue. Beauty, as befits its origin (an intuition I shall not defend), is always restorative. It heartens and heals.

Does it not follow that men specially sensitive to beauty, specially endowed for the creation of new forms of loveliness, are the chosen ministers of solace and joy to the highest type of individuals? This, it seems to me, is their sufficient function in life; the unique function of the artist. One does not sanely demand from a Watteau, a Keats, a Debussy, an intellectual contribution toward a working scheme for the abolishment of the slum. It is emphatically not the function of the artist to

contort or cloud his peculiar vision by endeavoring, from a false sense of duty, to fix it upon such timely problems of social organization and industrial efficiency as must always be better focused and attacked by a different order of men. And by this, heaven save the mark, I do not mean a lower order! The ship of civilization manned solely by artists would soon founder, and, I fancy, the sooner the better. But if the artist should know what to keep his hands off, and when, he should also be given the benefit of his restraint. He ought not to be accused, I submit, of a frivolous indifferentism by those practical organizers of life whose essential work, as the artist in his heart well knows, nature never framed him to perform.

It is—to the confusion, and often to the wrath of the logical—a peculiarity native to this sense of beauty in man, and its expression in creative art, that it operates in a capricious and incalculable manner. It cannot be effectively organized; cannot be broken in harness to do honest-day-labor for humanity. This has always irritated men of a practical turn, cast a certain suspicion upon the arts, and a suspicion far more certain upon the artist. To the practical man the artist, however laborious, however consummate, seems nevertheless to be standing a little off from life, his shoulder not propped visibly against the wheel. Yet, if the practical man happen also to be a man of feeling and sense, he will admit, grudgingly enough, that the artist does seem somehow in the long run to have helped things forward. But his method of propulsion escapes analysis: it cannot be plotted on a blueprint, or reduced to a formula; cannot be made to fit neatly and efficiently into a prearranged scheme. To the organizing mind this smacks of insubordination, almost of anarchy: and it troubles him.

The artist understands this; he can even sympathize with the perplexed irritation of the social organizer. Indeed the validity of the artist's function in life is too often for him a matter of

dreadful doubt. You recall Stevenson's amazing analogy, in one of his "Shorter Catechist" hours, between the artist and the Daughter of Joy! Truly, to few mortals is it granted to be entire; and the artist in a man, even when predominant, is often crossed by antagonistic, because distracting, strains. His heart may bleed for all who suffer from social injustice; he too may long to act directly and with instant efficiency; he may even attempt to do so. And so long as his endeavor is translated into terms of action, it may be a worthy one and contribute to the general welfare. It is not at all necessary that an artist should immure himself in an Ivory Tower, though he should always possess such a retreat, and keep the key in his pocket when he walks abroad. For walk abroad he must; indeed, his work should be the sounder for each contact with life as lived. *Should be!* Alas, there is a reef here which has wrecked many an adventurer from the Isle of Dreams! The danger is that the artist will not translate his practical impulses into terms of *action,* but will instead mingle and confuse them with his artistic impulses, and attempt, always vainly, to face two ways at once—attempt to use esthetic vision as a material tool for day-labor in a sweaty world. The result is propaganda-art, which is neither sound art nor effective action.

We live, unhappily, in an age of propaganda-art. The artist (particularly the artist in words, to whose peculiar temptations I shall return) has, for the time-being, lost his bearings. He steers not for beauty, but for reform, and he arrives nowhere. As a result we are sermonized in the novel, exhorted in the theater, and lectured in verse. And while, in a world bent on social regeneration, there needs must be for us a certain interest in any effort toward a juster way of life, nevertheless we feel, I believe, a proper contempt for words used where deeds are called for; and we miss, as well, the purer solace and joy won from novels, plays, and poems which seek to prove nothing, to

accomplish nothing, but rather to *be* something—something harmonious and complete—in themselves. Propaganda-art is topical. No art that is markedly topical endures; and art which cannot live beyond its hour of creation has never really lived at all. Is there any more striking symbol for death that is dreamless than the didactic verse of, say, the Eighteenth Century in England? It was the, not despicable, purpose of its authors to teach and enforce a pure morality; but their purpose, being alien to the caprice of art, betrayed them. They did not improve the morals of their time; they were half-heartedly admired for a day; they are now forgotten. Meanwhile William Blake, living in obscurity, had scribbled his *"Tiger, tiger, burning bright"*—which taught nothing then or since; nothing, I would say, that can be reduced to a formula or efficiently applied. To all common seeming, William Blake was the least useful of men. He "stood" for nothing: for nothing, that is, but "piffle and dreams." For these he yet stands, and will stand—no longer obscurely. May I not urge our propaganda-artists of the moment to consider whether they are still capable of a pure reflective process divorced from an immediate issue?

It is the good-fortune of certain artists that their native medium does not too easily lend itself to propaganda. The composer of a symphony cannot, in the idiom of his art, intelligibly express his views on tenement-house reform. The sculptor discovers a difficulty in modeling a figure which will convince Congress, shall we say, that it ought to pass a more rigid Pure Food Act, or write a Minimum Wage Law into the statutes. But the artist in words, if his vision be not stubbornly single, finds himself everywhere betrayed by his chosen medium. Language is first of all utilitarian, and constantly tempts us to employ it for practical ends—to convey information, expound a theory, or argue for a cause. It can serve the higher imaginative powers of man as perhaps no other medium will equally serve them, but

it prefers an easier servitude. Rather would it state a fact than express an idea; and far rather express an idea starkly than strive to warm and vivify it with the emotional color and rhythm of an artist's mood. A master of language, then, if his purpose is artistic, must be a stern overseer of his troop of words. He must make them his slaves, to do his will to the uttermost. It needs but a slight relaxing of discipline to destroy the hardly won morale of so recalcitrant a body of employees. And the artist, I repeat, has meanwhile his own temptation to scamp his job; must be a stern task-master not only to his servants, but to himself. Clearly must he understand that true art is never about something; it *is* something. Firmly must he grasp the fact, that unless the thing he creates is a self-sufficing whole, a completed harmony, wherein each tiniest detail contributes to the general design, he has failed:—and to fail in art is perhaps less pardonable than to fail elsewhere, since the artist is undoubtedly a social parasite unless he be, in a high sense, a minister to the harmonic-hunger of the soul of man.

But do not mistake me. Do not too hastily assume that I plead for shadows, for an art divorced from life as lived. Do not assume that I advocate a mystic, a precious, an oversubtle, exclusive or esoteric art. For my purpose here, I am no more on the side of Maeterlinck than of Maupassant. I am on the side, solely, of art true to its proper function—on the side of esthetic integrity. Gladly I acknowledge that the artist has the range of the Universe for his material, and is as free to make his magic from the mud of the gutter as from the pollen of the stars. His magic, however, must be authentic: some miracle must be wrought—whether in gossamer or granite, in a lyric woven of moon-fire, or in a novel built from the very stones of the streets.

Yet it is, necessarily, the artist who keeps closest to our daily round, who subjects his esthetic integrity to the greater strain.

The more honor to him, in all conscience, when he triumphs! But the danger is great; and the fact that we are more quickly attentive to the familiar, the immediate, lures many an artist-adventurer to his destruction, and our final loss. Instead of focussing the conflict for us, he shuts his eyes, and rushes, head-downward, into the thick of the fray. It is functional suicide, merely. A soldier charging the enemy cannot interpret the general scene of battle; that is a task for a more collected spectator, a little off from the carnage, on the brow of some hill. The propaganda-artist gets always too close to his subject (in this case, truly, his enemy) for comprehensive views. But without comprehension, there cannot be selection, there cannot be design.

Perhaps it is the final pity that so much genuine artistic power thus runs to waste. For one Galsworthy who is able to stand close to life, yet not (for the most part) too close for vision, how many botched novelists, playwrights, poets we possess who are merely fighting as partisans (none too effectively), when they should be observing, reflecting, interpreting, above all choosing and rejecting with a great patience, until their vision clears and is steady and their powers are ripe. Then, and not till then, can they make true magic, summoning from quiet depths below these surface-waves of life, green islands of refuge and beauty and peace, established in the midst of chaos for our enduring solace and joy.

So much for the artist in, what is called, reality. His task, after all, is the same as that of one more withheld from the immediate scene. He too, if he is not to fail where failure means death, must somehow a little appease the innate harmonic-hunger of man's soul. To appease in some measure this craving is, I again and finally submit, the sole and sufficient function of the arts. And the artist is never justly censured for "damned indifferentism" unless, blinded by alien considerations, he loses sight of this function, and strives to use his peculiar gifts as draught-

horses, instead of lifting them as wings in the service of humanity.

THE HOBBIES OF AN EDUCATED MAN [1]

William Wistar Comfort

Among the false aphorisms which will not be put down is this: all men are equal. There is a grain of truth in the remark. It is true that we all come into the world in the same way. In the race of life, we are even at the start; but we are never abreast again until, by a great mystery, we are all neck and neck as we cross the tape. In the interval of inevitable inequality, which covers the whole period of life, what is to distinguish educated people? What is to be the hall-mark of liberal education? What fruit have we to show when we are examined for the results of our college years? Surely, not mere knowledge of the Past, not mere aptitude in reasoning from cause to effect, least of all mere technical and manual skill. Each of these accomplishments may be gained otherwise, more speedily and less dearly, in the school of life. One need not go to college to acquire the technical essentials for making money. A wide-awake farmer, a foreman of a construction gang, a clerk, a reporter, a corner-grocery politician, may all succeed in their respective niches without having exposed themselves to a college course. A faithful, painstaking young woman may without a college education make a good secretary, stenographer, and, if she be strong enough, a good nurse or a militant suffragette.

How then are they who spend four years and perhaps a couple of thousand dollars in the formal pursuit of education to claim that they are in any way more favored than other men and wo-

[1] In substance an address delivered at Guilford College. Reprinted by permission of the author from *The South Atlantic Quarterly*.

men who are busy earning their daily bread and increasing the nation's wealth? It is a direct challenge. Without being a utilitarian, I insist that we must give a reason for the faith that is in us. What is the use of our endeavor to secure an education? It is because so many young people can give no cogent reason for seeking an education that their education so often fails of any purpose. They don't know what they are seeking; so they find nothing. One very vital purpose of an education I propose to consider. And in order to vary the language in which the subject is sometimes set forth, and thus to bring the discussion on to familiar ground, I shall claim that one object of an education is to provide us with a by-product—a hobby.

I think I recall correctly having heard Professor J. P. Mahaffy, the Irish classical scholar, maintain that in this country the tendency of our higher education was to train men to make a living: whether in engineering, law, pedagogy, or medicine, it makes no difference; the object is to give some assets which can be turned definitely into dollars and cents. At Oxford and Cambridge, on the contrary, he maintained, the tendency had always been to educate a man so that he would be able to employ himself profitably and agreeably when he was not working for his living. If we make Professor Mahaffy's observation in another form, we may say that the effect of American education is to teach a man to be resourceful and independent; whereas the English universities provide a man with the means to find recreation in intellectual pursuits. I think there is wisdom in the English theory of university education, if we use it to temper our own national practice; and it is precisely of the value to the individual of a combination of these two theories that I wish to speak.

It is important to insist upon the development of what we have called a hobby as an essential aim of our educational methods. So long as we train men and women merely to earn a living by manual or intellectual skill, we are performing a useful service

for them personally. But we are missing the larger conception of education in relation to society, precisely because the disinterested motive, the unselfish considerations which lead to service, are lacking. It is a great misfortune for any college graduate to feel that he has gained no profit from his course except that of increase in his earning capacity, and that his ideal of life remains purely utilitarian and mercenary. "Perpetual devotion to what a man calls his business," says Robert Louis Stevenson, "is only to be sustained by perpetual neglect of many other things. And it is not by any means certain that a man's business is the most important thing he has to do."

In the domain of education it is quite proper that a student should follow intently some one subject through a great part of his college course—follow what the Germans call a *Hauptfach;* but, to prevent short-sightedness and loss of mental perspective, it is equally important that he should consider some other field of knowledge, and this the Germans call a *Nebenfach*. In all our graduate schools we insist that even an advanced student shall busy himself with one or two minor subjects beside the major subject in which he hopes to make a contribution to human knowledge. The purpose of this insistence upon the minor subjects is to guarantee breadth of view, a sense of proportion, a sane critical judgment. The oculist tells us students whose time is largely spent over books, that, if we would preserve our keen vision, we must go frequently out into the open air, accustom our eyes to the sight of distant objects and horizons, and thus rest them after the close application to our studies. And so, when a student of literature seeks my advice, I commend to his attention the allied fields of philosophy, art, and history, in order that he may not become narrow in his interests or prejudiced in his judgments. For the undergraduate as for the graduate student the minor subjects serve as a balance-wheel, and this balance-wheel is indispensable for the well-rounded scholar, as it

is, I hope to show, for the effective life of service to which we are called.

For the little academic world in which many of us have lived is not an end in itself; it is but a sort of antechamber from which the Senior passes into a vast hall of strife and opportunity. Happy he who can maintain his place in the jostling throng and feel that he is paying his own way! But that is not enough. That is mere existence. Those who have had the privileges of a higher education have a right to expect something more than existence. The spirit of such favored mortals must dominate their existence and not be the mere tool of physical demands. As some one has said, our business is not to make a living, but to live a life. And life means the joy of liberty and resourcefulness, the response to the call of God's world, the stimulus of accomplishment. There is an immeasurable cleft between the existence of the rock and the joyous life of the bluebell or the daisy, the swallow and the thrush. And still wider is the cleft which divides man, created in his Maker's own image, from all the rest of creation. He alone has received the greatest of gifts—reason, free will, liberty—inestimable privileges carrying with them vast responsibilities.

It is not now my purpose to speak of the importance of a personal spiritual experience as the deepest well-spring of a satisfactory life. To have fought the good fight, to have finished the course with credit, to be conscious of a crown of life laid up for us as for St. Paul, must be in the minds of all the ultimate measure of success. The mightiest power in the world is the human spirit engaged in its high calling of collaboration with the Divine. All the greatest successes in human history have been gained in the domain of the spirit. Such triumphs are simply on a different plane. They admit of no comparison with the petty victories of the body and the mind.

Having made a place for faith in spiritual values as the chiefest

factor in success, as even men rate success, let us turn to what I called our hobbies as a source of human joy, repose, balance, and efficiency. A hobby is a *Nebenfach*. It is a by-product, a side-issue, *not* the main business of life. As the tired business man may love to mount his horse of flesh and blood for a canter through the woods and fields of a summer evening, so a much larger class of jaded human beings love to mount their hobby-horse and ride at their own sweet will through the unexplored fields of intellectual delight. We love our hobbies because they are of our own choice. No man has foisted them upon us, as he may have imposed the law or a business career. Our hobbies are of our own begetting, and we love them as our own offspring. They represent our inmost selves; we lavish upon them our most unselfish efforts; we guard them from the observation of a cold and unsympathetic world; from them we draw strength and inspiration to continue the struggle of life. They are the truest indication of personality. Tell me what a man's hobby is, and I have the best criterion of his character and tastes. Show me a man in his leisure hours, and I can estimate the depth of his inner life better than can be done when he is in court, in the stock-exchange, or the class-room. A worthy hobby is a sure sign of an advanced intelligence in its possessor.

Our hobbies then are essentially personal. They may be the very breath of our nostrils, the very joy of our life. They are in any case invaluable as offering repose, recreation, enthusiasm. Before considering some of the mental and physical occupations which we call by this frivolous name, let me point out one feature of a hobby which is invariable: a hobby has nothing to do with the so-called practical conduct of life; a man does not make his living by it; there is no money in it. Upon some hobbies it is possible to spend money; but strictly speaking, if you try to make money out of your hobby, you are taking from it its very life and charm; you are besmirching its character. A hobby stands for

the individual's refusal to sell *all* of himself for lucre. It represents the one little sacred enclosure of individuality in defense of which the owner is prepared to defy the entire world with its battering-rams of criticism, convention, and mockery. The benefits to be derived from a hobby are altogether subjective in the first instance. Selfish, then, if you will; but selfish in the best sense. For the hobby restores the man to himself, renews his threatened personality every morning, restores his vitality every evening, prepares him daily for that rough and tumble fight in the world to maintain his place and to secure the triumph of his ideals.

Let us see to what occupations an educated man may profitably devote his leisure hours in order to restore his personality. Just as the normal child with passionate intensity collects, labels, and pores over his stamps, birds' eggs, or Indian arrow-heads, so we older children should have some more or less intrinsically futile object upon which to expend our thought and in which we may find recreation. I would not set much store by the boy who did not collect anything, who did not have some holy of holies in which he hived away his pathetic little treasures of sticks and stones and colored glass. See how instinctive is this search for privacy, this secret meditation upon the things most precious to the little boy! Later, with school, comes the age for all the baubles and knickknacks which boys and girls trade in and discuss when they are left to be really themselves at recess and after the humdrum school is over. Still later, youth takes on other very individual interests: the garden with its vegetables and flowers, some poultry, a turning-lathe, fancy work, music, arts and crafts, offer a field for the development of those precious individual traits which make us what we are and keep us from sinking to the level of human machines.

There is a close analogy between school and life. Most of life, like most of our school years, is spent in accomplishing some

more or less hard task. To overcome resistance by application and endeavor is good for the soul. In school, however, as in life, there is of necessity a place to be reserved for more congenial studies. Hence the popular elective system, adopted freely in our entire educational program. All work and no play, even in the intellectual domain, makes us dull indeed. Those who have already finished their specific preparation for life, who to-day face the unfolding of their unconstrained personality, will, I hope, appreciate the truth of what has just been said. If so, how can life be planned so as to incorporate in its program a place for those hobbies which, I claim, are the logical continuation of the elective studies of college days?

The hobbies upon which a man may indulge his taste are legion. If one is an amateur collector on a large scale, it may be necessary to spend some money. The King of England is said to have one of the most complete collections of postage stamps in existence; the King of Italy is reputed an international authority on coins; the greatest financier of our own country seems to have collected almost everything, from masterpieces of art to railroads in the receiver's hands, from Italian madonnas to the Southern Railway. And all this, mark you, for the human joy of doing something you don't have to do, for the lust of indulging individual tastes. For the joy of collecting is the same whether you collect diamonds or marbles. But after the great ones of the earth comes the average man: he may grow flowers, run a stock-farm, play the flute, travel, read books, take photographs, ride horseback, run an automobile, paint pictures, or write poetry; he may collect anything under the canopy of heaven. It makes no difference what he does, if it does him or others no harm, and if it daily refreshes his soul with interest and enthusiasm. Professor Child of Harvard, the English scholar, tenderly cherished his rosebushes; Horace Walpole's letters are full of references to his search for works of art for Strawberry Hill; Petrach was always

on the lookout for classical manuscripts; Socrates had his weather-eye open for sophists to annihilate; Descartes, like Cervantes, was a soldier, but each has left behind him something more precious to humanity than victory in battle; Saint Paul was by trade a Cilician tent-maker, by avocation he became the bearer of a new message to the Gentile world. It appears that posterity is quite as ready to honor men for distinction in the pursuit of a hobby as for distinction in their conduct of business.

To confine our attention for a moment to letters, we may observe that all ancient and much of our modern literature is a by-product. Professional authorship is a very modern development. Even now, despite the advertisements, authorship does not suffice to pay the grocery bills of very many men and women. But how many men are famous for their by-products? Molière was an actor and manager, but yet he found time to write the greatest comedies of modern times; Cervantes, after fighting at Lepanto and living a prisoner in Algiers, wrote *Don Quixote* and died in comparative poverty; Benvenuto Cellini was a famous goldsmith at the Papal court, but he left behind him the most highly rated autobiography in existence; Madame de Sévigné was a busy society woman in the days of Louis the Fourteenth, but she found time to write ten volumes of the most fascinating personal letters one can read; Anthony Trollope was a postoffice employee when he wrote the Barchester and Parliamentary novels; and Nathaniel Hawthorne was a Salem custom-house officer when he was preparing *The Scarlet Letter*. The list could be indefinitely prolonged, especially in European literature. Surely there is abundant reason for any one who may feel the impulse to put pen to paper in prose or rhyme, to seek diversion, if not fame, in that way. Of all hobbies upon which one may spend one's time, the buying, reading, and writing of books is perhaps the most engrossing and the most thoroughly satisfying.

Thus far we have been considering the possession and, so to

speak, the practice of a hobby as an invaluable asset in increasing the joy and efficiency of life. It may have been felt, as already hinted, that the cultivation of a hobby is a rather selfish diversion. Lest the thought which has run through these remarks should be interpreted too narrowly, let us now shift our fundamental conception of a hobby as an asset in an *individual* life, and see if we may not carry it over into some of the duties and privileges of association with others in the cause of righteousness. Starting with the admitted necessity of earning a living as the business which lies nearest to the hand of each of us, how can we make effective our leisure hours? I have already referred to some of the interests which grip individuals and enable them to maintain and develop their personal tastes. But there are other affairs, perhaps more noble and more disinterested, into which educated men with their trained minds and high ideals are rightly expected to throw themselves. There are a score of causes in which a man may unselfishly enlist his intelligent service: the improvement of social, political, agricultural, and religious conditions, which forms the program of countless organizations existing outside the sphere of actual government and politics. For service in these organizations there is usually no pay. They may claim only our leisure hours. Yet their very existence and the attainment of the goal for which they are striving depend upon those of us who are convinced that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of what he may eat and drink. Food and drink are our living, as they are of the beast, but they are not our life.

So the teacher at his desk, the merchant in his office, the broker on 'change, the worker in the shop and the mill, the laborer on the farm—are all called to have some interest which shall raise them above mere existence, are all summoned in our democracy to associate themselves with the countless unselfish endeavors to make justice, love, and honor prevail. This call, to be sure, is not yet heard by all. Examples of the self-centered existence are

everywhere about us. That man is truly educated, whether he may have been to college or not, who is trained efficiently to provide for those who are dependent upon him, and who brings to bear upon the problems of his time a personality fresh and free.

And thus, you see, while still adhering to the essential idea of a hobby, we have got upon a higher platform, we have risen into a higher stratum of duty and privilege. The *sine qua non* for the amateur collector as for the amateur reformer is an infinite capacity for enthusiasm in an unremunerative ideal. We necessarily give of ourselves daily in exchange for our physical needs; let us learn to give of ourselves daily in the attainment of some disinterested purpose. In the latter, rather than in the former process, are we likely to find happiness and to win the esteem of our fellows.

Let us return before closing to the pertinent question: what reason can we give for desiring an education? I hope I may have suggested one important mark by which an educated man may be distinguished. In addition to being merely trained in mind or body so that he may be to some extent master of his fate, he should be distinguished by his generous outlook upon life. He must be more than one-sided; he must have some concern beside that of making a living; he must see Utopias possible of attainment toward which he yearns to lead the people. The possession of this unselfish conception of life and its duties is not peculiar to the so-called educated class. Many people possess it in the highest degree, who can boast of no college education, but who have absorbed elsewhere the spirit of generous service. The ideals of truth, honor, justice, and love should, however, be especially cherished and expounded by the scholars. If the scholars fail, by whom then shall virtue be extolled? So that if you are to give a reason for the faith in the value of an education, if you are to claim any pre-eminence therefor, let it be with a humbling sense

of responsibility for the realization of the visions you have seen, the eternal ideals of which you have caught a glimpse.

We are ready now to take our last step, to make our last observation on this topic. Just as we saw it was a healthy and normal thing for the child, the youth, and the mature man, each in his time, to have some side-interest, some *Nebenfach,* in which to let his individuality find play, so now I may say: See to it that your hobby is a worthy one to occupy a trained human mind. The trivial diversion which sufficed for the child must, in the case of the scholar, be swept aside to make room for great unselfish issues. In the long run scholars have directed the progress of human thought, and, if you belong to the scholar clan, you must strive with it on the field for truth, honor, justice, and righteousness.

My plea is in reality for the open-minded citizen, not totally engrossed in material affairs. We need him everywhere, in the cities, the towns, and in the rural sections of the country. He need not be highly educated; but he must possess that generous, wise, and open mind which is attracted instinctively to the worthy cause, and which should be surely the possession of our trained scholars. There can be no law to compel this attitude of mind. We may refuse to participate. But remember it is what we do not have to do that counts. One is likely to attain greater honor, live more happily, and reflect more credit upon his forebears and his teachers, if he goes through life sometimes doing what he might justify himself for leaving undone.

No bread tastes so sweet as bread that has been cast upon the waters and found later after many days. The savoring of this experience ought to be that of the educated man. He can afford to wait for it. For, as the little boy comes to learn that his life is a mysterious combination of hard school tasks and hours of happy pursuit of bird and flower, so you have learned in your college years that the hard, bare facts of existence are not all of

life. Truth and the pursuit of truth shall set you free—free to cultivate your own personality, and free to spend your leisure hours to the glory of God and the deliverance of Man.

COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS

If the statement be true that the best test of the quality of a civilization is the quality of its leisure, what verdict should be passed upon America? Are we, since labor-saving devices give us more hours to ourselves, living up to the opportunity of using the margin to enrich personality? These questions suggest a serious criticism of American life, for it requires but scant observation to realize that, speaking generally, our pleasures are mechanical and our use of leisure slavish. Stevenson's "An Apology for Idlers" (page 93) might be added to the selections upon this topic. See also some incidental discussion in Pound's "The Iron Man" (page 518).

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

Suggested topics for writing: (1) The Recreations of the College Student; (2) The Best Use of the Vacation; (3) Reading as an Indoor Pastime; (4) Collections I Have Made; (5) The Joys of My Hobby; (6) Curious Hobbies of My Friends; (7) My Use of My Margin; (8) The Burdensomeness of Leisure; (9) The Solace of Art; (10) The Art (Music, Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, Literature) that Most Appeals to Me; (11) Hobby-Riding.

THE FIGHT FOR INDIVIDUALITY

OUR RACIAL AMNESIA [1]

James Truslow Adams

I

I HAVE lately had occasion to read through the works of Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton. The great contest in which they were the leading figures on the opposing sides was the contest over the formation of a new nation with a new form of government. They dwelt, literally, in a "New World." The very existence of the ground on which they trod had been unknown to Europe a scant three centuries before. Much of the continent was still unknown and unexplored. Its inhabitants had decided to break loose from the Old World, to plunge into an unknown future, abandoning the well-worn monarchical and feudal paths, and to establish a new régime for mankind. According to present thought they might well have scrapped all knowledge of the past and said, "What has that to do with us or our present situation?"

That both Hamilton and Jefferson realized the newness of the experiment they were entering upon is obvious. Yet one is struck by their sane orienting of themselves with respect to the entire historical process. Each studies the conditions of the present, each attempts to forecast the influences and tendencies which will modify conditions in the future, but each, also, looks to the past for instruction and example. Each, in his efforts to

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Harper's Monthly.*

influence the public, appeals to history to illustrate how human nature has shown itself, how it has reacted to given sets of circumstances and, hence, what might reasonably be expected of it in the future. Greece, Rome, the medieval period, and recent epochs were all ransacked to afford examples.

Both the education and the general reading of men in those days—and almost until the present day—favored this balanced outlook on life. The children of well-to-do and cultivated families, north and south, were thoroughly grounded in the classics. The history of Greece and Rome, their character, their ideas, were as familiar to them as those of their own time. If the poorer people knew nothing of Greek and Latin, they were as thoroughly grounded in the history of the Hebrews. The Bible is a marvelous storehouse of history and character, of political as well as ethical precept and example; and this most of the people knew almost by heart. Such books as they read, when not theological, were largely historical. In the recently published biography of "Uncle Joe" Cannon, the "hayseed member from Illinois," as he was first called in Congress, he tells us what his reading was as a hard-working small son of a pioneer on the Wabash. First, he read the Bible through from cover to cover every year from the age of nine to fifteen. In addition to this there was Josephus, Shakespeare—read and reread—Rollin's *Ancient Rome,* Plutarch's *Lives,* and anything else he could get hold of.

To-day we have largely done away with all this. The small child is brought up on perfectly delightful books, delightful in text and illustration; but, however much they may stimulate his imagination and esthetic sensibility, they can hardly be said to add to his knowledge of the past. When he advances into the grade and high schools he learns little history, whatever the curriculum may call for. The other day I asked a graduate of a high school if he had ever heard of the *Federalist.* There

was considerable hesitation and then he said he thought it was a party. I said I did not mean a party but a book. No, he never had heard of it. When I pointed out that it had been one of the main influences in securing the adoption of our Constitution and that it was one of the few books produced in America which had a world-wide reputation, this information was apparently new to him. Henry Ford, with all his intelligence along certain lines and with a public-school education, testified that he had never heard of any revolution in 1776, that the only one he recalled was "that of 1812," that he had never heard of Major André, and that he thought Benedict Arnold was a writer. These are by no means unique cases. Question almost any high-school student taken at random on the facts of history, even the outstanding ones in his own country, and you are likely to find the results appalling.

When a boy or girl advances to college the conditions are not much better. I am not speaking anywhere in this article of the exceptional student or the exceptional man or woman, but of the great average mass which is called "the people." The old idea of a college or university as a place where a student is supposed to receive mental training, to learn how to use his faculties, and to obtain a grounding in the best which has been thought and done by mankind in the past, has apparently gone for good. We have reached the point where courses in real-estate selling, basket-ball coaching, and so on, can count points for degrees. Just what the modern state college, or even the older and pretendedly conservative universities, do for their students, other than to provide them with a course in social mixing, opportunities for making friends useful to them in business later, and perhaps some occupational training, I do not know. Remember again, I am not speaking of the exceptional student or of the exceptional professor. Some time ago I asked a professor in one of the oldest and largest Eastern universities what his institution

did for the thousands of young people who passed their four years there. His answer, after some deliberation, was, "We turn out, as far as I can see, a low-grade standardized product, like Ford cars, with just about as much thinking capacity."

This may have been unduly pessimistic, but that it was true in the main can be proved by listening to the conversation of college graduates successful enough to belong to a college club. There is nothing to distinguish their talk from what one may hear at the Bankers' Club, Realtors' Association, or any other business men's organization. There are five standard topics: business, the stock market, bridge, golf, and politics, the last almost invariably as it affects business. Prohibition used to be a sixth, but every one has his arrangements made now, and the interest in that topic has declined. I recently lived for five months in one of these clubs. Americans are not noted for low voices, and it was impossible that I should not unintentionally overhear innumerable conversations. Never once did I hear the slightest mention of literature, art, economic or national affairs considered at all seriously, or anything except business, sport, and politics. And when these were on the carpet there was evident an utter lack of background. The social and economic theory of the speakers seemed to be limited to the belief that anything which tended to interfere with the rapid expansion of business or the stock market was "red," "damned anarchy," "ought to be hung," etc. In politics it was always personalities, never principles. It is for this reason that Roosevelt always had to shake hands with the engineer, that Harding used to be photographed in a Shriner's fez, and that cautious Coolidge has to wear chaps with "C-A-L" on their sides and mount the horses which he dreads.

II

If the education of to-day fails to place a man in his human world, past as well as present, so also does most of the popular reading of to-day. And I say this despite the enormous sales of such books as Wells' *Outline* or Van Loon's *Story of Mankind*. Even these (although I know a great many people who bought Wells' book, I do not know anyone who has yet read it through), after all, are exceptional. The popular reading of to-day is fiction and science. Historical novels are not the best sources for historical knowledge; still one who was brought up as a child a generation ago on *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest*, the *Waverly Novels*, *Romola*, *Hypatia*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, to mention only a few at random, had at least some idea that the world did not begin with his own birthday. To-day the novelist concentrates on the immediate present. He must write on a problem of ten minutes ago. As far as most fiction is concerned, the world might have been made in 1918, with an occasional glimpse into the prehistoric era of the World War. As for science, what interests most people is the practical application of it, the invention of the moment in what is otherwise a timeless phenomenon. Science, while it may expand a man's view of his physical surroundings, does not help him find himself in the history of human endeavor and thought. It leaves him still at the eternal present.

The tremendous concentration these days on sport tends also to concentrate man's thought, or what passes for such, on the moment. When the average American is not working, you are pretty apt to find him either on the golf links or in a car. As a means of physical recreation and recuperation, golf is excellent. As an endless topic of conversation, it is abysmally boring and mentally degenerating. As for motoring, the absorbing American passion, there is nothing better calculated to narrow the entire

past, present, and future of existence to the mere physical exhilaration of the moment than to drive sixty miles an hour. Nothing devised by man—unless perhaps flying—so concentrates the whole of life to the emotion of the instant second.

Even the interest in great sportsmen or sportswomen has become limited to the moment. Who recalls the great names of even ten years ago? The hero of yesterday is utterly forgotten to-day. We can still recall Gertrude Ederle (was it last year or two years ago she swam the Channel?), but of the hundred million Americans who thrilled at the news that that gallant young gentleman, Lindbergh, had flown the Atlantic, how many remembered Alcock and Brown who had flown it in 1918, or even the fact that the others *had* flown it before him? To a certain extent the press encourages this quick forgetfulness. Much thus becomes sensational news that would not be otherwise had people better standards of news value.

In every way we are coming to live more and more not merely in a one-dimensional world, but in a sharply focussed world, a world which is focussed on the present instant. The results are already becoming obvious. Henry Ford, a genius in one line and a supreme ignoramus in others, says history is "bunk," and innumerable people believe him, partly because they think, with the slipshod mental methods acquired in American schools, that, because he is an able manufacturer, therefore he must be able in all ways, and partly because it soothes any qualms they may have as to their own ignorance.

But is history "bunk"? That is, can we rely on men to settle the problems of the present wisely with no knowledge of what has been said, thought, and done in the past? What business man would be willing to have his memory of his own personal past completely obliterated? Is not that hard-won and carefully garnered experience of twenty, thirty, or forty years one of his greatest assets? Cancel all recollections in Ford's memory, let

him come to his desk in the morning with a mind blank as to all he has learned of the character of men, of the processes of his particular business, and what use would he be? How many absurd mistakes would he make?

It may be said that the present conditions are so different from anything in the past that the past does not count. This is not so and can never be so. The fundamental problem of man, whatever the fortuitous accidents and conditions of his temporary type of civilization, is man himself. Human nature may change. Let's hope it does. But, if it does, it does so slowly, and the whole historic era is only a moment in the history of the race. The Neanderthal man lived, say, two hundred and fifty thousand years ago, the Greeks only twenty-five hundred. They are our blood brothers, and if one reads their works it is astounding to discover how many of what we think our most up-to-the-minute problems they considered and analyzed.

III

It is not, however, for any specific solution to our problems that a knowledge of the past is essential and an ignorance of it dangerous. It is the need we have for some perspective if we are not to be led astray by every new achievement or every new social or political nostrum. We do not really see things unless we see them in their relations—not merely in their relations to *us* but in their relations to similar events or conditions in the past. Unless we know something of what has been thought and done in the past, we are helpless in judging the present.

We are moving so fast to-day that we are utterly at sea as to where we are going. It is needless to point out the changes in the last century, compared with which the entire history of the race in material advancement may be considered almost static. I may merely say that I have myself talked with a relative who

recalled the days when there was no such thing as steam locomotion in common use, and the horse or the sailboat was the only means of communication by land or sea. In this mad onward whirl some perspective, some sense of past achievement, some realization of values is more essential to-day than ever.

In studying the history of America for the past hundred and fifty years with relation to the so-called "common people" one fact stands out in striking significance—the loss in the power of thought. The average farmer to-day, for example (I choose him because most of the "common people" were farmers a century and a half ago) cannot, I believe, compete for a moment with his predecessor in the power of concentrated thought. He has more schooling, he reads more printed words, he has far more advantages in the way of securing news and moving about the world, he has incomparably more luxuries, and he has quicker wits, but he has less of them. Propaganda is no new invention. Our past-masters of the present day had nothing on Sam Adams; but let any one read the sort of arguments addressed to the farming population in 1787 when it was necessary to secure their adherence to the new federal constitution and the sort of arguments they are given in a political campaign to-day. The writings of that day, and the sermons, required a concentrated, sustained effort of thought, and the farmers gave it. To-day the headline press, the tabloid press, the movies, and the radios give them everything in snatches or pictures. And it is not the farmers alone. It is the whole population, save those who can stand aside and think for themselves; and these are becoming rare. The slogans on the desks of "high-powered executives" are "Don't park here," "Be brief," "Make it short and snappy."

Moreover, the world to-day is singularly likely to be stampeded by the mob spirit. Partly due to the great increase in population, partly to its greater concentration, partly to the increasing lack of privacy and quiet, partly to the newspapers, movies, and other

means of acting upon vast numbers of people simultaneously, we are all likely to be imbued with the same emotion at the same time. Every one recalls how the newspapers played upon this spirit when that modest and admirable young American, Lindbergh, was exploited to rouse the mob emotion of the United States in order to increase sales.

We all know how this mob spirit operates in its simpler manifestations, such as a panic at a fire. There is no thought of past or future. Every mental process is concentrated into the one thought of the present. If there is no one who can transcend that present in his own thought the mob goes wild. Given several, or even one such person, and the mob may be kept sane. The same thing is true of all other manifestations of it. But to stand apart from the mob requires that a man have "a mind," as we say, and to have a mind he must have memory. We all know cases of amnesia victims who wander aimlessly, unable to tell who they are, where they belong, what they have done. Without memory a man has no mind; that is, he is helpless without a knowledge of his past. He is living solely in the present.

There is danger that the race may suffer the same fate if we ignore all our past and live only in the moment. By doing that we not only discard all the accumulated examples and wisdom of the past but we are left with no standards by which to judge even the present. We become unable to critize, analyze, compare —in a word, unable to think—and become merely creatures of emotions, subject to be played upon by any false statement, any blatant campaign, any newspaper catering to mob passion. To disregard the past, to delete the "humanities" from education, to read nothing except what is wet from the press, to pay no attention to what man has done and said in the ages gone, to foreshorten our world to the living instant, is to abdicate our intellectual birthright, to destroy our power of weighing and judging, to become the victims of racial amnesia.

THE WAY TO FLATLAND[1]

Fabian Franklin

"The next great task of preventive medicine is the inauguration of universal periodic medical examinations as an indispensable means for the control of all diseases, whether arising from injurious personal habits, from congenital or constitutional weakness, or from social and vocational conditions." That this declaration by the Commissioner of Health of the City of New York is not the mere expression of an individual opinion, there is abundant evidence. And no one who has watched the growth of other movements towards such regulation of life as only a few years ago would have seemed wholly outside the domain of practical probability can doubt that the "Life Extension" movement, as thus outlined, will rapidly grow into prominence. Nor is there much room for doubt that, whether explicitly contemplated at present or not, compulsion as well as universality is tacitly implied in the movement.

I say that the movement is sure to grow into prominence, that it is a thing which must be seriously reckoned with; I do not say that it will march straight on to victory, or even that it is sure to prevail in the end. It is instructive, in this regard, to hark back to a recent experience in a more special, but yet an extremely important, domain. Several years ago a report on university efficiency was issued under the auspices—though, it should be added, without the official endorsement—of the Carnegie Foundation. The central feature of this report lay in its advocacy of the application to universities of those principles of

[1] From *The Unpopular Review*. Reprinted by permission. The article betrays openly enough its origin in the pre-Volstead era. The consummation of national prohibition has corroborated the author's contention that this movement is but another symptom of our noxious yearning for Flatland.

system and of standardization which have been successfully applied on a large scale to the promotion of industrial efficiency, and are generally referred to by the catchword, "scientific management." In spite of the merits of the report in certain matters of detail, and of the high standing of the expert who wrote it in his own department of industrial engineering, the report evoked an almost universal chorus of contemptuous rejection not only in university circles, but also from those organs of public opinion which have any claim to be regarded as enlightened judges in questions of education and culture. The thing seemed to have been laughed out of court. And yet it turned out that a year or two afterwards a full-fleged scheme for carrying out some of the crudest and most objectionable features of this "efficiency" program was presented to the professors of Harvard University, apparently with the expectation that they would fall in with its requirements without hesitation or protest. For some days there seemed to be real danger that this would actually happen. It turned out to be a false alarm; the faculty of the foremost of American universities were guilty of no such supineness. The project was ignominiously shelved, with some sort of explanation that the springing of it on the professors was due to an error or misunderstanding. But that the attempt should have been made, and in a manner that argued so total a lack of any sense of its grossness and crudity, is a significant warning of the extent to which the notions underlying it have fastened upon the general mind.

The story of the eugenics movement in this country affords a striking illustration at once of the almost startling rapidity with which innovating ideas as to the regulation of life gain acceptance, and of the fact that this rapidity is by no means conclusive proof that their progress will be continuous. The one thing clear is that there is a large, active, and influential element in the population that is extremely hospitable to such ideas,

and manifests a naïve, an almost childish, readiness to put them into immediate execution. Since, in the nature of things, this element is lively and active—since, too, what is novel and in motion is more interesting that what is old and at rest—at first there is almost sure to be produced a deceptive appearance that the new thing is sweeping everything before it. Just now there is evidently a lull in the onward march of legislative eugenics. This is sufficient proof of the conservatism of the people as a whole; we may be quite sure that anything beyond a very restricted application of eugenical notions will take a long time to get itself established in our laws or even in our customs. Nevertheless, it would be a great mistake to suppose that even the more extreme forms of eugenical doctrine are not forces to be reckoned with as affecting practical possibilities of a not distant future. Though no results may appear on the surface, the leaven is working. It is consonant with tendencies which in so many directions are becoming more and more dominant. So long as those tendencies continue in anything like their present strength, there can be little doubt that the idea of control in the direction of eugenics, like that of the regulation of human life in other fundamental respects, will continue to make headway, and may at any time become one of the central issues of the day.

To adduce prohibition as an illustration of this same character in the thought and the tendencies of our immediate time may seem like forcing the point. It is true, it may be said, that there has been within the past few years a rapid spread of prohibition in almost every part of the country; but the thing itself is sixty years old, has had its periods of advance and recession, and is now, in the fullness of time, reaping the fruits of two generations of agitation, investigation, and education. But to say this is to overlook the distinctive feature of the present situation regarding prohibition in the United States. A Constitutional amendment providing for the complete prohibition of the sale of

liquor throughout the Union is pending in Congress. A year ago—probably six months ago—there was hardly a human being in the United States, other than those in the councils of the Anti-saloon League, who had so much as thought of national prohibition as a question of present-day practical politics. Suddenly it is announced that there is a distinct possibility of a prohibition amendment being passed by Congress in the near future; and one of the foremost representatives of the Anti-saloon League states, and with good show of reason, that if the amendment be passed by Congress, its ratification by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States can only be a matter of time. What the probabilities actually are, I do not undertake to say; neither am I concerned at this moment with the merits of the issue itself. What I *am* concerned with is the simple fact that in this situation, brought upon the country with dramatic suddenness, nobody seems to have been in the least startled, or so much as disturbed in his equanimity. There will of course be a great struggle over the question, sooner or later. But neither in Congress nor in the press has there as yet been any sign of such an assertion of the claims of personal liberty as, at any time previous to the past ten years, would have been sure to be made in such a situation. This collective silence, on an issue affecting so intimately the lives, the habits, the traditions of millions of people, is, in my judgment, by far the most impressive proof of the degree in which the public mind has grown accustomed to the inroads of regulation upon the domain of individuality.

A number of years ago, when the mathematical concept of space of more than three dimensions was attracting great popular interest, an ingenious writer undertook to make the idea intelligible to "the general" by picturing the state of mind in regard to three dimensions of a race of beings whose life and whose sensual experience was limited to space of two dimensions. He gave his

little book the title *Flatland,* and it gained wide attention. In his Commencement address at Columbia last year, President Butler had the happy thought of applying the term in the characterization of certain aspects of the intellectual and political life of our time. He was speaking particularly of that absorption in the immediate problems of the day which makes almost impossible a true study and contemplation of the lasting concerns of mankind as embodied in history and literature. "Every ruling tendency," he said, "is to make life a Flatland, an affair of two dimensions, with no depth, no background, no permanent root." That this is a literal truth probably neither Dr. Butler nor any one else would contend; but it hits off with great force and with substantial accuracy the prevailing character of thought in the circles most active and most influential in almost every department of human activity at the present time. And the tendency which President Butler describes as arising out of our absorption in current problems is still more manifest in the spirit of our actual dealings with those problems themselves. On every hand we find a surprising readiness to accept views which explicitly tend to take out of life that which gives it depth and significance and richness. Each one of the four movements we have mentioned affords an illustration of this: in following any one of them we travel straight toward Flatland. They differ very much, one from another; they have very different degrees and kinds of justification; it may be difficult in the case of some of them to strike a balance between the gain and the loss. The remarkable thing—the ominous thing, if we are to suppose that the present tone of thought will long persist—is that the loss involved in the flattening of life, as such, apparently almost wholly fails to get consideration. I say apparently, because there is, no doubt, a deep and strong undercurrent of opposition which, sooner or later, will manifest itself; in speaking of "ruling tendencies" we are apt to mean merely the tendencies that are

most in evidence. But after all, it is to these that criticism of contemporary life and thought must, of necessity, be chiefly directed.

As I have already indicated, the attack on individuality and personal dignity in the universities was met in a spirit that is highly gratifying, and which is quite out of keeping with the tendency that I am discussing and deploring. Yet it is doubtful whether, outside the circle of the universities themselves, and of those individuals who are thoroughly imbued with the university spirit, there is any true realization of what it is that constituted the head and front of that offending. If some bureau of research were to present a formidable array of figures showing that the "output" of professorial work could be increased by so and so many per cent. through the adoption of some definitely formulated system of "scientific management," it is by no means certain that the scheme would not receive powerful support in the highest quarters of efficiency propaganda. We should be told how many millions of dollars a year we are spending on university education, and just how many of these millions go needlessly to waste. Even the opponents of the "reform" would probably find themselves compelled to use as their most powerful argument this and that example of great practical results which have flowed from letting men of genius go their own way. It would be pointed out that many an investigation which, to the authorities of the time, appeared wholly unpromising, turned out to be of cardinal value. We should be warned that what we gain in a thousand cases through time-clock and card-catalogue methods, might be lost ten times over through the shackling of the initiative of a single man of unrecognized genius. And all this would be very much to the purpose; but it is not upon any such special pleading that the case ought to be made to rest. The loss that would be suffered transcends all these concrete and definable instances of it. It would be pervasive, fundamental,

immeasurable. Grievous as might be the injury caused by the prevention of specific achievements of exceptional importance, this would be as nothing in comparison with the intellectual and spiritual loss entailed by the lowering of the human level, the devitalizing of the intellectual atmosphere, which must inevitably follow upon the application of factory methods to university life.

The case of the eugenics propaganda is far more complex. In its origin, and doubtless in some of its present manifestations, it may lay claim to being directed toward aims which are particularly concerned with the higher interests of life. The author of *Hereditary Genius* certainly could not be accused of indifference to the part played in the past, or to be played in the future, by exceptional minds and characters; nor is it necessary to charge any of the present promoters of the propaganda with explicit failure to appreciate the importance of such minds and characters. The criticism is often made, from this standpoint, that the hard-and-fast rules which the eugenists propose would, in point of fact, have put under the ban some of the most illustrious names in the annals of mankind—men whose genius was accompanied with some of the very traits which they hold should most positively be prevented from appearing. But, however weighty this objection to the methods of eugenics may be, it is to be looked upon rather as an item on the debit side of the reckoning than as marking an ingrained defect, a fault at the very heart of the matter. The eugenists may well challenge those who urge merely this kind of objection to show that the losses thus pointed out are great enough to offset the gains, in the very same direction, which they regard their program as promising. Whatever the truth of the matter may be, they can at least set up the contention that, as a mere affair of quantity, genius will do better under their system than without it.

What brings the eugenics movement into the Flatland cate-

gory is not its attitude toward the question of genius, or perhaps even of singularity, but its attitude toward the life of mankind as a whole—if indeed it can be said to have any attitude toward the life of mankind as a whole. The profound elements of that life seem not to come at all within the range of its contemplation. Of course this does not apply to everything that comes from the eugenics camp, nor to every person that calls himself a eugenist. But on the other hand it is by no means only of the crude projects of half-educated reformers, or the outgivings of the prophets of our popular magazines, that it *is* true. The agitation has derived much of its impetus, directly or indirectly, from the teachings of men of high scientific eminence who have attacked the question without any apparent realization of its deeper bearings on the whole character of human life. This influence often comes in the shape of exhortations, or suggestions, addressed to the public at a time when attention is centered upon some conspicuous crime or some particular phase of evil in the community; sweeping and radical regulation of the right of parenthood being urged as necessary for the prevention of all such distressing phenomena. Thus, after the attempted assassination of Mayor Gaynor, there was much talk of a "national campaign for mental hygiene," which should have the effect of "preventing Czolgoszes and Schranks." Its program was thus indicated by one of the foremost professors of medicine in the United States:

> Provision must be made for the birth of children whose brains shall, so far as possible, be innately of good quality; this means the denial of the privilege of parenthood to those likely to transmit bad nervous systems to their offsprings.

What the carrying out of such a program would mean to mankind at large, how profoundly it would modify those ideas about life, those standards of human dignity and human rights,

which are so fundamental and so pervasive that they are taken for granted without express thought in every act and every feeling of all normal men and women—this does not seem ever to trouble the mind of the devotee of universal regulation. He sees the possibility of effecting a certain definite and measurable improvement; that the means by which this is accomplished must fatally impair those elemental conceptions of human life whose value transcends all measurement, he has not the insight or the imagination to recognize. The distinctions of social class, of wealth, of public honor, leave untouched the equality of men in the fundamentals of human dignity. They do not go to the vitals of self-respect; they do not interfere with a man's sense of what is due to him, and what is due from him, in the primary relations of life. If nature has been unkind to him in his physical or mental endowments, he does not therefore feel in the least disqualified, as regards his family, his friends, his neighbors, the stranger with whom he chances to come into contact, from receiving the same kind of consideration, in the essentials of human intercourse, that is accorded to those who are more fortunate; nor does he feel in any respect absolved from the duty of playing the full part of a man. Under the régime of medical classification—and the "mental hygiene" program can mean nothing less than that—all this would disappear. Some men would be men, others would be something less. It is true that, so far as regards the imbecile, the insane, and the criminal, such a state of things obtains as it is; but this stands wholly apart from the general life of the race, and has no influence whatever on the habitual feelings and experiences of human beings. The normal life of mankind is shot through and through with the idea that a man's a man; all that is highest in feeling and conduct is closely bound up with it. Lessen its sway over our feelings and thoughts and instincts, and how much benefit in the shape of "preventing Czolgoszes and Schranks" would

be required to compensate for the loss in nobleness, in depth, which human life would suffer?

The prohibition movement belongs, in the main, to a wholly different order of things. The fight against the evils of drink, as it has been carried on for a century or more, has been animated by a moral fervor which classes it rather with the fight against slavery, or with the great revivals of religion, than with those movements which owe their origin to a calculating and cold-blooded perfectionism. Its leaders have been fired with the ardor of a war directed against a devastating monster, to whose ravages was to be ascribed a large part of the misery and wickedness that afflict mankind. It is true that the economic and physiological aspects of the drink question were not ignored; the total-abstinence men were glad enough to have this second string to their bow. But the real fight was not against alcohol as one of many things concerning which the habits of men are more or less unwise; it was a fight against Demon Rum, the ally of all the powers of darkness. The plea of the moderate drinker was rejected with scorn, not because there was any objection to moderate drinking in itself, but because total abstinence was the only true preventive of drunkenness, and drunkenness must be stamped out if mankind was to be saved. The moderate drinker was censured not because he was wasting his money, or failing to "conserve his efficiency," but because for the sake of a trivial self-indulgence he was giving countenance to a practice which was consigning millions of his fellow men to wretchedness in this world and to everlasting damnation in the next.

Now the remarkable thing about the present extraordinary manifestation of growth and strength in the prohibition movement is that it is not in the least due to a strengthening of this sentiment. On the contrary, it is safe to say that feeling about

drunkenness, about the drink evil in the sense in which it was understood a generation ago, is far less intense than it was then. The prohibition movement in its present stage is not the old prohibition movement advancing to triumph through the onward march of its proselyting zeal; of true prohibitionist zealots the number is probably less, in proportion to the population, than it was forty years ago. Its great accession of strength has come from the growth of that order of ideas which is common to all the "efficiency" movements of the time. And that growth helps it in two ways. On the one hand, to the little army of crusaders against the Demon Rum there has come the accession of a host of men who are not thinking about demons at all, but who calmly hold that the world would be better off without drinking, and that this is an all-sufficient reason for prohibiting it. And on the other hand, millions of persons who, in former days would have cried out against this way of improving the world—against the impairment of personal liberty and the sacrifice of social enjoyment and social variety—have no longer the courage of their convictions. The temper of the time is unfavorable to the assertion of the value of things so incapable of numerical measurement. Against the heavy battalions led by the statisticians, and the experimental psychologists, and the efficiency experts, what chance is there for successful resistance? On the opposing side can be rallied only such mere irregulars as are willing to fight for airy nothings—for the zest and colorfulness of life, for sociability and good-fellowship, for preserving to each man access to those resources of relaxation and refreshment which, without injury to others, he finds conducive to his own happiness.

It is hardly necessary to say that, in taking up these various movements, no attempt has been made at anything like comprehensive discussion of their merits. Whatever may be the

balance between good and ill in any of them, they all have in common one tendency that bodes danger to the highest and most permanent interests of mankind; and it is with this alone that I am concerned. What that tendency is has, I trust, been made sufficiently clear; but it will perhaps be brought out more distinctly by a consideration of the "Life Extension" propaganda more detailed and specific than that given to the other three.

Conspicuous in the literature of this propaganda is the appeal to standard modern practice in regard to machinery. "Those to whom the care of delicate mechanical apparatus is entrusted," says the New York Commissioner of Health, "do not wait until a breakdown occurs, but inspect and examine the apparatus minutely, at regular intervals, and thus detect the first signs of damage." "This principle of periodic inspection," says the prospectus of the Life Extension Institute, "has for many years been applied to almost every kind of machinery, except the most marvelous and complex of all,—the human body." To find fault with the drawing of this comparison, with the utilization of this analogy would be foolish. That many persons would be greatly benefited by submitting to these inspections is certain; it is not impossible that they are desirable for most persons. And the analogy of the inspection of machinery serves excellently the purpose of suggesting such desirability. What is objectionable about its use by the Life Extension propagandists is their evident complacent satisfaction with the analogy as complete and conclusive. Yet nothing is more certain than that, even from the strictly medical standpoint, it ignores an essential distinction between the case of the man and the case of the machine. The machine is affected only by the measures that may be taken in consequence of the knowledge arising from the inspection; the man is affected by that knowledge itself. Whether the possible physical harm that may come to a man from having his mind disturbed by solicitude about his health is important or unim-

portant in comparison with the good that is likely to be done him by the following of the precautions or remedies prescribed, is a question of fact to which the answer varies in every individual case. It may be that in the great majority of cases the harm is insignificant in comparison with the good. However that may be, the question is there, and it is of itself fatal to the conclusiveness of the *argumentum ex machina.* That this is not a captious criticism, that it is based on substantial facts of life, ordinary experience sufficiently attests; but it may not be amiss to point to a conspicuous contemporary phenomenon which throws an interesting light on the matter. The Christian Scientists regard the *ignoring* of disease as the primary requisite for health and longevity. That the Christian Science doctrine is a sheer absurdity, no one can hold more emphatically than the present writer; but it cannot be denied that in thousands of cases its acceptance has been of physical benefit through its subjective effect upon the believer. Personally, I would not purchase any benefit to my physical life at such sacrifice of my intellectual integrity; I mention the point only by way of accentuating the undisputed fact that the presence or absence of concern about health may have a potent influence on one's bodily welfare.

Although it is still a further digression from the main purpose of this paper, I must permit myself a few words on another point relating to the strictly medical claims of the plan of "universal periodic medical examination." It is natural that its advocates say nothing about the danger of errors in diagnosis; everybody knows that this danger exists, but sensible men do not allow it to deter them from consulting a physician; in this, as in other affairs of life, they do not cry for the moon, but do the best they can. But it seems to be wholly overlooked by the advocates of the propaganda of "universal periodic examination" that the extent of danger under the present conditions affords no indica-

tion at all of what it would be under the system they contemplate. Its cardinal virtue, they constantly proclaim, would be the detection of the very slightest indication of impairment: "The task before us is to discover the first sign of departure from the normal physiological path, and promptly and effectually to apply the brake." The consequence must necessarily be that for one case of false alarm that occurs to-day there will be a score, or a hundred, under the new régime. For, in the first place, the individuals seeking advice will not be, as they now are in the main, selected cases in which there is some antecedent presumption that there is something wrong; and secondly, the examiner, bent upon the one great object of overlooking nothing, however slight, will give warnings which, whether technically justifiable or not, will in great numbers of cases have a wholly unjustifiable significance to the mind of the subject. Who shall say how many persons will thus be made to carry through life a burden of solicitude about their health from which, if left to their own devices, they would have been wholly free?

But it is not my design to find fault with this scheme as a matter of medical benefit; if I have ventured to point out some drawbacks, it is only by way of showing that, even from the strictly medical standpoint the cult of uniformity, of standardization, of mechanical perfection, is not free from fault. But the great objection against that attitude of mind which is typified in the appeal to the analogy of machinery is far more vital. Our only interest in a machine is that we shall get out of it as much, and as exact, work as possible. Our interest in our bodies is not so limited. We may deliberately choose to forego the maximum of mechanical perfection for the sake of living our lives in a way more satisfactory to us than a constant care for that protection would permit. Even the most ardent of health enthusiasts—unless he be an insane fanatic—draws the line somewhere. What he forgets is that other people prefer to draw the line some-

where else. They choose to run a certain amount of risk rather than have their health on their minds. To compel—whether by legal means or by social pressure—every man to take precautions concerning his own body which he deliberately prefers not to take; to make impossible, in this most intimate and personal of all human concerns, the various ways of acting which the infinite varieties of temperament and desire may dictate—this would be such an invasion of personal liberty, such a suppression of individuality, as would strike us all as appalling, had we not grown so habituated to the mechanical, the statistical, measurement of human values—to the Flatland view of life.

What gives to these movements that I have been discussing the character which I have been ascribing to them is not so much the specific things which they severally aim to accomplish, but the spirit in which they are carried on, and perhaps still more the spirit, or want of spirit, with which they are met. It is not that a balance is falsely struck between the benefit of the concrete, circumscribed, measurable improvement aimed at and the injury done to some deeper, more pervading, and quite immeasurable element or principle of life; it is that the balance is not struck at all. The subtler, the less tangible, element is simply ignored. It was not always so. It was not so in the last generation, or the generation before that. The phenomenon is one that is closely bound up with the ruling tendency of thought and action in all directions; it is not an accident of this or that particular agitation. Perhaps in no direction is it more convincingly manifested than in the prevailing tone of opinion, or at least of publicly expressed opinion, in regard to the objects and ideals of universities. That in the present state of the world's economic and social development on the one hand, and of the various sciences on the other, "service"—that is, service directly conducive to the general good—should be regarded as one of

the great objects of universities, is altogether right; that it should be spoken of as their *only* object, which is the ruling fashion, is most deplorable. The object of a university, said Mill, is to keep philosophy alive; yet it would go hard with the present generation to point to any one more truly and profoundly devoted to the service, the uplifting, of the masses of mankind than was John Stuart Mill. Were he living he would recognize, as thoroughly as the best efficiency man of them all, that the universities of to-day have opportunities and duties which were undreamed of half a century ago. But he would know, too, that in those activities which are directed to the promotion of practical efficiency, the university is but one of many agencies, and that if it were not doing the work some other means would be found for supplying the demand. Its paramount value he would find now, as he did then, in the service it renders not to the ordinary needs of the community but to the higher intellectual interests and strivings of mankind. That so few of us have the courage clearly to assert a position even distantly approaching this—such a position as was mere matter of course among university men in the last generation—is perhaps the most significant of all indications of our drift toward Flatland.

COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS

In both of the selections given under this division the writers have been moved to deplore the abundant manifestations of the "herd instinct" and the decline of individualism. They echo Emerson's statement, "Society is everywhere in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members," which is a keynote idea in the "Self-Reliance" essay. Man has long been recognized as a social animal, and his tendency to gregariousness is manifested not only to be physically with his fellows, a desire which is evident enough on any crowded street, in any amusement park, or in any city, but also to be at one with his fellows in their actions, feelings, and thoughts. But

at the same time man tends to demand privacy and individuality in action, thought, and possession.

Is it not desirable to have the pendulum swing in the direction of more individualistic feeling? Do we not need to generate more of a feeling of "personal selfhood"? Mr. James Truslow Adams holds that we have lost that quality which was once with us in a great degree. Mr. Fabian Franklin indicates how some of our recent political and social movements pull strongly in the direction of dead-level uniformity.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

The following topics are suitable for writing exercises: (1) The Dead Hand of the Past; (2) The Lamp of Experience (in the light of Patrick Henry's dictum, "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past"). (3) Reasons for the Study of History; (4) The Value of Historical Perspective; (5) How "the Cult of the Self" May be Kept from Becoming Eccentricity; (6) The Drawbacks of Scientific Management; (7) Am I Journeying toward Flatland in Any Respect?

HUMOR

HUMOR [1]

John Erskine

Humor is the art of adapting oneself to another temperament. Every temperament, men used to think, is conditioned by the quality of the moisture or "humor" in the individual's body. If you were melancholy, it was because you had a melancholy "humor." Ben Johnson wrote about *Every Man in His Humor*. To humor a person was to accommodate yourself to his characteristic tendencies. To have a sense of humor was to have such imaginative flexibility that you could adapt yourself to anybody.

Long ago we abandoned the physiological explanation, and instead built up around the word an atmosphere of rich meanings, having to do not with the origin of our temperament but with the ends to which we devote our gifts. Humor is now a thing to cultivate and achieve. Some of us have more of an aptitude for it than others, but in a truly civilized world no one is excused from having some of it—perhaps no one who lacked it entirely could survive. We fancy that the cave-man, some primitive brute who argued with a stone ax and disposed of ideas in an adversary by dashing out his brains, might get on well without a sense of humor, provided that his own skull remained uncracked; if once, however, you admit the right of all your fellows to survive, even though they disagree with you,

[1] Reprinted by permission from the *Century Magazine*.

you must learn how to bend to their peculiarities without surrendering your own pet queernesses. It's a great art.

As we now understand it, humor has a surface quality and an inner depth. It is related to cheerfulness, courage, fun, even to merriment. It is also allied to sympathy, to a fellow-feeling for the unfortunate and the unhappy, to the animal pathos of life. This inward aspect of humor most of us admit is the nobler and more important. Laughter is no bad thing, not even if it is a shallow reaction of the nerves to silly and insignificant occasions; but a true sense of humor keeps the mind too occupied and the heart too alert to laugh. For the same reason it is at its best when divorced from wit. The kindest wit still has an edge on it, and to be sharp it becomes a little hard. Hardness and humor are contradictions.

To say it another way, humor is the most inclusive form of comedy. It keeps in mind our own peculiarities while it observes the tendency in others to be mechanical, or as we say, to be a little "set." However we explain the cause of temperament, we know that the daily habit of life trains us, perhaps against our will, in ruts and grooves; we develop tendencies of which we are not aware; in the eyes of our friends we become at last distinguished by stereotyped thoughts, emotions, conduct. Though these marks of our soul may be in themselves admirable, yet it is not entirely admirable that they should be automatic repetitions; it is not desirable that our ways of accepting experience should be less varied and flexible than the experience we accept. The aim of education, in one important aspect, is to acquire the art of distinguishing, of catching the minute differences which set apart each thing or thought, each person, each situation, from every other. The finest mind will not distinguish perfectly; the mind without humor, alas, will hardly distinguish at all. It is easier to take life in the rough, to group experience in large categories, to make choices from the crude contrast of

good and bad, white and black. But to live so simply is, for civilized man, not to live at all. To be content in a few mental grooves, we must first have lost sight of the manifold shadings and combinations of life, and we must have forgotten that actions, thoughts and emotions are always to some extent conditioned by time and place.

Mr. Micawber, looking for something to turn up, is a comic figure. That is, his value to us is the insight we get into what has become mechanical in him. His virtues were cheerfulness, loyalty and optimism, all admirable, but he had ceased to distinguish among the occasions when those virtues were adequate. He was optimistic in minor adversities, and equally optimistic when he faced disaster. We suspect that he didn't recognize disaster when he saw it. Our sympathy goes to his family, to whom discomfort arrived in varied degrees, however he tried to cheer them up with his automatic formulas.

Richard Feverel's father, in Meredith's novel, is a comic figure on a finer plane. Having suffered disaster in his private life, he determines that his boy shall be spared so bitter an experience, and he applies his splendid mind to the development of a system of education which will take account of human nature and will direct the impulses of youth to high purposes, instead of compressing them dangerously in frail conventions. Yet he overlooks some of the possibilities of life, accidents of time and place, and though his system works successfully, it doesn't work as he intended. His mind has become so set in his personal theories, that he fails to recognize success, as Mr. Micawber failed to recognize failure.

Suppose a man avoided the stereotyped attitude toward life by taking no attitude at all. Suppose you try to keep yourself free of all conventions, all systems; this stupid classification of black and white, utterly bad and utterly good, can be escaped,

suppose you say, by denying that there is a difference between black and white. This was Falstaff's philosophy. At first glance there seems little resemblance between his broad, loose acceptance of whatever fate sends, and Mr. Micawber's formulas, or Sir Austin Feverel's system. Yet to deny all distinction in experience is to adopt the most rigid of formulas. Falstaff is so mechanical in his ethics or in his lack of them that we hesitate to say he was a bad man. He made himself into an automaton so simple that his friends could anticipate his conduct in any situation, yet he remained unaware that his method was obvious. What he overlooked was the fact that there are gradations even in logic, that however you avoid stereotyped patterns, there are laws in the universe and therefore, however flexible, a design. Sometimes the design is a temporary convention, and the laws not very profound, but at other moments we confront universal truths and obligations. It is easy to say that Falstaff interests us apart from the drama in which he appears—he is a character independent of plot. But Shakspere gave him a private drama. He shows us the fat knight in a succession of predicaments, caught lying, caught stealing, engaged in graft, frightened on the battle-field; in each case Falstaff extricates himself with a fresh ingenuity—no question that his wits are more flexible than Mr. Micawber's or Sir Austin Feverel's—but in each case we observe his blindness to the special point at issue. The climax of his philosophy occurs in his marvelous discussion of honor. Is it not good sense? Yet no one, not even the most ardent pacifist, ever felt that in that scene he was an admirable man. He was blind to the distinction between running away from death and running away from a cause, between escaping from a house on fire and escaping from a house in which others were burning to death.

If we merely appreciate the peculiarity of Mr. Micawber's temperament, or of Falstaff's, we may be said to have the sense

of comedy. This comic sense we are often told, is rare, yet it is not hard to smile at another man's frailty, after it has been called emphatically to our attention. What is rare is the sense of humor which makes us alert to the mechanical bent in all natures, even in our own. For this wisdom we need the aid of all our intelligence and of all our heart. If we recognize the fact that every man is liable to fall into a mechanical and blind routine, we must include ourselves in the picture, and find even in Falstaff a reflection of ourselves in certain moods, a prophecy of what we might easily become if we were not on our guard. The human race, beset with this temptation to a mechanical dullness —which, however we fight against it, marks each of us with his special tricks and formulas—bears within its heart also a desire to know all the shades of truth, to be adjusted to the varieties of experience, to be unchained, to be altogether alive. In all of us the love of life is at war with the convenience of habits and formulas. It isn't our fault—we are made so. Of ourselves, this is easy to say. Are we intelligent enough to see that it is equally true of Micawber and Falstaff.

If Falstaff had the same desire as we have, to be a free spirit, at home in the gradations of admirable experience, then his life is a failure, and when we smile at him, it is not because he is funny but because he is tragic. A sense of humor must assume that the other man loves life as much as we; it must assume that life is worth loving and that to miss it because the machine tendency in us is too strong is the saddest of defeats. Perhaps we should never succeed in loving defeated men if we hadn't the brains to recognize ourselves in their troubles. Perhaps to recognize our kinship, even in the most depraved, is enough to make the depraved seem likable. Perhaps this is why we like Falstaff.

But if he is so tragic, why do we smile at him? We don't smile at King Lear. Well, the recognition of a new truth gives

always the sense of pleasure. A demonstration in geometry, unexpected and convincing, may make us smile. We are forced to laugh when our adversary in debate scores a point on us. He isn't necessarily funny, but he has opened our eyes. The value of a sense of humor to ourselves is that in the faults of others we are suddenly aware of tendencies in ourselves, and can therefore correct them. When our nerves are taut, when we have worked ourselves up into a prejudice of idea or emotion, when we have become, that is, mechanical and inflexible, the sudden vision of the same frailty in Micawber or Sir Austin Feverel helps us to relax. We are reminded of our common plight; we remember that perhaps the man against whom we cherish a temporary grudge is like ourselves the victim of his temperament. That is why the cultivation of humor is essential if we would survive in an advanced and complex society in which there will always be much to wear out the nerves and try the patience.

We smile too at the temperament which seems to show itself in inanimate things. They too have their personal cussedness, their exasperating inflexibilities. To fight them is neither more nor less stupid than to contend with the fixed habits of our friends. We can only understand and adjust ourselves. Oddly enough, for most of us a sense of humor comes more easily when we are dealing with machines than when we are facing the mechanical element in men. We have no great difficulty in learning the whims of our typewriter or of our automobile. We know we have to humor the engine, since no two engines are exactly alike. We are even reluctant to let another drive it, who may not understand its ways. To deal so imaginatively and sympathetically with human beings would be the height of wisdom, but the human engine at its simplest is complicated, and wisdom comes hard.

If we smile at Falstaff, is there any difference between comedy

and tragedy? Not much. We usually call those stories comic in which the disaster is not too grim for us to detect a universal law of temperament, applicable to ourselves. If we understand the profound implications of humor, it makes little difference whether we call *Hamlet* a tragedy or a comedy. Some of us feel that *Much Ado* is as tragic as it is comic. *King Lear* and *Othello,* and all the stories which are too terrible to serve as mirrors of ourselves, ought to have another name. Iago and Goneril are devils, outside of the moral world as most of us can conceive of it. Admiration for Shakspere prevents us from admitting freely that such characters are unintelligible, interesting only as monsters and nightmares. But the bulk of serious experience, no matter how sad, is susceptible of illumination by a sense of humor, by a realization that in spite of human ignorance and stupidity, life is lovable, and that the faults which handicap others are mere variations of tendencies in ourselves.

With all the laughter in the world, there are very few funny books. *Humphrey Clinker* is one, in English literature, and *Pickwick Papers* is another. In these stories we laugh at a succession of ridiculous incidents which illustrate nothing in particular, either about human nature or about the universe. Mr. Pickwick gets into the wrong room at the inn, and after he has gone to bed, the occupant, an old maid, enters and prepares to retire. The ridiculousness of the situation has nothing to do with the characters of the persons involved. If the characters did count in the episode, we should have to call on our sense of humor, and the fun would be translated into the more serious form of comedy. Humphrey Clinker engages as postilion to the coachful of travelers, but when he mounts his horse his tattered breeches come apart. Fun, in this elementary form, is nothing but the recognition of absurdity. It calls for no effort of the intelligence, and it stimulates us to no sympathy. We sometimes say it is the occasion of harmless laughter.

On the other hand, there are many witty books. To turn a phrase so that the word or the cadence puts a fresh point on an old idea, is not difficult for an intelligent person who is willing to study the best models and keep in practice. The attempt at wit may easily prove vulgar, if the writer or speaker makes his point too broad, and assumes too little alertness in his audience. The pleasure of successful wit is obvious, but by itself it does not necessarily imply great sympathy with life, nor a complete understanding of a neighbor's problems. Wit is sometimes the gift or the acquisition of a narrow heart and mind, and the employment of it by such a nature makes us fear that the clever point has been scored at some expense to truth.

Whether or not a book has wit, it can't be great without humor. If we say that the Bible is humorous, we are giving it the utmost praise. Not funny, and seldom witty, but almost always humorous. Think of the strongly marked temperament in Jacob or in Joseph. When we say they are very human, we are recognizing in the one a certain aptitude for trickery, which is in our temperament also, though perhaps less strongly marked —and we are fair enough to observe that Jacob had some better traits besides, which are less developed in us. In the other we recognize a most unpleasant habit of taking himself seriously, and of telling his family of his merits. We have caught ourselves at the same mischief, and we know that the family is always the worst audience to tell such news to. Or recall the little man who insisted on running to King David with the news of Absalom's death, but who didn't get the news straight and forgot it on the way. Or even David himself, on his death-bed, relapsing into a particularly tragic mood of vengeance, and giving Solomon a hint as to the treatment an old enemy ought to get. Such stories would be cynical if they were not humorous; to cite them as though they did not belong in a sacred book is to be blind ourselves to humor, to that tragic behavior of our

natures in those moments when we are weak or off our guard. How else could we interpret St. Peter's cowardice and repentance? Most delightful of all the Old Testament stories, perhaps, is that of Naomi and Ruth. We think more of it rather than less because Naomi, in stating her claim on her kindred to provide Ruth with a husband, passed over the near and poor relative, and set her heart on the wealthy Boaz. If we recognize her motives, it is because we have met them in ourselves.

It is usually thought that the sense of humor is a gift, not an art. Perhaps wit, like any other form of expression, is to some extent a gift, but it would be sad if we had to believe that the understanding of life is natural to some of us and withheld from others. Humor can be learned and taught. The method at its simplest would be constant admonition not to go blind in the routine of life. He that has eyes to see, let him see—and we all start with eyes to see. But education could go further. We could train ourselves to think of life not as an experience exclusive and personal to us, not as a conglomeration of lives all entirely different, but as a common condition and fate, in which each of us develops a few peculiarities, fewer and less important than we suppose. Once we have reached that idea, we can go on to the truth that the whole race, from age to age, changes little, no matter how fast the outer surface of civilization alters. Falstaff, Naomi, David and Peter, Thersites and Hector, are still recognizable as mirrors of us, in spite of electricity and motorcars and the philosophy of Freud. Well then, we have only to keep our love of life, and study the temperament of our fellows as we would the ruling passion of our pet automobile, and remembering how relatively unimportant those peculiarities are, humor them. To do this successfully, we must also study our own besetting queerness, and temper that to our suffering friends.

But we can't follow this old-fashioned and simple schooling unless we train ourselves first of all to think of human life in general terms. Since we do so to-day less often than our fathers did, we have a less rich sense of humor. The children used to study penmanship in copybooks, in which proverbs and mottoes, the cream of general experience, were constantly before their eyes. The old readers contained fables and more proverbs, the accumulated wisdom of the race about life in general. If young people now have meager ideas about human nature, and exaggerated notions of the uniqueness of their own personalities, it is because we have unintentionally fastened their attention on the temporary and exceptional aspects of their world. It's hard to have a sense of humor if you are brought up to be a special pleader. The writers to-day who make special pleas for one good cause or another, do so perforce without humor, because before they can envisage any human fate as special, they must discard temporarily that full view of life which sees the common heart and the common fate in us all.

ON THE MAKE-UP OF HUMOR [1]

Daniel Harvey Hill, Jr.

Of the transforming power of humor Sidney Smith says: "It expands caution, relaxes dignity, teaches age, and care, and pain to smile, extorts reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charms even the pangs of grief. It penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and gives every man a glad heart. Man could direct his ways by plain reason, could support life by tasteless food; but God has given wit, and flavor, and brightness, and

[1] From the *Southern Review*. Reprinted by permission.

joy, and laughter, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to charm his pained steps over the burning marl."

That the "steps over the burning marl" are far more numerous than the "steps beside the still waters" is man's experience; for he is sorrow's child, and knows that he cannot escape his inheritance. But, lest he should despair, nature has provided, as a compensation for these sorrows, three, and only three, earthly alleviators. These, strange to say, run into an alliterative triad, love, labor and laughter, using laughter in its widest sense as including all that amuses. First, love, lifting man above himself by leading him to forget self in his desire to serve and to make happy those on whom his affections center, brings by its very exercise a reflex happiness. Second, labor, imperatively demanding man's efforts in order that he may gain a livelihood, and to this end calling out all his activities, diverts him from thoughts of sorrow. Then, in the third place, comes laughter, amusement, a power that refreshes the body when it is numb and worn by labor, that soothes mental distraction and irritation, and hence gives a capacity for endurance that is exceeded only by the other two. Blot these out, and who would care to live? Who would dare to live?

Nor is it in the life of our contemporaries alone that a diminution or a stoppage of the humorous would serve to diminish our power of bravely bearing life's ills. Think how much of our sunshine, how many of our dearest joys, indeed, how much of ourselves, would be swept away if some magician could blot from our literature and from our memories those humorous imaginings; the Falstaffs, the Don Quixotes, the Parson Adamses, the De Coverleys, the Sam Wellers, the Tom Sawyers, and the whole blessed catalogue (may their tribe increase) of mirth-provoking, care-scattering creations. So well does man recognize the need of this element that no author in whom it is totally lacking can ever take entire possession of the popular heart.

If, therefore, the effects of humor are so far-reaching, the question, "What is humor?" at once becomes interesting. What is its essence, and what makes us yield to its effects and laugh, in spite of the fact that the physical peculiarities of laughter are not pleasant, often even painful? Everybody knows how it hurts to laugh violently. Darwin, as quoted by Bardeen, thus describes the act: "During excessive laughter the whole body is thrown backward and shakes, or is almost convulsed; the respiration is much disturbed, the head and face become gorged with blood; the veins distended, and the orbicular muscles are spasmodically contracted in order to protect the eyes."

Nor is physical discomfort the only objection to laughter; for, if Addison is to be believed, it "slackens and unbraces the mind, weakens the faculties, and causes a kind of remissness and dissolution of all the powers of the soul." What, then, makes us do it? Why allow ourselves to be thus physically and morally disquieted? Because a subtle, elusive, evanescent, yet irresistible something slips into our minds, and overthrows their staid balance before they can even arm for resistance; and laughter is but the flag this sly invader runs up to show that gravity's citadel is captured. Moreover, the diversion that the intruder brings is far greater than the pain that often accompanies one of his invasions.

What is this "irresistible thing" is the still further question. Why will a thought put one way, not so much as stir the corners of the mouth, put another way make us laugh in spite of ourselves? If one says: "It is not well for a man to make fervent prayers and to lead an inconsistent life," there is not a particle of humor in the sentence; but, if one says with Beecher: "It is not well for a man to pray cream and live skim milk," the sentence expresses exactly the same truth, but now has a dash of humor in it. Wherein consists the difference? Again, if one says: "I know a man and his wife who are so much alike that

you can tell them apart only by certain little peculiarities," the sentence is prosy enough, but if the same thought be put as a recent writer put it: "I know a man and his wife who are so much alike that the most close-sighted observer can tell only this difference between them—he takes two spoonfuls of sugar in his coffee and she takes only one, and she spanks the baby and he does not," there is quiet humor. How must we account for the difference?

Various theories have been advanced to account for these differences and to explain wherein the humorous consists. Some of these theories it will be necessary to examine, in order to try to find the essence of the humorous. Bardeen has collected some of these proffered explanations, and I avail myself of part of his work, and have also drawn several illustrations from his unique rhetoric.

The rhetorician Quintilian, as followed by Bain, offers this explanation: "A saying that causes laughter is generally based on false reasoning, has always something low in it, is often sunk into buffoonery, is never honorable to the subject of it." Taking up each part of this statement separately, we shall find much to which to object. First, "Laughter is generally based on false reasoning." This is sometimes so. When George Eliot defined a musical woman as "a woman that had strength enough to make a great noise and stupidity enough not to mind it," the witticism was based on false reasoning; for a musical performance, a musical noise, was held to be identical with disagreeable noise, and of course the identification is false. But far more usually the amusement in an idea is not based on false reasoning. For example, Mr. Ham, whom *The New York Sun* calls the "Cracker Chaucer," has been amusing his audiences with this story. Tobe Dallas's mule became sick, and Tobe went to Gus Fleming, a would-be veterinary surgeon, for medicine for the mule. After Gus had duly inquired about the mule's tem-

perature, digestion, respiration, etc., he said: "Tobe, your mule is bilious and needs calomel."

"All right," answered Tobe, "how much, and how must I give it?"

"Well," prescribed Gus, "get you a large quill, put thirty grains of calomel in it; put one end of the quill in your mouth, and the other in the mule's mouth, and blow hard, and you will blow it down the mule's throat."

About a week afterwards, Gus met Tobe, and found him to be the worst salivated man ever seen.

"Why Tobe, what ails you?" queried Gus.

"Well," slowly replied Tobe, "when I got home from your house last week, I got a quill and the calomel, and made ready to blow it down the dratted mule just as you said. I put the calomel in, put one end of the quill in my mouth and the other in the mule's, but that infernal old mule blowed first."

Now, there is no false reasoning in this story. There is a false idea as to the destination of the calomel, but the humor is not founded, as in the previous case, on any unsound reasoning. Then take Quintilian's next assertion, "Laughter has always something low in it." In the story that tells us that Talleyrand was lame, and Madame de Stæl cross-eyed; that each was so sensitive to his and her misfortune, as not to be able to bear the slightest allusion to it; that these celebrated worthies hated each other so affectionately and so cordially, that they could not forbear twitting each other; that one day, on meeting, the madame inquired, with great politeness, "How is the poor lame leg?" that Talleyrand instantly answered, "Crooked as you see," there is lowness. So, too, in the celebrated reply of the officer to poor crooked and deformed Pope, there is lowness, even brutality. Pope, bantering the officer on his ignorance, had asked, "Can you even tell us what an interrogation point is?"

"Yes," answered the exasperated fellow, "it is a little crooked thing that asks questions."

Now, as regards these two specimens of social amenity, Quintilian's second assertion holds. But in the story recently told in *The Youth's Companion,* there is humor without smack of coarseness or lowness, and this overthrows the theory. A young man went on to enter the Military Academy at West Point. On arrival he was accosted by old cadets bent on fun.

"What is your name?" they demanded.

"Hearn," answered the new-comer.

"Oh!" cried a chorus of voices, "do you intend to be a soldier, and have such an effeminate, unsoldier-like name as Hearn!" And from that day they nick-named him "Hisn."

Then the last clause, "Laughter is never honorable to the subject of it," is no more true than the others. We rarely joke with people whom we do not like. Doctor Johnson's principle applies here. He once answered one of Miss Monckton's criticisms by saying: "You think that, dearest, because you are a dunce." Then seeing that she was somewhat offended at being called a dunce, he said, "Madame, if I had thought you a dunce, I certainly should not have called you one." And so far from our joking liberties being dishonorable to the subjects of them, they are generally marks of our esteem. In addition, as is evidenced by the following from *The New York Sun,* the humorous, while sometimes seemingly dishonorable to some one, is really just a peg for the wag to hang his joke upon. *The Sun* says: "The Marquis of Lorne was welcomed to Montreal by the mayor, aldermen and citizens. The marquis delivered to them a formal written address. Singularly enough, instead of telling them something new and instructive, he undertook to inform them upon a subject with which they might naturally be expected to be more familiar than he. He assumed to tell them how Montreal sits, and how did he say she sits? He said, 'Your beautiful city sits like a queen.'

Now, the only queen that the marquis knows anything particular about is Queen Victoria, his mother-in-law. But suppose he had said, 'Your beautiful city sits like my mother-in-law.' How flat and ridiculous that would have sounded! And yet we see that must have been what he meant. Then again the comparison was not apt. The queen of England, the mother of numerous offspring, the grandmother of a still more numerous progeny, has always been represented as an active lady who seldom remains long in one place. Montreal is immovable, and always sits in the same place. She does not sit at all like Queen Victoria, who sits in a chair, and once in a while on the throne. It would have been more appropriate to say: 'Your beautiful city sits like a hen,' because a hen sits three weeks on the same nest; or still more appropriate to say: 'Your beautiful city sits like a goose;' for a goose sits four weeks in the same place. In fact, almost any comparison would have been preferable to the one employed." In all this there is nothing dishonorable to the marquis. His speech has simply suggested an opportunity for fun-making; and the writer had no idea of ridiculing the marquis, but only of making out of the speech an incubator for hatching humorous chickens.

The philosopher Hobbes offers another explanation of the make-up of humor. He says, "Laughter is a sudden glory arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison with the inferiority of others to ourselves, or our own former infirmity." Put this into plain tarheel and turpentine English, and it means about this: the ridiculous, the laughable, arises in us because all of a sudden we find out that we are wiser or in a happier situation than somebody else, or than we ourselves used to be.

Perhaps this may be the explanation of some mirth. Everybody can remember how, in his school days, when some member of the class made a blundering answer, the whole class was

disposed to laugh. Why? Because, as Hobbes puts it, the pupils suddenly saw "some eminency of wisdom" in themselves. Moreover, every one can recall times in which he has been amused at the recollection of some crude childish notion that he used to hold; and his advance in wisdom leads him, according to this doctrine, to find pleasure in "exulting over his former infirmity."

But this explanation of humor is again not broad enough. If a man drop into casual chat with some strange child, some chance remark of the child's may suddenly show how superior the man's ideas are to the child's, but this "revelation of eminency" awakens no amusement. "According to this author, therefore, when we hear a man laugh excessively, instead of saying that he is very merry, we ought to tell him that he is very proud," was Addison's comment on this idea of Hobbes's; and although Mr. Addison did not intend to do so, he really upsets the theory; for, if Hobbes were right, the proud and the conceited, who are always seeing some eminency in themselves, would be the only people who could laugh, and they would perforce be in a continuous uproar of laughter, and would soon wear lungs, larynx, and trachea into frazzles. On the other hand, it would be a mental impossibility for the modest and the humble, who never see any superiority in themselves, to laugh at all. But, as they do laugh, the philosopher of selfishness must be wrong.

Hazlitt suggests a third origin of humor. He holds that "the ludicrous arises when there is a contradiction between an object and our expectation of that object, heightened by some deformity or inconvenience; that is, by being contrary to what is customary or desired." This theory has undoubtedly some germs of the true theory in it. Disproportion, striking disproportion, between an object and what we expected that object to be, or an object's being contrary to custom, frequently excites our risibles, provided that there is not a painful element in the disproportion.

Let us take an example of the first. When Napoleon invaded Egypt, his reputation as a growing warrior had preceded him, and the brawny Mamelukes of that country were eager to see the much talked of hero; but, when they did see him, they burst into peals of laughter. "What," cried they, "that little bit of fellow a great soldier!" Their idea was evidently like the little boy's in the poem that a conquering Alexander must be a man "who while his feet are on the ground, his hands are in the sky." Hence the lack of harmony, the disproportion between their ideal and the real object, caused their risibles to explode.

True, it is, also that "things contrary to custom" will sometimes provoke merriment, but the reason for the merriment is deeper than the simple "contrariness." When, some years ago, Jeter was to be hanged in Virginia, the sheriff, who was a very tender-hearted man, was completely unnerved by having to execute a fellow-creature. Just as the cap was adjusted, Jeter said, "Sheriff, I thank you heartily for your kindness to me while I was in jail. Good-by, sir, good-by." The sheriff, almost in a state of hysteria, answered, as he raised the hatchet to cut the drop, "Good-by, Jeter, old fellow. Take care of yourself." The sheriff's farewell was so utterly contrary to what is customary under the circumstances that, notwithstanding the very presence of death, the attendants could hardly keep back smiles.

But, even granting that Hazlitt's theory accounts for the cachinnations that arise when our expectations are jostled awry, there yet remains much mirth that is not the result of disturbed expectation; and hence, as the theory does not account for all humor, it is not tenable.

If no one of these theories be true, what then is humor? Is it so elusive as to forbid definition? Does this element manifest itself in so many different ways as to baffle a reduction to one cause? If so, then it is almost alone in nature, for nearly all, perhaps all, the apparent complexities in the universe are the

results of simple elements. And to this law humor conforms. Just as water manifests itself in the mobility of steam and the rigidity of ice, in the vast ocean and in the tiny dew-drop, in the mountain-moving avalanche and the weightless soap-bubble, in the simplicity of the snow and in the gorgeousness of the particles forming the rainbow, yet in all these various forms has an unvarying composition; so the humorous, though infinite in its manifestations, has also a constant cause.

Barrow gives the following exhaustive enumeration of the ways in which humor may manifest itself, and these will presently be tested for this constant cause. He says: "Sometimes it lies in a pat allusion to a known story or in a seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an opposite tale; sometimes it playeth in words or phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense or the affinity of their sound; sometimes it is hid within a dress of humorous expression; sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude; sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in cunningly retorting or diverting an objection; sometimes it is concealed in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictories, or in acute nonsense; sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it; sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness giveth it being. Sometimes it ariseth only upon a lucky hitting upon what is strange; sometimes from a crafty wrestling of obvious matter to the purpose."

Now, it will be found that, in all these enumerated ways in which a person may be amused, the one invariable antecedent to that amusement is incongruous joinings; the sudden, the unexpected bringing into relationship of things not previously looked upon as connected or capable of connection, and hence this incongruous juxtaposition is doubtless the cause of the

tickled fancy. Twenty-two centuries ago Aristotle, in many respects the most original thinker of the ages, pointed out that incongruity of place was a basis of humor; but this was too restricted, for the same effect is produced by any kind of incongruity. Not every incongruous relationship makes humor, but all humor is from unexpected incongruous associations that have no painful side; and, to make apparent the truth of this assertion, let us take a few so-called jokes and examine them.

Sir Walter Raleigh was once staying at the house of a great lady, who was a most noted housekeeper; and who always, before she entered the parlor, supervised the most minute particulars about serving dinner. Sir Walter's room was next the lady's, and he frequently heard her numerous questions about the preparation of the meal. One morning, among other questions, he heard her ask the servants, "Are the pigs served?" Just before dinner the lady came into the parlor with great dignity, looking too delicate and sweet ever to have thought of so gross a subject as pigs. Thinking to tease her, Raleigh, in a mimicking tone, said: "Madam, are the pigs served?" Without the slightest abatement of her dignity, she answered:

"You know best, Sir Walter, whether you have had your breakfast."

Now, if the theory just stated is correct, the humor in this story must be found in unexpected things being brought together. And is it not? First, as the story proceeds, we look for the lady to be embarrassed, but it is her would-be tormentor who is discomfited. Second, and more to the point, we find that the lady has, with Nancy Hanks quickness, brought Raleigh, the elegant gentleman, into sudden relationship and identification with the very animals that he was endeavoring to tease her about; and this unexpected and instantaneous relationship is the cause of the fun.

Again, take Rabelais's famous "last will and testament." It is as follows: "I owe much; I have nothing; the rest I leave to the poor." We are all familiar with a man's bequeathing what he has; but for a man, under such ordinarily solemn circumstances as drawing a will, to be so charitable as to bequeath a thing he has not, and that thing "nothing," is new and unexpected, and, being free from pain, it amuses.

Or again:—A little boy was reading aloud, and came to the three Hebrew names—Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Quite naturally the little fellow could not pronounce them. The teacher pronounced them to him several times, and insisted on the boy's remembering them. A few days afterward, the boy again met the names, and again failed to be able to pronounce them. The teacher, a second time went over the names carefully, and then said: "James, the next time you miss these names I shall whip you." At the end of the month, the teacher was hearing James read over his review. All at once James began to cry. "What is the matter, boy?" the teacher demanded.

Amid many tears, the boy blurted out: "Here are them same three blamed fools again!" The unexpected mismatching again comes in here. Instead of admitting that he is the stupid, the boy throws the blame of the foolishness on the gentlemen of the unpronounceable names.

As a further example take an extract from Artemus Ward's well-known lecture on the Mormons. "Brigham Young," he said, "is an indulgent father and a numerous husband. He has two hundred wives. Oblige me by thinking of that. Two hundred souls with but a single thought, two hundred hearts that beat as one. He loves not wisely, but two hundred well. He says that all he wants now is to live on in peace, and at last to have his dying pillow soothed by the loving hands of his family. Well, that is all right, I suppose, but if he has his dying pillow soothed by the loving hands of his family he will have to go

outdoors to die." Just notice how this abounds in unexpected correlations. "Two hundred souls with but a single thought" is a surprising amplification of a familiar line. The startling location of the old prophet's dying bed out in the open, the "numerous husband," the living in peace with two hundred wives are, according to conventional ideas, quite incongruous.

Now reverting to Barrow's list of ways in which humor shows itself, let us take illustrations of each way, and see whether this same cause underlies them all. First, he says, "It sometimes lieth in a pat allusion to a well-known story." This is illustrated by the old story of the man who called out to Sidney Smith, "Mr. Smith, Mr. Smith, I have just eaten as many shrimps as Samson slew Philistines." "Yes," answered the wit, "and you did it with the same instrument, too." Here the polite and sudden bringing into relationship of the jaw-bone of the shrimp-eater and the jaw-bone of the long-eared animal is the incongruous mirth-provoker.

"Or," continues Barrow, "in a seasonable application of a trivial saying." "There is nobody at home," is a trivial enough saying that often meets some caller, and is, of course, utterly without wit. But in Pope's lines addressed to a stupid:

"You beat your pate and fancy wit will come; knock as you please; there's nobody at home," there is an entirely new setting given to this "trivial saying," and the "new relationship of things not previously looked upon as connected" crops out again as the amusing cause.

Third from Barrow: "Sometimes it playeth in words or phrases, taking advantage of the ambiguity of their sense or the affinity of their sound." First: "The ambiguity of their sense," will be exemplified by the following from Horace Smith. A bullying lawyer had a Yorkshire countryman on the stand, and, thinking to make capital by confounding him, said, in the bland and superior tone peculiar to lawyers:

"Well, Farmer Numskull, how go calves at York?"
"Why not, sir, as they do with you,
But on four legs instead of two."
"The rustic's waggish—quite laconical,"
The lawyer cried with grin sardonical;
"I wish I had known this prodigy,
This genius of the clods, when I
On circuit was at York residing:
But, Farmer, do for once speak true,
Are there as many fools as ever
In the West Riding?"
"Why, no, sir, no; we've got our share,
But not so many as when you were there."

A glance here shows the working of the same principle. The laugh is raised at the surprising way in which the lawyer is first brought into relationship with calf and then with fool, by the unlooked-for wit of the farmer.

Second: "It taketh advantage of the affinity of their sound," finds illustration in the readiness of Archbishop Mountain, who had, by a facetious temper, raised himself from the son of a beggar to the See of Durham. In the reign of George the Second, the See of York falling vacant, and his majesty being at a loss for a person fit to appoint to the exalted situation, asked the opinion of Archbishop Mountain. He wittily replied, "Hadst thou faith as a grain of mustard seed, thou wouldst say to this Mountain (laying his hand on his breast), be removed and cast into the sea (see)." It is not necessary to point out here that the sudden wresting of the Scripture phrase to meet the archbishop's needs is the new relationship.

Fourth, from our list: "Sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude." Every one at once recalls Washington Irving's Ichabod Crane with his "long snipe nose that looked like a weather-cock perched on his spindle neck to show which way the wind blew." Ichabod's head and weather-cock have been brought together to make the new relationship this time.

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Fifth: "Sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in cunningly retorting or diverting an objection." "A sly question:" An infantryman, hearing a cavalryman boasting of how he had stood and done valiantly against the enemy, asked, "Mister, war your horse lame, or war your spurs broke?"

"A smart answer": "What would you do if you were I?" tenderly asked a young swell who had insisted upon escorting a young lady home from church. "Well," she replied, "if I were you, I should throw away that vile cigarette, cut up that cane for stove-wood, and stay at home nights to pray for brains."

"In cunningly retorting an objection:" Louis the Sixteenth was once annoyed by the persistence with which one of his officers pushed a request. At last he exclaimed, "This gentleman is the most troublesome officer in the army." "Your Majesty's enemies have often said the same thing," was the reply.

In all three of these, one readily sees that the humor arises from the incongruity of the relationships.

Barrow's next, "Sometimes the humorous is concealed in a bold scheme of speech." George Colman was once rising to leave a convivial party, when he was urged to remain by his host, who remarked that "he must not go yet, as he was not half-primed." "Not half-primed!" exclaimed Colman. "I am both loaded and primed, and if you wait an instant, you will hear me go off." The witty juxtaposition in this answer is, of course, found in the metaphorical use of "load" and of "prime," and the bringing out of the double meaning of "go off." "In a tart irony:" "I can eat that meal faster than your old mill can grind it," said the boy, wearied with waiting for his sack. "How long?" asked the miller. "Till I starved," was the reply. In this case, the new association that the boy establishes between the supply of meal and starving supplies grist to the mill of our merriment.

"Sometimes," continues our extract, "a scenical representation of persons or things, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it." Once in the House of Commons, a young speaker made a bold and impudent attack on the policy of Mr. Disraeli, the Prime Minister. All eyes turned on the minister. At the time, he happened to be sitting just under a large brass chandelier. Throwing his head back, he looked first at the young man, then at the lamp; then at the lamp and again at the speaker. The House saw the force of the silent and unexpected comparison, and broke into such an uproar of laughter that the young upstart fled in confusion.

As the last under the list, take an example of what may be called "presumptuous bluntness." A man from Maine, who had never paid more than a quarter of a dollar to see an entertainment, went to a New York theater to see a play called the "Forty Thieves," and was charged a dollar and a half for a ticket. At once handing the ticket back to the seller, the Maine man said: "Keep it, mister. I do not want to see the other thirty-nine." The clever and unlooked-for way in which the ticket-seller is classed among thieves is the new relationship. One step further is necessary to make the analysis complete.

Why does this unexpected juxtaposition of ideas cause a laughable or amused emotion? There are, it seems to me, three reasons for this.

First: All pleasure, the psychologists hold, is the result of the activity of our powers. Now, in seeking and in finding, and bringing into relation these apparent inconsistencies, or in hearing others do so, the mind finds abundant activity; hence pleasure.

Secondly: The great work of the mind is to take a sense perception and elaborate it by giving it the utmost compass, clearness and certainty. The more nearly that we get this certainty and clearness of understanding, the more our enjoyment. If we

fail to get clear knowledge, pain results. "Hence," as Hamilton says, "we are pained by a hazy and a perplexed thought, but we rejoice in one clear and profound. A proposed riddle worries the mind as it seeks for the reconciling answer; the answer found, or given, the mind is soothed. Likewise, wit, which, like a flash of lightning, discerns similarity between objects that seemed contradictory, affords a still intenser enjoyment."

Thirdly: We get more enjoyment from these incongruous relations than from others, because the more complete the act of energy, the greater the pleasure. Now, in all these humorous conjoinings, the act of thought is perfectly complete; hence the pleasure is higher.

Remembering these three principles, let us take an incident and apply them; an old one will answer. Two American travelers of the "Smart Alec" variety came upon an aged shepherd on the top of one of the grand mountains in the highlands of Scotland. Thinking to find the old man a ready victim to their smartness, they drew near to tease him.

"Sandy," said they, "you have a fine view from here."

"Yes, that is true," answered the shepherd.

Now, up to this point in the story, only one of the three causes just mentioned is in play; namely, the first, mental activity. A picture of the travelers is framed; possibly the mind likens them to some of its own acquaintances; some image of the mountain and the grand view comes up; a mental representation of the old shepherd and his flock shapes itself; perhaps we even see the quizzical look on the faces of the two Americans, and see that old Sandy is aware of it also, and is arming himself to meet it, and expectation of what is to follow is aroused. Let the story go on.

"Sandy, doubtless you can see America from here," ventured the tourists.

"Much farrer than that," answered Sandy.

"What, Sandy," said the men, "see much farther than America? How can that be?"

Here, if it be permissible a second time to interrupt the story, the second cause begins to operate. Here is an apparent difficulty, a lack of clear understanding, and the mind is perplexed, and re-echoes the question of the travelers, "How can that be?" "Is," reasons the mind, "the old shepherd simply fabricating? Hardly. Has he some way to explain this seemingly absurd statement? Doubtless. Then what can it be? I am worried and disconcerted. I see no way of getting out of the difficulty." Let Sandy speak for himself. "You can see farrer than America," said he, "because when the mist drives away you can see the moon."

Now, then, the difficulty is triumphantly overcome, and as it is done so after only a minute's worry, or, as Hamilton has it, "like a flash," the mind rejoices over the certainty that comes out of the doubt; and its knowledge is clear and complete, hence full of pleasure.

The third reason now appears also, for the act of thought is perfectly complete. So the highest degree of satisfaction results.

COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS

Though not so well understood as some other matters, humor is nevertheless highly regarded as an attribute of our humanity. Perhaps its great mission is to help us to face "fearless and unperplexed" the realities of life. Humor not merely furnishes relaxation and amusement, but it keeps life from hardening into set channels. To some extent we must mechanize life—at least to the degree that the primary needs of our everyday life and the essential routine of our occupation take care of themselves. But to carry mechanization beyond this point is to imperil our individuality. Humor counteracts this tendency and inclines our minds to grapple with the realities

of life, not its formalities. By so doing it becomes one of the most genial of the "friends and aiders of the spirit" that we possess.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

Suggestions for writing: (1) Why We Laugh; (2) Three Favorite Jokes, with an Analysis of Their Humorousness; (3) What Students Laugh At; (4) The Humor of the Moving Picture Comedies; (5) The Comic Strips in the Daily Newspaper; (6) College Humor—Its Distinctive Traits; (7) Children's Witticisms; (8) Learning to Like the Jokes in a Foreign Magazine; (9) Can a Sense of Humor Be Cultivated? (10) The Corrective Power of Humor; (11) "Life Is a Comedy to Those Who Think, a Tragedy to Those Who Feel"—A Comment; (12) Thoughtful Laughter versus Thoughtless Laughter; (13) On the Unreadableness of Old Humorous Magazines; (14) Is There an American Type of Humor? (15) What People Laughed at in Shakespeare's Time.

READING AND ITS REWARDS

WHY WE READ[1]

Arthur Christopher Benson

I SUPPOSE that there are three motives for reading—the first purely pleasurable; the second, intellectual; the third, what may be called ethical. As to the first, a man who reads at all, reads just as he eats, sleeps, and takes exercise, because he likes it; and that is probably the best reason that can be given for the practice. It is an innocent mode of passing the time, it takes one out of one's self, it is amusing. Of course, it can be carried to an excess; and a man may become a mere book-eater, as a man may become an opium-eater.

I used at one time to go and stay with an old friend, a clergyman in a remote part of England. He was a bachelor and fairly well off. He did not care about exercise or his garden, and he had no taste for general society. He subscribed to the London Library and to a lending library in the little town where he lived, and he bought, too, a great many books. He must have spent, I used to calculate, about ten hours of the twenty-four in reading. He seemed to me to have read everything, old and new books alike, and he had an astonishing memory, anything he put into his mind remained there exactly as fresh and clear as when he laid it away, so that he never needed to read a book twice. If he had lived at a University he would have been a useful man; if one wanted to know what books to read in any line

[1] From *From a College Window* (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Reprinted by permission.

one had only to pick his brains. He could give one a list of authorities on almost every subject. But in his country parish he was entirely thrown away. He had not the least desire to make anything of his stores, or to write. He had not the art of expression, and he was a distinctly tiresome talker. His idea of conversation was to ask you whether you had read a number of modern novels. If he found one that you had not read, he sketched the plot in an intolerably prolix manner, so that it was practically impossible to fix the mind on what he was saying. He seemed to have no preferences in literature whatever; his one desire was to read everything that came out, and his only idea of a holiday was to go up to London and get lists of books from a bookseller. That is, of course, an extreme case; and I cannot help feeling that he would have been nearly as usefully employed if he had confined himself to counting the number of words in the books he read. But, after all, he was interested and amused, and a perfectly contented man.

As to the intellectual motive for reading, it hardly needs discussing; the object is to get clear conceptions, to arrive at a critical sense of what is good in literature, to have a knowledge of events and tendencies of thought, to take a just view of history and of great personalities; not to be at the mercy of theorists, but to be able to correct a faulty bias by having a large and wide view of the progress of events and the development of thought. One who reads from this point of view will generally find some particular line which he intends to follow, some special region of the mind where he is desirous to know all that can be known, but he will, at the same time, wish to acquaint himself in a general way with other departments of thought, so that he may be interested in subjects in which he is not wholly well-informed, and be able to listen, even to ask intelligent questions, in matters with which he has no minute acquaintance. Such a man, if he steers clear of the contempt

for indefinite views which is often the curse of men with clear and definite minds, makes the best kind of talker, stimulating and suggestive; his talk seems to open doors into gardens and corridors of the house of thought; and others, whose knowledge is fragmentary, would like to be at home, too, in that pleasant palace. But it is of the essence of such talk that it should be natural and attractive, not professional or didactic. People who are not used to Universities tend to believe that academical persons are invariably formidable. They think of them as possessed of vast stores of precise knowledge, and actuated by a merciless desire to detect and to ridicule deficiencies of attainment among unprofessional people. Of course, there are people of this type to be found at a University, just as in all other professions it is possible to find uncharitable specialists who despise persons of hazy and leisurely views. But my own impression is that it is a rare type among University Dons; I think that it is far commoner at the University to meet men of great attainments combined with sincere humility and charity, for the simple reason that the most erudite specialist at a University becomes aware both of the wide diversity of knowledge and of his own limitations as well.

Personally, direct bookish talk is my abomination. A knowledge of books ought to give a man a delicate allusiveness, an aptitude for pointed quotation. A book ought to be only incidentally, not anatomically, discussed; and I am pleased to be able to think that there is a good deal of this allusive talk at the University, and that the only reason that there is not more is that professional demands are so insistent, and work so thorough, that academical persons cannot keep up their general reading as they would like to do.

And then we come to what I have called, for want of a better word, the ethical motive for reading; it might sound at first as if I meant that people ought to read improving books, but that

is exactly what I do not mean. I have very strong opinions on this point, and hold that what I call the ethical motive for reading is the best of all—indeed the only true one. And yet I find a great difficulty in putting into words what is a very elusive and delicate thought. But my belief is this. As I make my slow pilgrimage through the world, a certain sense of beautiful mystery seems to gather and grow. I see that many people find the world dreary—and, indeed, there must be spaces of dreariness in it for us all,—some find it interesting; some surprising; some find it entirely satisfactory. But those who find it satisfactory seem to me, as a rule, to be tough, coarse, healthy natures, who find success attractive and food digestible; who do not trouble their heads very much about other people, but go cheerfully and optimistically on their way, closing their eyes as far as possible to things painful and sorrowful, and getting all the pleasure they can out of material enjoyments.

Well, to speak very sincerely and humbly, such a life seems to me the worst kind of failure. It is the life that men were living in the days of Noah, and out of such lives comes nothing that is wise or useful or good. Such men leave the world as they found it, except for the fact that they have eaten a little way into it, like a mite into cheese, and leave a track of decomposition behind them.

I do not know why so much that is hard and painful and sad is interwoven with our life here; but I see, or seem to see, that it is meant to be so interwoven. All the best and most beautiful flowers of character and thought seem to me to spring up in the track of suffering; and what is the most sorrowful of all mysteries, the mystery of death, the ceasing to be, the relinquishing of our hopes and dreams, the breaking of our dearest ties, becomes more solemn and awe-inspiring the nearer we advance to it.

I do not mean that we are to go and search for unhappiness;

but, on the other hand, the only happiness worth seeking for is a happiness which takes all these dark things into account, looks them in the face, reads the secret of their dim eyes and set lips, dwells with them, and learns to be tranquil in their presence.

In this mood—and it is a mood which no thoughtful man can hope or ought to wish to escape—reading becomes less and less a searching for instructive and impressive facts, and more and more a quest after wisdom and truth and emotion. More and more I feel the impenetrability of the mystery that surrounds us; the phenomena of nature, the discoveries of science, instead of raising the veil, seem only to make the problem more complex, more bizarre, more insoluble; the investigation of the laws of light, of electricity, of chemical action, of the causes of disease, the influence of heredity—all these things may minister to our convenience and our health, but they make the mind of God, the nature of the First Cause, an infinitely more mysterious and inconceivable problem.

But there still remains, inside, so to speak, of these astonishing facts, a whole range of intimate personal phenomena, of emotion, of relationship, of mental or spiritual conceptions, such as beauty, affection, righteousness, which seem to be an even nearer concern, even more vital to our happiness than the vast laws of which it is possible for men to be so unconscious, that centuries have rolled past without their being investigated.

And thus in such a mood reading becomes a patient tracing out of human emotion, human feeling, when confronted with the sorrows, the hopes, the motives, the sufferings which beckon us and threaten us on every side. One desires to know what pure and wise and high-hearted natures have made of the problem; one desires to let the sense of beauty—that most spiritual of all pleasures—sink deeper into the heart; one desires to share the thoughts and hopes, the dreams and visions, in the

strength of which the human spirit has risen superior to suffering and death.

And thus, as I say, the reading that is done in such a mood has little of precise acquisition or definition attainment about it; it is a desire rather to feed and console the spirit—to enter the region in which it seems better to wonder than to know, to aspire rather than to define, to hope rather than to be satisfied. A spirit which walks expectantly along this path grows to learn that the secret of such happiness as we can attain lies in simplicity and courage, in sincerity and loving-kindness; it grows more and more averse to material ambitions and mean aims; it more and more desires silence and recollection and contemplation. In this mood, the words of the wise fall like the tolling of sweet, grave bells upon the soul, the dreams of poets come like music heard at evening from the depth of some enchanted forest, wafted over a wide water; we know not what instrument it is whence the music swells, by what fingers swept, by what lips blown; but we know that there is some presence there that is sorrowful or glad, who has power to translate his dream into the concord of sweet sounds. Such a mood need not withdraw us from life, from toil, from kindly relationships, from deep affections; but it will rather send us back to life with a renewed and joyful zest, with a desire to discern the true quality of beautiful things, of fair thoughts, of courageous hopes, of wise designs. It will make us tolerant and forgiving, patient with stubbornness and prejudice, simple in conduct, sincere in word, gentle in deed; with pity for weakness, with affection for the lonely and the desolate, with admiration for all that is noble and serene and strong.

Those who read in such a spirit will tend to resort more and more to large and wise and beautiful books, to press the sweetness out of old familiar thoughts, to look more for warmth and loftiness of feeling than for elaborate and artful expression.

They will value more and more books that speak to the soul, rather than books that appeal to the ear and to the mind. They will realize that it is through wisdom and force and nobility that books retain their hold upon the hearts of men, and not by briskness and color and epigram. A mind thus stored may have little grasp of facts, little garniture of paradox and jest; but it will be full of compassion and hope, of gentleness and joy.

LITERATURE FOR ENGINEERS[1]

Lane Cooper

WHAT sort of reading should an engineer take for his private reading? Next, how should he read it? Thirdly—a question which must precede the other two, and the answer to which will really contain an answer to them—why should he read at all.

To discuss this subject with a considerable body of engineers themselves is a pleasure and a privilege. Upon the students, gathered here and there throughout our country, which such a body represents, depends to no slight extent the tone of many of our larger institutions of learning. At several universities the schools of engineering contain the largest section of the student population; and what is more, no other section consists so largely of picked men. That American university life as a whole is profoundly influenced by the beliefs and aspirations of the engineer may appeal to him as a conception in some degree novel. That the influence he exerts upon his fellows in other branches of study carries with it an obligation on his part will not, we may hope, strike him as paradoxical; for on the

[1] Reprinted from *Two Views of Education* (Yale University Press) by permission. Originally the selection was an address delivered before the Colleges of Civil and Mechanical Engineering of Cornell University.

ground that he owes something to men in other fields, and to his university as well as his special department, reposes much that is to be said to him on the score of reading. We do not ask him, for example, to read good literature because so-called academical students are supposed to read more than he; but we ask him to read more because those academical students do not read enough. So far as my observation goes, it is the simple fact that we have in the better American schools of engineering a larger proportion of men who really care for good literature, and would read it without the stimulus of formal instruction, than we find in most colleges and departments of liberal arts. At the same time one should not forget that the best-read men are still to be met where we should expect them, clinging to what is left of the older classical training.

In any case, there is at the moment no call in any single institution for the arraignment of deficiencies which, if they exist, arise from general conditions in technical education throughout the country, and even throughout the Western hemisphere. And if we are indeed to moralize, let us not, on the other hand, descant upon any form of self-seeking, cultural or what not. Far be it from a teacher of literature, of the most social of all the arts, to say to any man, "Go to; read now this, that, and the other literary masterpiece—read Milton, read Shakespeare—simply for your own sake," for the sake of what is called self-improvement. If true culture is essentially and inherently social, if it is inherently self-denying, sympathetic, we had better realize this inherent and essential nature of the thing at the outset.

Herein, accordingly, we find the immediate answer to the question why the engineer, or any other citizen, should read only what is good. He will read in order that he may be a good, helpful, efficient citizen, performing, and performing well, not only his special and technical, but also his general and humaner,

functions as a part of the body politic. Now the life of the State, like the life of every great fitting-school for the State, amounts to something more than meat, or, in the current parlance, bread and butter; and amounts to more than the pulsating network of roads and bridges that our engineers will help to extend, by means of which in coming years the food for a hundred millions of Americans will be transported. The higher national life will not be wholly independent of food and raiment and the newer means of distribution, but it must be more than they. It will not be unsubstantial, unfounded, but it must be more than body or material. In this higher national life each individual has his right and share, which he can obtain only by communicating what is best in him to his fellows. Very briefly, then, the first reason why any one of us should busy himself with literature—with the best thoughts of the best men—is that he may react beneficially upon his neighbor. Has not the engineering student a powerful impulse, when he finds something good in a book, to read it aloud to his room-mate? And the first application of this principle will bring in the obligation we have noted, that is, the debt which our altruistic student of engineering, who would like to read Shakespeare for himself, owes to his benighted brother, the academic, who puts his trust in formal courses, and reads Shakespeare mainly as an imposed task. Courses in literature are good after their fashion, very good for the man who is free, and knows how to use them. Yet it is hardly desirable to ask for the intrusion of non-technical courses upon a technical curriculum that is already overcrowded with special studies. For the present, no greater general blessing could descend on our professional schools than the adoption of some arrangement whereby their students should be led to employ the proper amount of time in private non-technical reading—the amount of time each day which a well-conditioned mind does so employ. Such an arrangement would not materially

hurt the engineer, and would go far towards clearing the intellectual atmosphere of more than one university.

Let us turn, however, to something more specific. The question why we should read or study Shakespeare or Milton is closely related to another. What is the precise effect of good literature upon the individual who reads or hears it? What sensations, and what inner experiences, should you meet with when you read aloud the best poem of Tennyson or Kipling? Very rare is the individual who has even tried to define and localize the chilly creepings that are felt in the scalp and down the back of the neck, and on either side the spine, whenever the particular melody is heard which that particular soul likes best. Still fewer are they who have paid attention to the effects, whether bodily or spiritual, that the reading of good poetry produces on the man who understands it. Yet it is just such relations of cause and effect that men of science are supposed to find interesting. When you have discovered that one thing causes or invariably precedes another, you assume that you know something about each of them. When you observe that the application of heat to water generates steam, you have a form of knowledge that may prove useful. What, then, is generated by the proper application of a literary masterpiece to a human being who is prepared to receive it? By way of anticipation, let us reply: some kind of power.

This question concerning the proper effect of literature belongs under a still more inclusive problem, namely: What is the effect, the proper effect, of the liberal arts in general? In other words, when we say that literature is the chief of the liberal arts, what do we mean? "Liberal"? The word looks like "liberty" —is, in fact, connected with it by derivation; and liberty means freedom. What have any of the arts to do with that? In what sense is literature a *free* art? In what respect or from what restraint does it enfranchise or emancipate? Not to engage our-

selves too far with etymologies, we may say that the history of the term "liberal arts" allows us to explain the effect of the best literature somewhat as follows. The best literature, and by that is meant the best poetry, generates in us a power or pleasure that is not servile, a pleasure that only a free man can fully enjoy. The man that does not enjoy good poetry is not free; and the man that is afraid of it is the slave of a timorous delusion, afraid of a power that he affects to despise. But free from what, and how?

I must ask the engineer, the man of science, to test what I now say by his own experience as soon as he can, and not once but many times, so that he may be sure of the details of his experiment, and sure of his results. Let him choose the best poem that he knows; in order to avoid mistakes, let him choose the last act of *King Lear* or *Othello,* or the last book of *Paradise Lost,* or the twenty-second book of the Iliad in the translation by Lang, Leaf, and Myers. In any case let him make certain that his chosen passage is of the best, and that it is reasonably long. Let him make certain that he understands it. When he knows it well, let him read it aloud, with all the emphasis and feeling he can muster. Then let him take a hand-glass and look at his eye. If he is quick enough, he may find the pupil dilating—like a song-bird's doubtless, when he sings, or a parrot's when he talks. We say that the song-bird is inspired. So he is; and so is the man. Both bird and man are taking deeper, *freer* breaths than when they ate their dinners. The man's pulse, if he tries it, is a trifle more rapid than usual, possibly more regular; there is a feeling of harmony in his bodily frame. His step is more elastic. His emotions, as we say, are freer.

If he happens already to be a fearless lover of the best literature, and if he makes his test one of sufficient duration, he will also have certain inner experiences that are very powerful, though he may never before have observed them with accuracy. The

sense of bodily well-being is paralleled by an inner elevation or exaltation of spirit. "A few days ago," said Bouchardon, a French sculptor of the eighteenth century—"A few days ago, an old French book that I never heard of fell into my hands. It is called the Iliad of Homer. Since I read that book men are fifteen feet high to me, and I cannot sleep." The reader is wide awake, bold for action. The apprehensions that but an hour since crowded upon him have dispersed into nothingness. His sympathy with his fellow-men asserts itself, but begins to lose itself immediately in anticipated efforts for their welfare. Were an opportunity present for such effort, were an object of human pity before him, his emotion would be instantly transmuted into an unconscious act of charity. His feelings are aroused. His intellect likewise is quicker and more effective, begins grouping details under general heads, formulates plans, instantaneously perceives the relation of means to ends. If the reader is well-taught and wise, he will continue no longer in an idle contemplation of his own mental states, nor luxuriate in the warmth of this bodily and inward enjoyment; he will attack one of those daily tasks that a little while ago seemed formidable, but now seem moderate and feasible. And he will finish it in one-half the time he had expected it would consume. If he can convince a friend or two that successful, fearless—and we may add, reverent—activity is the final product of good poetry, properly read, he may regard the experiment as brilliantly concluded.

The specific effects of literature, and of the different forms of literature, no doubt, are various; varying as the supple human spirit which literature tries to image. Yet on the basis of our experiment let us suppose that the most general and characteristic effects of the best literature are a sense of bodily well-being, and a less tangible, but very real, sense of spiritual elevation or exaltation, not wholly different from the feeling produced in us by the best music; a sense of freedom from fear,

of unhampered ability to act, of pleasure in contemplating and performing our duties toward family and State. How, then, shall we know what *is* good, what *will* produce these effects, otherwise than by this experiment? For the experiment itself presupposes some one, a teacher or the like, to tell us what is good, in the first place. The dilemma after all is not absolutely baffling. In the nutrition of our minds nature has not left us more helpless than in the case of our bodies. In general we hasten to the medical man in order to hear from the gray chin of wisdom the precepts on bodily health that our own common sense has already suggested, and to fortify our own wills, shameful to say, by invoking the will of a stranger. Is the teacher of literature to be asked, then, what an engineer ought to read, and what he ought not? Has not the engineer's own common sense told him a hundred times what nutriment his better part should receive, and what stimulants it should forego? Does he not realize perfectly well that he may and ought to dine with Shakespeare and Milton, and not with the Sunday press? Is it not clear to everybody that in the choice of books one may and ought to be select, shutting his eye against the bad? And what shall he do when he has read a few poems of Milton and Shakespeare? Read them again! Reread them until the experiment we have described begins to work; for it will work, just as surely as the engineer is a normal man and they are poems for all time. It cannot possibly help working. If only the experimenter will become so familiar with *King Lear* and *The Tempest,* with *Comus* and *Samson Agonistes,* that they continually ring in his ears, and rise to his lips when he begins to speak. Let him avoid all books that he is not sure about. This or that one may be very good; but until the judgment of time, that is, the accumulated wisdom of many well-trained critics, has grappled with it, he must be content to set it aside as doubtful. He is a student in a technical school, or he is a practicing

engineer, or he is any sort of intelligent professional man you choose. His spare moments are few. He is not the type of man that likes to make mistakes. He is aware that he will not be making a mistake if he reads Homer or Dante in the best English translation, or Shakespeare, or the English Bible, or Milton. If during his leisure hours he will read them and little else for the next two or three years, and will eschew all popular magazines, he never will make another sad mistake about books; if he keeps the practice up, in the end he will have what is known as taste. The acquisition of taste calls for a certain amount of self-denial; taste nowadays almost invariably is acquired outside of school, if at all. But we assume that our professional student is possessed of initiative and a vigorous will. This latter is an instrument that is well-nigh indispensable in obtaining anything worth while.

This list of authors unquestionably is brief. One can hardly say it is narrow. It is drawn up in accordance with an Old Latin maxim of literary faith—*non multa, sed multum;* read, not many things, but much. If more extended counsel is desired, and a longer list, one may go to Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Frederic Harrison, both of whom have written with intelligence and enthusiasm on the choice of books. Yet we must bear in mind that any selection like Sir John Lubbock's of the "hundred best books" is sure to omit something that the next compiler would include, and may easily contain something injurious to the reader who accepts the list uncritically. It is much easier to mention five authors, a real acquaintance with whom would constitute a liberal education, than to mention fifty. Nor would it be difficult to recall a number of great historical personages who, like Abraham Lincoln, were men of few books, but knew a few things well. We hear of such cases more frequently than we hear of any who try to emulate them. Perhaps the imitation does not seem unpractical enough.

So much on *why* we read literature, and on *what* to read. We read what gives us power and freedom, and we read it because it gives us power and freedom. If we cannot solve these questions off-hand for ourselves, we have the judgment of the past to guide us. Now then, *how* shall we read? First of all, read aloud. Every bit of literature properly so called that history has to show is intended, not for the eye primarily, but for the ear. Every line of Shakespeare, every line of Milton, is meant to be pronounced, cannot be duly appreciated until it is pronounced. Often an entire masterpiece remains dark and forbidding, merely because the reader has sought to interpret it with the eye alone. For example, doubtless many a professional man has never felt quite ready to take up *Paradise Lost;* and indeed it might be well to begin the reading of Milton with *Samson Agonistes.* Yet no one who is fond of orchestral music can long resist Milton in any shape, if only he learns how to reproduce the beat and swell and cadence of Milton aloud. In my experience as teacher I recall among my few and modest triumphs the cases of several students who thought themselves hopelessly blind to *Paradise Lost,* when their actual infirmity was nothing but an easily cured deafness. Unsealing their ears unlocked to them the doors of a Paradise with melodies not to be heard elsewhere in English verse.

Very much of what we call prose—Bacon's essay *Of Death,* for example, and passages in his *Advancement of Learning*—is in the truest sense poetry, and loses half its significance when followed only with the eye. Literary men, that is, men who write with imagination, are often "ear-minded," as we say. In the act of composition, they hear what they are about to write: whereas other persons are perhaps more often "eye-minded." The ordinary man, sitting at his desk, pen in hand, is likely to see his next sentence, or a part of it, in his mind's eye, a moment or two before he will record the words on paper. The chief

hindrance to his appreciation of the best literature may be that he never has been accustomed to hear the words that he sees.

But we must not be content with hearing them. When we read, we must, if necessary, smell and feel and taste them. That is to say, reading means translating the visible marks on the printed page into terms of all the senses. Hence, if it be asked, "How shall I read Shakespeare?" the answer is, "Read him with alert bodily senses." When the Ghost in *Hamlet* says,

> But soft; methinks I scent the morning's air,

one must try to recall what the ozone at dawn smells like, since it is the earliest sign of day. If we do translate the diction into terms of the several senses, the inner meaning of Shakespeare or Milton will not often escape us.

The process of making monotonous black characters on the page vividly stir the latent sense-perceptions is, however, relatively slow and irksome. Few people have ever learned to do it consistently; and hence, it is fair to say, few have every truly learned to read. The moral is, read slowly. Take ample time. Pause where the punctuation bids one pause; note each and every comma; wait a moment between a period and the next capital letter. And pause when common sense bids you pause, that is, when you have not understood. As the line of sentences comes filing before the window of your soul, examine each individual expression with the animus, and more than the animus, you would maintain were you paying-teller in a bank; saying to yourself continually, "Do I know this word?" and, "What is this phrase worth?" Toward what they see in print many people, otherwise shrewd and sensible, are strangely credulous; what they find in a book they instinctively think must be true. Yet books are not more trustworthy than the men who write them; the number of misguided and misleading books is infinite. Good books are rare.

Read aloud; read slowly; read suspiciously. Re-read. What a busy man has time to read at all, he has time to read more than once. Was it not Emerson who held that he could not afford to own a book until it was ten years old—had at least to that extent proved its ability to survive? Jealous of his time, he lets others sift the ashes. And was it not Schopenhauer who considered no book worth while that was not worth a third perusal? If we read a thing but once, that usually is but so much lost time. The most industrious student forgets a large part of what he tries to retain. The best-read man is the one who has oftenest read the best things; who goes through Homer, Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and the Bible, once a year. A veteran teacher of English, who had a long and effective career in one of our eastern colleges, was approached by a student on some minor point in *Hamlet*. "Don't search me too deeply," begged the teacher, "I haven't looked at *Hamlet* in six months." When, therefore, we receive, as the ultimate counsel on reading, the maxim, *"Non multa, sed multum,"* "Not many things, but much," "much" signifies, in part, "with great frequency."

From this more general discussion of *why, what,* and *how,* let us pass to a number of concrete suggestions about reading, suitable to the needs and opportunities of men engaged in a non-literary profession.

First. Select for your private property, as it were, some one standard author; one with whom you mean to keep company for ten years. Love him as the wolf loves the lamb—swallow him whole. Yet, on second thought, do not bolt him. Gradually masticate all that he has written, and the best of what has been written about him. Try to pierce the secret of his life and activity. The proper study of mankind is biography. When you have found his secret, it will probably bear a resemblance to something within yourself, and that too, no matter how gigantic your hero may look to you at first, or how remote his interests

may seem from yours. The interests of all men and all ages are much the same in kind if not in vigor. Accordingly, when you are casting about for a fish, do not be afraid of landing one that is too big. You may have the swiftest and strongest in the ocean, almost for the asking. The big fellows are always swimming in clear view. There is that leviathan Homer. You may draw him out with a hook—out of the book-market with an eighty-cent silver hook; and you may play with him as with a bird. Hugest of beasts that swim, he is the most amiable and amusing of household pets. The most fortunate and enviable of householders are those who, having a fair portion of this world's goods and friends, have early in life caught a substantial author for a playmate. To know his ways does not require much time. Many a business man gives more time to his dog; and the dog will live only a dozen years.

Secondly. Have a few good books, of various sorts, not set on a shelf, but lying on a table where they can be easily opened. If you are, or think you are, an unusually hard-working man, have the table near your bed, and read a little each night before you go to sleep. That may possibly be a strain on your eyes; but eye-strain is preferable to mental starvation. Turn at least ten pages in some good book every day. That will allow you 3650 pages every year, which is about equivalent to Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and the Old Testament, in texts or versions easily accessible. The better the book, the more valuable the twenty minutes you give to it. And let no one object that good literature is hard or uninteresting, or wearying to a mind already tired. The objection is a sure sign that the person who makes it is speaking without experience. He has not tried our experiment. He has second-rate books, or no books, or even bad books on his table. Cultivate also the acquaintance of pocket-editions—in Everyman's Library (published by Dutton) or The World's Classics (Oxford Press) of the Temple Primers and Temple

Classics (Dutton). One of the most widely read men I know makes it his boast that he never had a course in "English," and has done most of his reading on the train.

Thirdly. Read in company. As we observed before, literature is a social art. In cultivating it we should set, and not follow, the fashion. If you are a university student, read with your room-mate, and have a tender care for his taste. Above all, read aloud. Organize readings for Sunday afternoon at your fraternity house or club. The Greek-letter societies originally had some connection or other with the pursuit of literature. Their extraordinary growth in our great schools of technology and applied science is one of the strange developments in American education. Why not restore to them something of their lost function? It may be that they have emigrated from their birthplace, where Greek was taught, to the very end of preserving the culture of the land.

The technical student should also look forward to the time when he will again be in his home, and prepare himself to read and listen there. In recent years there has been harsh criticism all over the country of the methods in vogue in the teaching of English. Some of it is justified in so far as the teachers are ill-prepared for their work, though the nation is culpable in not providing better preparation for them. Yet the teachers of English are confronted by an almost insoluble problem. They are virtually asked to accomplish by artificial stimulus in school and college what ought to be done naturally in the home. In the university, they are expected to give young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one a feeling for literature that usually is not acquired after the age of twelve. They can tell in an instant whether a Freshman has been reared in an atmosphere of good books, in a family where the excellent old custom persists of reading the Bible aloud, or comes from a house where father, mother, and children alike buy only the yellow journals

and the cheap magazines. In the latter case, he may appear to be well-fed and well-clothed, yet the first word he utters will betray his mental starvation. In combatting this sort of poverty and famine we can do something for our own generation, but we naturally have better hopes of the next. We can warn its parents. When a child asks for bread, no father will purposely give him a stone.

Hence, fourthly. Begin now to accumulate a library, for fear that those who shall some day be dependent on you may starve. It is not important that a young man should own many books of general literature; it is imperative that he should own good books, and use them. The best way to assure yourself that you really own a volume is to underscore sentences, and pencil the margin. For the sake of definiteness, I shall name a handful of books that every one ought to possess and wear out, adding a hint or two about serviceable editions: *The Iliad* of Homer, translated by Lang, Leaf, and Myers, and published by the Macmillan Company.—*The Odyssey* of Homer, translated by Butcher and Lang, issued by the same publisher. *The Odyssey* is the best story of adventure ever put together.—*The Divine Comedy* of Dante, in any one of several translations; for example, in that of Tozer, published by the Oxford University Press.—*The Oxford Shakespeare,* in one volume, published by the Oxford University Press. This certainly is the best compendious edition to recommend.—*The 1911 Bible,* published by the Oxford University Press, "a scholarly and carefully-corrected text of the historic English Bible, the time-honored Authorized version." One reason why people fail to see that the Bible is the most interesting book in the world is that they are afraid of it; but the student of literature must not be put out of countenance by his own prejudices. Another reason is that it is usually cut up into verses in such fashion that the sequence of thought is injured. *The 1911 Bible,* by restoring the original paragraph or strophe, ordinarily

enables one to understand the connection, where one did not understand before. Throw away all preconceptions and second-hand opinions, and begin with the story of Job. Last, the *Oxford Milton,* published by the Oxford University Press. At current prices, these six books will cost in all, I think, about seven dollars. They may prove a safer equipment for a liberal education than the multitude of authors in the stacks of a university library.

Fifthly. At the same time, one need not be afraid of large public collections, either. There is, indeed, some danger that the multiplication of free circulating libraries may discourage the private ownership of books. Yet the danger will hardly frighten a person of sense from the door of knowledge, and certainly will never frighten away the man whose soul has been purged of fear by steady contact with Homer or Milton. Moreover, without access to larger collections than the average individual can afford, one could scarcely think of prosecuting any study, whether literary or technical. Accordingly, for the sake of thoroughly knowing the author we have taken as our playmate, let us utilize some nearby reading-room in a good library. It has been whispered that at several institutions one or two of the students of engineering do not know what the inside of the university library is like.

We may now come back to the points that need final attention. Good general reading enables a man to work more freely and sanguinely and rapidly in his special vocation. This is not fancy, but solid fact. General reading is an act of recuperation. Most of an engineer's mental activity is in the nature of exercise. His profession wears out the tissue of his mind. Good reading nourishes and builds up that tissue. Professional men often complain that they have little or no time for books. The better men seem to have time. Some have time, perhaps, because they are better engineers and the like; but more probably they are better pro-

fessional men because they take time to feed their minds. They have time for the essential things of life, because their brains, being well-fed, have tone, and work with fearless precision. Time is elastic. He who as a man takes time for good general reading will find that his general reading gains time for him as an engineer or a lawyer or a physician. The proof of this pudding is in the eating. We have heard about the old ideal of education: "a sound mind in a sound body." Reconstructed to meet the conditions of the present day, this ideal should be stated thus: a specifically trained mind, in a well-nourished soul, in a healthy frame. Of such a man his country will not feel ashamed.

Such a man will not often be troubled by fear. From the Greeks down, the greatest poets and critics have been almost unanimous in recognizing that a primary function of the best literature is to release men from fear, to imbue them with an exalted and reverent courage. Thus, in the ideal Republic of Plato, Socrates would admit only such poetry as might after a positive fashion confirm the hearts of his ideal citizens, and directly contribute to the development in them of reverence. Thus the real Greeks under Xenophon chanted a paean before entering into battle. And thus the Normans under William the Conqueror are said to have moved against the English at Hastings, a renowned minstrel in front singing their national epic, the *Song of Roland*.

In peace, fear is the subtle and destructive enemy of all original thought and action, of that present independence which every man is to preserve if he is to be deemed free, and of that unqualified devotion to his country which patriotism at all times demands. Little as men realize it, the atmosphere they live in is surcharged with an infectious terror, blighting their personal happiness, thwarting their services to the commonwealth. In the long run, the most potent of all incentives and deterrents with respect to individual action is the fear of what others may say or think. And thus men live so continuously in a state of anxiety,

which is another name for fear, that they are not aware of the disease. They believe, because it is common, that it is a state of health. Yet it is both chronic and vulgar. The anxiety to be like other people, only bigger and richer, is, like nearly all the forms of fear, unspeakably vulgar; as vulgar now as when Aristotle observed that epic poetry and tragedy, in the hands of Homer and Sophocles, gave men pleasure by relieving them of certain disturbing emotions, one of which was fear. The antidote to individual and communal fear may be had in a few volumes.

Here are fourteen lines from one of them, the sentiments of a man eminently fearless, eminently reverent, a lofty being, endowed with every power of enjoyment that nature could bestow, or education develop; who nevertheless gave the vigor of his manhood to relatively humble and most laborious service of his State; who lost his eyesight in that unremitting labor; who, old, impoverished, blind, lived a suspect under a restored monarchy which he hated as tyranny; who yet retained his courage unabated, and preserved his faith in the efficacy of human endeavor. In simplicity, in reverence, in the power of inspiring courage, there are, outside his own words, few things in English, or in any other modern language, to equal Milton's sonnet, "On His Blindness."

When I consider how my light is spent
  Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
  And that one talent which is death to hide
  Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
  My true account, lest he returning chide;
  "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
  I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
  Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
  Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
  And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
  They also serve who only stand and wait."

In our age of hurry we may accept this final sentiment respecting two kinds of service as of some value, since it comes from one who, after all, far exceeded the petty measure of our accomplishment to-day. Indeed, this poet, scholar, patriot, is the man, and his are the civic virtues, that Wordsworth longed for in times much like our own, with a longing not more suitable in England than in America:

> Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour;
> England hath need of thee: she is a fen
> Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
> Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
> Have forfeited their ancient English dower
> Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
> Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
> And give us manners, virtue, *freedom, power.*
> Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
> Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
> Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
> So didst thou travel on life's common way,
> In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
> The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

THE STUDY OF LITERATURE [1]

Calvin Thomas

Why so much study of literature? I use the word in its well understood sense of *belles lettres*. Let it be taken to mean poetry, fiction, drama, criticism, or any other species of writing that aims not so much to inform or convince as to stir the soul by an appeal to the feelings and the imagination through the sense of form. The definition is admittedly vague and unsatisfactory, but it will do for the present purpose. Of course I do not forget that in the hands of a master history, science, philosophy, even theol-

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ogy may still become literature. So too a book that wears the mask of literature may sometimes turn out on closer acquaintance to have but little of the elusive merit which that word usually connotes. But no matter now about fine distinctions, since I am to use a familiar word in a familiar sense.

To a bookish man for whom reading is, say, one-half of life it seems a little odd to be considering the question, Why do we study literature? Why do we love our friends or eat appetizing food? One might say that we study literature in order to procure what Wordsworth calls the joy of elevated thoughts; to feel the thrill of satisfaction that comes from intercourse with the finest spirits that have lived; to enter into the fulness of our human heritage and know what it means to be an heir of all the ages. In the presence of such benefits who cares very much whether his parsnips are buttered or not?

Does any reader perchance think these reasons too idealistic? If so I have but little hope of converting him. The love of the great poets, like the love of woman, cometh not by taking thought or hearing argument. It is a gift of nature, a phase of personal endowment and idiosyncrasy. One man has it, or has the capacity for it, another has not. He who is sensitive to verbal artistry will need no argument to convince him that the study of the great writers is profitable; but where the faculty does not exist, or has been allowed to atrophy, argument is futile—like praise of color in the ears of a blind man. If the susceptibility is there it can be developed, guided, chastened; but it cannot be created. Unless one has learned in childhood to enjoy the reading of imaginative literature one is not very likely to acquire the passion by going to school in the years of adolescence. There are minds for which the great poets must remain a sealed book; minds that are color-blind to all the potencies and niceties of style. Needless to say that for them the study of letters must be largely a bore and a futility.

Freely granting, then, that the study of literature is not every

one's affair, I do not feel concerned to defend it against attack or indifference. If anyone has tried it and found it wanting let him go in peace. Like music or architecture or any other pursuit that involves the esthetic faculties, literature demands of its votary some aptitude, a certain eagerness and appetency, without which it will never yield up its higher satisfactions. The study ought always to be voluntary, to present itself as an opportunity rather than as an obligation, to be as free as possible from the atmosphere of compulsory routine. Imagine being required to look at a fine picture or listen to seductive music. To go at a noble poem or a great play with reluctant or apathetic mind, because a professor has "assigned" it for reading, or because it is included in some scheme of required work, is a sort of literary lese-majesty. If we were not so sadly familiar with it the idea would fill us with horror.

The best that can be said for this form of academic constraint is that after all it does no great harm—does not injure society—and that it may lead now and then to one of those glad surprises that are the appointed reward of the eager student of letters. Remember Saul, the son of Kish, that choice young man who went forth to search for the missing asses and found a kingdom: do we not read that his father sent him out? It will sometimes happen, indeed it often happens, that a student who makes his first acquaintance with an author under the constraint of routine will little by little find his eyes opening on a precious κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί.

Now it is in the discovery of such "possessions for ever"—books which meet a personal need, enlarge the soul and liberalize the mind, books which one can turn to as permanent sources of edification—that we are to look for the supreme benefit of literary study. I repeat that its rewards are not for everyone; but for the fortunate its rewards are great indeed. The goal to be kept in view is not to acquire the jargon of literary criticism and be able to discourse learnedly of isms and movements and ten-

dencies; not to master a system of labels and pigeon-holes and learn to generalize speciously about books that one has not read; not to fortify oneself in pre-existing prejudices—but to make friends with the great writers, so as to feel really at home in their society. The greatest profit comes, in the long run, from an intimate acquaintance with a chosen few of the aristocrats of letters, rather than from heaping up knowledge about a multitude of minor lights. It is better to know Goethe well than to have memorized Goedeke's *Grundriss.*

But I see that this last saying requires some qualification, lest I be thought to have a low opinion of the study of literary history. Let me not be so understood. Literary history has a high value of its own; only it is a value of the second order as compared with the intensive study of the master spirits. Indeed it is necessary to a full understanding of the master spirits, who are always, as we are so often told, children of their own time. There is no need for me to urge the importance of the historical point of view, since all the world has long since recognized it. We live under the sign of history. The most interesting question that we can ask about almost anything imaginable is: *Wie ist es eigentlich geworden?* The formula of the race, the epoch, and the milieu has done good service and no doubt will long continue to do it. It explains much—so much that we are in some danger of forgetting its limitations. For it does not explain everything. It stops at the ultimate riddle of personality, of power, of genius. Yet this is precisely the most interesting thing in all the writers that are best worth studying. It is well to know all the conditions that went to the shaping of Shakspere's mind and art. Still, when we have got as far as we can go on that line we have to remember that the most of the conditions existed for some thousands of other Englishmen who somehow never created a *Lear* or a *Hamlet.* It is good to know the conditions, better to know *Lear* and *Hamlet.*

The specific value of literary history, to my way of thinking, is that it serves, better than any other kind of historical study, to develop and train the historical imagination. This is surely a very important matter in any theory of education. I can think of no better sign of the educated mind than to have sound and well grounded ideas of the men who lived long ago. The illiterate man knows nothing of the past prior to the days of his grandfather; back of that all is mist and myth and vague tradition. Out of this ignorance grow all manner of illusions and superstitions. On the one hand it begets romantic dreamers who make gods of their ancestors, idealize the brave days of old beyond all desert, cling tenaciously to outworn and pernicious customs, and imagine that the world is going wrong unless the hands of the clock can somehow be set back. On the other hand it begets philistines who suppose that wisdom began the day before yesterday, wax eloquent over the wonderful progress of the age in small material ways, and perhaps bestow pharisaical pity on the unfortunate folk who lived before the era of the telephone and the electric car.

The best result of any scheme of education is the power, coupled of course with the will, to serve society by useful work. Next to that I should put the trained sense of solidarity with those who have gone before. This is a distinctive trait of human nature at its very best. Whatever we can do to strengthen and ennoble it and ground it on a firm foundation of real knowledge is well done. Now to this good end I know of nothing better than the study of literary history; that is, the study of the literature of the past with due regard to its historical setting. (The mere conning of a textbook or of lecture-notes *about* the literature is like trying to study botany without seeing any plants.) It is in their literary productions that our forbears reveal themselves to us most fully. There we come to know them intimately. We find out not only what they did and suffered, but what they thought

and felt. We see by what passions they were swayed and how they envisaged the world.

Now all this is full of instruction for him that would learn and has lessons of many a kind. Such studies may not boil the pot, but they humanize the mind, discipline the judgment and give us a juster idea of our noble selves. Matthew Arnold was one to touch on the danger of reading but one book, even were it the Bible. But is there not a similar if perhaps lesser peril in reading only books of our own epoch? Just because that epoch *is* our own and is so very interesting; because it is all about us, so to speak, shaping our lives from day to day, providing us (if we are lucky) with work and with recreation, and presenting a multitude of problems compared with which the problems of Marcus Aurelius and Martin Luther seem very remote and fantasmal—just because our own epoch touches us so closely on every hand, it obscures and distorts our vision. The mountain-climber, toiling up slowly, encounters obstacles that seem for the moment terrific. He reaches the top and looks back. And then he sees that the awful declivity was but a gentle slope, the dreadful jungle only a paltry thicket, and the huge morass nothing but a little swale. Perhaps he sees the whole mountain-side peppered with the species of tree which he had thought a unique discovery of his own. We need this summit view of human affairs; and the best way to get it is by studying the past in its literature.

Up to this point I have written of the ideals and rewards of literary study, and I suspect that I shall be accused of making the thing too bright and good for the daily pabulum of plodding human nature. Let me now say something of its more humdrum aspects, of the difficulties that beset the way.

Anyone who has followed me thus far will not have failed to notice that I have dealt with literature as if it always presented itself in the English of today; as if the good kernel could be got at without cracking a hard shuck or gnawing through a more or

less bitter rind. But it is not so. Alas for that sad day's work on the plain of Shinar, when the children of men said, Go to, let us build a tower! If we except the literature of modern English there is always a language to be learned before one can even begin to gather the treasures of which I have spoken. And the learning of a language up to the point of literary appreciation is not the affair of a summer holiday. Translations—do you say? Well, yes, if it must be. Better a rude plaster copy of the Parthenon than no inkling of the Parthenon whatever! And true it is that the student of literature must unavoidably rely, to a great extent, on copies that are more or less rude. The world has come to a point where no one can any longer know all the languages in which great books have been written. There must be a selection of some more or less limited field in which we may hope to walk on our own feet in the pride and joy of knowledge; and outside that chosen field we must e'en be content with such crutches as come to hand. Where books of information are concerned—all that come under the head of science in its broadest sense—there can be no objection to reliance on translations. Indeed such reliance is a wise economy. But the moment we enter the realm of "literature" there is always something lost even in the best of translations. The eager and ambitious student will therefore wish to know the language of his poet. There is no other way. To renounce such knowledge on the ground that one has not the time or the patience is to lower one's flag and be content with an inferior status.

A generation ago it was a common charge against teachers, more especially of Greek and Latin, that they treated the classics of literature as so many cadavers for grammatical dissection. Perhaps that sin is still committed here and there, but speaking broadly and having regard to the better American colleges and universities, I think there is now but little ground for complaint on that particular score. At Columbia I am sure there is little

ground. Perhaps there is danger that the reaction may carry us too far. I sometimes fear that in our very eagerness to avoid the old folly and vitalize the study of literature we may run some risk of neglecting the really weighty matters of linguistic scholarship. It would be a pity to do that. We must never promote the illusion that a great author, especially a great poet, can be known, except in an inferior sort of way, without knowing his language. For certain purposes it is well to remember that the letter killeth, while the spirit giveth life; but that good maxim ought never to be twisted into an excuse for not knowing what the letter really means. The "life" which the spirit seems to give will sometimes turn out to be a slap-dash generalization with nothing in it. There is no need of any antagonism between literary and linguistic study. The one plays into the hands of the other, each has its own satisfactions. The two go together like the parts of a hinge.

The hardest of problems for the student of letters is the management of his reading. Excess of system is deadening, an utter lack of system means waste of effort and hence—how dreadful the word sounds in these days—inefficiency. When a lady asked Ruskin to draw up a course of reading for her daughter he replied: Turn her into a good library and let her browse. This is really the way to become a wise reader and to experience the seasoned bookman's joys. Imagine any well-read man of letters —a "full" man, to use Bacon's word—doing his reading according to a scheme, especially a scheme constructed by some one else. To browse is the way of wisdom. Of course it will not be forgotten that a certain amount of rumination goes naturally with the process. The trouble with the student of today is that he hasn't time to think. There are so many books to be read, so many references to be looked up, withal so many distractions. And then there is that essay or report, which must be ready at a certain time. Under such conditions reading is apt to become

a scramble. I occasionally hear able and conscientious students boast of the amount of reading they have done in a stated time, very much as one might boast of the ground covered in a cross-country run. Such speeding may sometimes serve good ends and be useful as a test of staying power, but we should at least remember that reading done in that way is hardly to be called an intellectual employment. It is very much on a par with the joy-ride which misses the joy.

Probably my praise of browsing and my deprecation of the speeding habit will be received in some quarters with a mild if not a wild surprise. It sounds so unprofessional, so out of tune with current conceptions of the strenuous life, as if people—men in particular—had nothing to do in this world but to go in for culture. What becomes, some one may say, of the categorical imperative to produce? How can one afford to browse when there are academic honors to be won, a doctor's dissertation to be written? Well, I hold no brief for a lazy life in the "still air of delightful studies" or anywhere else. Let us recall that browsing has a purpose—to find nourishment—and that thinking is hard work. Fortunately, however, it is at the same time a source of pleasure, and one who is so constituted as to find no pleasure in it has probably no call to literary scholarship. Mechanical industry in the performance of an appointed task may secure the professor's commendation (he does not always know), but that is a poor surrogate for the satisfaction that comes of discovering one's own problems and working them out in one's own way. But how shall one discover good things to do, and be sure that they have not been done already, unless one has first read somewhat widely and acquired what the Germans call a *persönliches Verhältnis* to some author or group of authors? And thus we are brought back to the utility of browsing.

THE ETHICAL VALUE OF THE NOVEL [1]

Daniel Harvey Hill, Jr.

Several cultivated old gentlemen, recently gathered at a fashionable watering place, were talking on literary subjects, and one of them spoke of the moral value of novels.

"The moral value of a novel!" exclaimed one of the group. "I never heard of such a thing, though I have heard much of the immorality of the novel."

In a college library, a raw Freshman of Quaker descent, approaching the section containing fiction, looked askance at the rows of novels. Then turning to a professor, who was standing near, he asked:

"Are not those novel-books?"

"Yes," answered the professor.

"Well, is it not wrong to have them here for young people to read? I have always heard so."

These two views, the one of the cultivated man of the old school, the other of the ignorant youth of the new, fairly represent the opinions that have generally prevailed as to the morality of fiction. To the holders of such views, the declaration of Talfourd, "We regard the authors of the best novels and romances as the truest benefactors of their species," is simply bewildering.

But prevailing opinions are very frequently wrong, and certainly they have worked mischief to the best fiction; for it is socially and morally useful. Of course, it is true that the novel, like the lily or the mocking-bird, has the giving of pleasure for its specific aim, and that the novelist defeats his own end if he undertakes to be merely didactic or purposely sermonic; yet, for all this, good fiction is ethically valuable.

One of the important ethical values of the novel is that it

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helps to break up that narrowness of mind and heart that is almost inseparable from many of the phases of modern life. In the complexity of the industrial and scientific life of this century, we have, for the sake of greater skill and economy, carried the division of labor to its utmost point. A man no longer works on a whole, but only on a part. Hence, there is great danger that, working always on a fraction, the man may become as narrow as his work. Every one knows how difficult it is even for the educated specialist to keep from shrinking into the compass of his work, from seeing nothing outside of that work, and from greatly magnifying its importance. Locke, as quoted by Hamilton, tells of an eminent musician who believed that God created the world in six days and rested on the seventh, because there are seven notes in music. Ozanam, the mathematician, said, in all seriousness, that it was the prerogative of the Sorbonne to discuss, of the Pope to decide, and of the mathematician to go to heaven in a straight line.

Now, if this tendency to shrinkage besets even the wide-awake scholar, how much more will it encompass the man that has little time for reading, whose work is narrow, and who is, by an engrossed life or otherwise, cut off from his fellow-man? Into the shadows of many such lives, the creations of the novelists are the only things human that ever enter. Take an illustration:

Silas Marner, under the suspicion of a grave crime and fiercely indignant at the false suspicion, cut himself off from all dealings with his kind, and day and night worked at his loom. Having nothing else to love, his heart began to entwine itself around the beautiful golden coins that he got from his work. They became human to him in his isolation, and nightly the miser fondled them and talked to them lovingly. One night they were stolen. He mourned as one from whom happiness has clean gone. But, on New Year's eve, Silas, recovering from a fit of catalepsy, found a baby girl asleep on his hearth, her golden, curly head

resting just where his coin had formerly been hidden. No one claiming her, he took her as his adopted child, her curls for his lost gold, and this tiny child, with her wants and her affection for him, brought him once more into loving touch with the world.

Just what this child did for this miser, other creations of the novelist, the sunny children of his fancy, do for real humanity; they are the ties that bind many isolated lives to their fellows, and keep alive in them love of their kind. "They," as has been well said, "give a vast class, that by no means would be carried beyond a most contracted range of emotion, an interest in things out of themselves and a perception of grandeur and beauty of which otherwise they might ever have lived unconscious." How? The strong novelist crowds upon these narrow lives his life-types, and causes them to take a wholesome breath of humanity. He shows them the full life of some character, ideal though it be, that begets aspirations and awakens dormant sympathies. As a result, the contracted range is broadened, the narrowing heart is expanded, the hitherto fruitless life begins to yield its proper harvest. These books teach a lesson that it took a ghost to teach Scrooge. Everybody remembers the interview. Narrow, self-centered, self-circumferenced, old Scrooge is, on Christmas eve, visited by the ghost of his former partner, Marley. During the interview, Scrooge, though terribly frightened, stammers out his surprise that Marley is being tormented in the great unknown.

"You," he cries, "were always a good man of business, Jacob."

"Business!" exclaims the ghost, wringing its hands. "Mankind was my business; mercy, charity, forbearance, benevolence were all my business! The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!"

It is interesting to watch the magnolia forming new leaves. In early spring, the delicate new leaves are encased in long,

narrow, sheath-like coverings. When the sun and warm wind breathe upon this casing, one by one each leaf, throwing off its enshackling wrapping, expands until the whole new cluster stands out in its freshness. In like manner, the narrow, circumstance-enshackled lives of many men, when warmed by the broad humanity of our best novelists, unfold one by one their latent good qualities until those lives are as symmetrical as the leaf, and fragrant with good deeds.

Another ethical value is that the novel makes war on self-centralization. Self-absorption, self-seeking, is easily man's most natural vice, and our materialistic civilization intensifies it. Our very charities, the outgrowth of our noblest feelings, our lunatic asylums, our institutions for idiots, our soldiers' homes, our organized charities—right and proper as these all are—contribute to our personal selfishness, for they take these stricken and suffering ones from our personal care, from our homes and from the homes of our neighbors, and throw them upon the state. Hence, the countless acts of self-denial that would be necessary if we had to minister to them in our families are lost to our natures. Having, then, fewer things for which to deny ourselves, we fail to develop capacity in that direction, and become less tolerant of anything that interferes with our personal ease.

Again, the multiplied conveniences and luxuries of our complex life induce selfishness. The whole force of an inventor's brain is turned upon an effort to increase the ease of a rocking chair. No cavern of the sea is deep enough or dark enough to hide the delicate fish wanted by the epicure. If Madam Giddy's hat needs an ornament, no daintily clad bird can so bury itself in "the forest primeval" as to escape the snare of the fowler. We defy the seasons, and in the dead of winter enjoy the fragrance of spring flowers, and tickle our appetites with summer fruits. In fact, our wants are so catered to that we begin to think that personal comforts are the things for which we live. We are in

danger of becoming completely wrapped in the study and gratification of our wants, and, in the same ratio that our hearts become absorbed in self, they become unmindful of others. Now, if to this cultivated selfishness, we add our innate selfishness, far short will man fall of the declaration, "How grand a thing is man."

Some antidote to this most poisonous selfishness must be found: a sinking of self, a sympathy for lives not in any way joined to our own lives, are necessary characteristics of a nature that would think high thoughts or do noble deeds, for

> Unless above himself he can
> Erect himself, how mean a thing is man.

How can he be made to do this? Are there any factors at work to hasten the day when "with honest pride men will scorn each selfish end?" If so, these forces must act by calling into play man's sympathy, "the one poor word," according to George Eliot, "that includes all our best insight and our best love."

Two such agencies have long been at work to effect this end. The first and highest is, of course, religion; the second is poetry. Especially has the tragic poet, in picturing the sufferings of those who, in the pursuit of their own selfish ends, encroached upon the rights of others, been a potent factor in calling into use, and thereby refining and developing, our feelings of sympathy, love, and charity. We overlook how many of the world's noblest lessons have been taught by the lyric and the dramatic poet.

In 1740, the novel came as a third agent of sympathetic development. Ever since, the true novelist has, with a skill greater than that of an Ivanhoe and a strength more irresistible than that of a Richard, been breaking lances against selfishness and baseness. Between the work of the poet and the novelist there is this difference: The poet reaches the thought leaders, and through them the masses—for little poetry is read by the masses;

the novelist reaches the masses directly. Hence his is the speedier work.

Need I illustrate how the good novel leads us out of self, awakens sympathy, and thereby counteracts self-centralization? Is there any life so self-centered that the self-abnegated character of Dinah Morris has not power to inspire it? Who can follow her as she remonstrates with Chad's Bess upon her indifference, warns wiry Ben against his sins, or, as laying aside the preacher to become that greater than woman preacher, a helpful woman, she ministers to the comforts and soothes the querulous plaints of Lisbeth Bede, or as she seeks, even in the dungeon, the wretched and despairing Hetty, clasps her arms around the doomed woman's neck, and prays, "Come, Lord, thou who art mighty to save to the uttermost, and rescue this lost one"—who can do this, and not say, "This book has brought me nearer my fellow-man?"

Lives there a man with soul so callous that he can come away from the death-bed of old Colonel Newcome after hearing his *adsum* to the Great Master's roll-call, and not declare, "Such humanities deserve my admiration, my reverence, my love, my imitation?" Could even a Pecksniff get acquainted with Dominie Sampson, hear his "pro-dig-ous" when confronted with baseness, see how he and his earlier brother ecclesiastic, Parson Adams, almost lose their own identity in their devotion to others —could even a Pecksniff see this, and not be ashamed of his own self-seeking rascality?

Thackeray, in his lecture on "Charity and Humor," thus comments on his fellow-novelist: "There are creations of Mr. Dickens that seem to me to rank as personal benefits—figures so delightful that one feels happier and better for knowing them, as one does for being brought into the society of good men and women. The atmosphere in which these people live is wholesome to breathe in; you feel that to be allowed to speak to them is a

personal kindness, your hands feel the cleaner for having shaken hands with them. . . . Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness that this generous, gentle, and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share, and say a benediction for the meal."

But possibly some may say: "These characters that the novelist creates are fictions, mere abstractions of the intellect. They are unreal, and sympathy for them is likewise unreal and idle." True it is, that as individuals these characters are unreal, but as types of men they are real; for, as one of our essayists reminds us, "Man can never imagine [never paint] that which has no foundation in his nature . . . and when men describe high virtues and instances of nobleness that rarely light on earth, so sublime that they expand our imagination, yet so human that they make our hearts gush with delight, he discovers feelings in his own breast and awakens sympathies in ours that shall assuredly one day have real and stable objects to rest upon."

A third moral benefit of the novel is, that it quickens and enlarges the imagination. Of course, the word imagination is here used, not in the narrow sense sometimes given it, but in its technical sense as the constructive faculty of the mind. Although many people look upon the imagination as a sort of peacock's tail to the mind, pretty but useless, it is, nevertheless, one of our most useful faculties. "A vigorous power of representation [of imagination]," says Sir William Hamilton, "is as indispensable a condition of success in the abstract sciences as it is in the poetical and forensic ones, and it may reasonably be doubted whether Aristotle or Homer were possessed of the more powerful imagination." This is the faculty from which we get our power to read character, to know human nature. How important then? "A knowledge of men," if a quotation from Hamilton is again admissible, "chiefly consists in a knowledge of the principles by which their thoughts are linked and represented. The

study of this is of importance to the teacher in order to direct the character and the intellect of his pupil; to the statesman that he may exert his influence on public affairs; to the poet that he may give truth and reality to his dramatic situations; to the orator that he may convince and persuade; to the man of the world if he would give interest to his conversation." In other words, to be forceful, we must know human nature. To know a man's nature we must study his imaginative faculty to see how he links or disjoins a given set of facts and actions, and we must study ours to help interpret his.

To illustrate in a simple case: After careful observation, a particular congressman is selected as a fair representative of a set of members whose votes are wanted. Lobbyist A goes to this congressman, and, in a delicate and private way, offers him money to support a certain measure; the congressman scoffs at him. Lobbyist B goes to the same congressman and offers sectional reasons for his support of the same measure, and gets his vote. Now the congressman's principle of disjunction and association is known. There is nothing in his nature that will join with a money motive, but he is moved by sectionality. Hence, we know this man and the class that he represents; and, in all future dealings with them, we, since we have ascertained the "principles by which their thoughts are linked and represented" are *imaged,* know how to understand them and how to appeal to them.

Now broaden the application of the principle in the illustration. Use it in all dealings with men, and the user becomes an expert of humanity. In this study of humanity, fiction helps materially. The master of fiction has thought over all methods of association; he is eminently a dissector. He images for our aid every conceivable sort of motive, and no spring of action has been too subtle for his portrayal. Therefore, applying to actual cases what we have learned from truthfully supposed cases, our imaginative

faculty is strengthened, and all our representative powers properly directed.

Certainly there was a time when the imagination, in its fundamental form, needed no cultivation. Originally, man was most abundantly endowed with this power, but the utilitarianism of this practical age has mistakenly stamped out much of it. To see it in its first and simplest manifestation, we must turn to childhood and to primitive man, and notice how different may be the representation of an object on the part of a child or of a semi-savage on the one hand, and the representation of the same object on the part of an adult or of a civilized man on the other. The thing that is to the child's fancy-kindled eye a beautiful belle or an imperious queen, is, to the eye of maturity, only a broken-nosed doll. In jungles that the early English filled with fairies and bogies, in caverns that the people filled with gnomes, less imaginative moderns apprehend nothing more uncanny than snails and toads. The regular African, rioting in mental pictures, supercharged the night with ghosts and goblins, and had no end of voodoo charms to dispel them; his American descendants, who have risen to the dignity of eye-glasses and soda water, disturb themselves little about these meddlesome folk.

While excessive imagination is, of course, bad, our fancies are becoming too dry. This barrenness of picturing power causes us to lose too much of the life around us. "While," remarks Emerson, "the prudent and economical tone of society starves the imagination, affronted nature gets such indemnity as she may. The novel is that allowance and frolic that the imagination finds. Everything else pins it down, and men flee for redress to Byron, Scott, Dumas, Sand, Dickens, etc." Why to these writers? Because they serve grist to the mill of our imagination, and at the same time discuss, not facts, but humanity. Because they disclose to our view those secret and carefully guarded associations of the mind that make a man's actions what they are. Because

they raise an iron-shuttered window through which we may look into the depths of another's soul, which, though itself fictitious, is a type of many real ones, whose kinship to our own we recognize.

Let us take from that terrifically grand novel, *Romola,* an illustration: See a young Greek, Tito Melema, exceedingly handsome, almost irresistible in the freshness of his young beauty, polished, scholarly, strong in belief in himself, to outward eyes a man ideally equipped for a successful life. See him, led on by love of ease and present enjoyment, guilty of his first wrong deed, an act of base treachery to an unloved adopted father. Then, as a consequence of this first sin, see him stain his young lips with a premeditated lie. All his after wretchedness is linked to this one lie; he cannot shake off its consequences. As a result, one by one new links are added to the chain of wrong-doing until he is fettered to sins of the basest sort, and merits the denunciation of the wronged father: "There is, among you, a man who is a scoundrel, a liar, a robber. I was a father to him. I took him from the beggary when he was a child. I reared him, I cherished him, I taught him, I made him a scholar. My head has lain hard that his might have a pillow, and he left me in slavery; he sold the gems that were mine; and when I came again he denied me." Such analyses of moral possibilities, such deductions from the effects of one action, do, in addition to their other work, much to foster that "prudent self-control" that Burns declares to be "wisdom's root."

Of course, in all that has been said, "novel" has been used in the sense of good novel. A trashy novel is an "abomination of desolation." Those who use the form of the novel to discuss indecencies, as Zola has, or to attack a good, as Mrs. Ward has, pervert a good just as any other good may be perverted, and it is unfair to condemn the novel because of this perversion. If these works are judged with the same honesty and the same

candor that are usually brought to bear on other classes of literature, they must be counted among the uplifting influences of our sad lives; for, whatever adds sunshine to life, whatever draws from the heart its purer qualities, whatever adds one particle to the broadening of the soul, is a blessing; and this is the work of the good novel.

POETRY AND THE PRACTICAL MAN[1]

Harry T. Baker

"The future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay. . . . More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry, our science will appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry. . . . But if we conceive thus highly of the destinies of poetry, we must also set our standard for poetry high, since poetry, to be capable of fulfilling such high destinies, must be poetry of a high order of excellence."

This prophecy of Matthew Arnold's, uttered some thirty years ago, may already seem vain; for it is notorious that the practical man of today reads little or no poetry. Indeed, he often manifests a marked aversion for most forms of it: witness the following quotation from a letter recently written to a well-known New York newspaper:

"Personally I don't care particularly for poetry. . . . As a practical business man poetry now appeals to me as something childish, as something unnecessary, as a clever juggling with

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words. . . . Usually poetry is just a cleverly arranged mass of musically sounding words."

Certainly this opinion, if typical, is not promising. But academic readers will perhaps challenge at the outset the value of the practical man's opinions of poetry. Why, some one will ask, should a captain of industry venture to advise a captain of art? If the kind of art which a man loves best is the engraving on a silver dollar, is it necessary or desirable to acquaint ourselves with his verdict upon Kipling or Tennyson? Well, in any attempt to appreciate the attitude of the practical man of business, we shall doubtless find that some qualities which we academic persons considered important and perhaps fundamental will be viewed with silent or open contempt by such a man; but the result of our inquiry, if not satisfying, may at least prove suggestive. And we may even discover that the veriest minor poet possesses, in common with the masters, those qualities which are held in most evident derision by the captains and followers of industry.

One of these qualities, and perhaps the one most cordially despised by the practical man, is over-worship of form—what we may call the doctrine of form for form's sake. Nothing seems to arouse the ire of such a reader more quickly than the pretty metrical prattling of one who, as Carlyle contemptuously put it, can merely "sit on a chair and compose stanzas," who seldom shows that he has lived in a world of realities. Almost a central characteristic of many a recent minor poet is his ability to say nothing in a graceful manner. One who is constrained to admit that the influence of Tennyson has in this respect been pernicious. Not the noble criticism of life in *In Memoriam*, but the empty cadences of his airy, fairy Lilians have floated on into the pages of present-day versifiers. His modern disciple, like the great Laureate, smokes his three pipefuls over a single line, but, unlike his model, is visited by perhaps one thought *per diem*. The

result is that "pretty writing"—sometimes, more's the pity, confounded with real poetry—which both capitalist and coal-heaver so honestly and so justly despise. It is such writers that make possible an antithesis between a man and a composer of verses. Although no one will deny that the explicit idea of perfection in form is admirable, it is generally accompanied by so many sins, especially sins of omission, that in general it may be heartily condemned; for by their fruits ye shall know them. The Swinburnes and Tennysons, and their now numberless horde of disciples, forever straining the honey of Hybla through countless sieves, rarely lift their eyes to the struggling world of humanity. Even Keats, who in perfection of form, Arnold declared, is with Shakespeare, lacks wide appeal, alike in the busy mart and in the class-room, because in most of his verses (the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* is a striking exception) the burnish of his style is placed on tenuous and flimsy material. In that "paradise of dainty devices," *The Eve of St. Agnes,* there is a wonderful description of a stained-glass window; but one looks in vain for any such description of the magic casements of the soul. For that, one turns to a Shakespeare or a Browning.

The present age, then, is not necessarily hostile to poetry because when it asks for bread it is angry at being presented with a neat cube of sugar. Those invertebrate rimesters who complain of the cold reception of their products are but effeminate protestants. A healthy taste revolts from them as from a continuous diet of confectionery, of "lucent syrops tinct with cinnamon." The sweetmeat school of poetry, though it occasionally gives us a *The Blessed Damozel* or a *La Belle Dame Sans Merci,* has done much to remove almost everything in verse from the notice of the practical man. If one must talk in metrical form, let him not speak "like a comfit-maker's wife." This is not a period which is fatal to poetry; but, thank Heaven, it is a period which is becoming more and more averse to certain kinds of poetry. The

poet, like the rest of us, must have something to say; else he is written down a dilettante or a bore. That variety of "poetic license" which excuses a man for talking nonsense merely because he uses metre for the purpose has lost its validity.

The poetry of sheer brute force—of which there is astonishingly little, by the way—is preferable to that of decadence and effeminacy. Undoubtedly one of the secrets of Kipling's surprising appeal to those who are not commonly readers of verse is his boisterous vigor, a vigor which in his best work is wisely tempered and admirably harmonized with other characteristics. But the effect of many of the *Barrack Room Ballads* is that of a rough, sometimes raucous voice, accompanied by a hearty slap on the shoulder. Here is informality carried to an extreme, yet how salutary the contrast to the versifiers of lotus-land. The homely images, the music-hall swing of the metre, the startlingly vivid phrases, the directness, the realism, even the occasional vulgarity, combine to convince the reader that here at last is the voice of a living man addressed to a pulsating world of men. As Tommy Atkins, the typical British soldier, turns from the "beefy face an' grubby 'and" of Chelsea domestics to his "neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land," one questions whether, after all, the romantic so truly joined to the realistic in this poem, *Mandalay*, is not more human than the half-real atmosphere of a *Lady Clare*. Even the barbarian genuinely in love is more interesting and convincing than a porcelain figure of romance. There is no "pretty writing" in Kipling and no effeminacy either of style or of sentiment. The worth of manhood, the unsparing condemnation of that man without a spiritual country, the ineffectual homunculus who has done neither good nor evil, and who therefore belongs neither in heaven nor hell—these themes are sung in *Tomlinson* with a vividness and a ruggedness which take us back to the days of Robin Hood. And this despite the boldly imaginative treatment

of the spiritual world, not to say the jaunty informality of the same. Certainly this is not the drawing-room atmosphere of Alfred Tennyson or the peaceful rural atmosphere of William Wordsworth; and some good people have become so accustomed to these atmospheres that apparently they gasp to find that there is any other poetic atmosphere. But meanwhile that rude person, the practical man, actually begins to like "that sort of thing." And, after all, it is a tribute to our humanity that he does.

Doubtless the practical reader, like all of us, will outgrow his enthusiasm for some of Kipling's poems; and the author himself has excluded one of the most striking, *The Vampire,* from his collected verse. But he is a curious person who can "outgrow" the best of Kipling; for Kipling gives us, as often as most of the standard poets, "the real thing" as opposed to the sham. And this is one of the surest indications of his abiding power. How quick the practical man is to detect sham of any sort may be seen in the failure of Whitman to attract any considerable number of such readers. Whitman, in spite of his elaborate parade of nature and simplicity, was often affected, often insincere. The man who insists upon calling an ambulance an "ambulanza" and who imports a few French phrases into his productions for no intelligible reason rests under suspicion, if he pretends, as Whitman did, to be a true child of nature. He is really a kind of prophet in overalls, consciously attitudinizing; and this sort of thing the ordinary reader does not forgive. "There can be little doubt," says Churton Collins, "that he employed the style which he affected to attract attention." And the same critic adds that Whitman possessed the "arts of the astute showman." Pity 'tis, 'tis true, for in his best poems and passages he escapes these vices; but the fact remains that Whitman has not reached the audience that he longed to reach. And one suspects that it is his own fault.

Yet Whitman, by virtue of that portion of his work which is original rather than bizarre, may ultimately win a wider public than he has so far attracted; for many poetic sins can be forgiven to the man who blazes his mark upon the trees along a new path in the difficult forest of life. We have a right to demand that every poet who would escape futility shall perform this service. The man of verses must answer the riddle, What is life? Woe to him who attempts to evade the issue, by telling an impatient world what is beauty, what is form. Let him add these, as Shakespeare does, but let him not substitute. That familiar statement of Arnold's, that "the noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness," reveals at once the eminence of such poetic names as Shakespeare, Goethe, Browning. And every now and then, even in these days of attention to the machinery of existence, to the telephone and the motor-car, some comparatively obscure man is dowered with a sudden vision of the meaning of life as distinguished from mere existence, of life upon some one of its infinite facets. The note of challenge, of defiance to the powers of darkness, and of protest against nerveless acquiescence in fate, has perhaps never been better sounded than in William Ernest Henley's poem, *Out of the Night that Covers Me*. This is unquestionably one of the most popular lyrics of the day; but it does not recall Tennyson or the Tennysonian school. Those ringing lines of savage, pagan vigor, though admirable in form, own a quite different strain. It is hardly too much to prophesy that such lines will be cherished long after the productions of the school or honeyed sweetness have been multiplied *ad nauseam* and have been suffered to waste their sweetness on the desert air. Henley's joyous and tremendous climax, "I am the captain of my soul," thrills the reader, whether practical or unpractical, like a trumpet-call. And yet how few poems of this strain, poems which reproduce a similar effect even in a

much fainter fashion, can be found in our representative magazines or in the thin volumes of contemporary verse. Surely our living poets have no reason to be at ease in Zion.

Moreover, even if we return to the glorious past of poetry, we find that our Spensers and Miltons are in many libraries slowly accumulating the dust of the upper shelf. For even the great name of Milton dims when subjected to the most practical and severe test of the modern reader. Though it be profanation to whisper it, is not Milton, with all his superb genius, deficient in passion and remote in interest of theme and treatment? A penetrating critic remarks that Milton's poetry, though it has the magnificence of the finest marble, has also its coldness. To the practical man, at least, Milton no longer seems to be readable. But Longfellow, often trite and almost always mediocre, comes into his own because he has something simple, direct, practical and helpful to say about human life. No more instructive parallel could be found to make the worshipper of form shed unavailing tears. That *Excelsior* and *The Psalm of Life* should hold the boards while even the first book of *Paradise Lost* remains unread, certainly has its pathetic as well as its humorous side. Perhaps the gentle sentimentality of Longfellow in such poems as *Excelsior* explains one element of his appeal to the practical man, who, however much he may conceal this side of his nature, is generally open to a subtle approach; but it explains only one element, and that, after all, not a main element, in his works. The fact remains that Longfellow dealt with the vital themes, even though in an annoyingly commonplace fashion, and the shallow tinkle of his bell has drawn many sheepish thousands after him. Life, as he assures us with such a lack of original or imaginative phraseology, is real and earnest; and Longfellow has had his reward. The poet of *The Village Blacksmith* and *The Children's Hour* will never be scorned by the practical man.

Another interpreter of life may be mentioned who is so far from the commonplace and sometimes so near to the obscure that to predict increasing popularity for him among practical men is perhaps to invite ridicule. Yet there are many indications that Browning's best poetry will ultimately win such an audience. In spite of the misguided efforts of his friends of clubs and societies, who have determined to throw into the limelight his Sordellos and Fifines, his subtle intellect rather than his abounding passion and wonderful dramatic sympathy—true Elizabethan qualities—he is heading straight for the average man. He is being delivered from his friends—something which, in such a case, is more important than to be delivered from one's enemies. One of his most recent biographers, Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, frankly declares war upon the Browning societies and upon all the attempts to prove that Browning is what he is not. And within very recent years the committee upon requirements in English for entrance to our American colleges has placed several of his poems on its list.

That Browning did not rely upon perfection of form is notorious; but that he did not care at all for form is a ridiculous as well as a vicious perversion of truth; for he was continually inventing new forms, new metres and rhythms. Like Shakespeare, however, he was interested first of all in life, not in the latest patent polish for verses. But the form of such poems as *Andrea del Sarto* needs no defence. Moreover, better than any high priest of form is a Chaucer or a Browning, whose compelling interest is in his fellow-men. Charles Lamb, it is said, as he walked down the crowded Strand, in London, was wont to shed tears of pure joy for the privilege of seeing so much humanity. Browning, perhaps, was too splendidly masculine to allow the tears; but he, too, was that noblest of lovers, the lover of mankind.

The real secret of Browning's poetry, if it may be summed up

in any formula, is perhaps best expressed by a slight paraphrase of Arnold's famous statement concerning Wordsworth: Browning's poetry is great because of the extraordinary power with which Browning feels the joy offered to us in the moral struggle of life; and because of the extraordinary power with which, in case after case, he shows us this joy, and renders it so as to make us share it. The term "moral" is, of course, used here in its widest significance, as Arnold defined it: "Whatever bears upon the question, 'how to live.'" The most notable fact about the familiar quotations from Browning is that nearly all of them deal directly with this moral struggle of life:

> "Then, welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!"

This sentiment seems to have won its author more readers than anything else. The joy in struggle itself, he never tires of assuring us, is the secret of life; and the methods by which he presents this simple truth are original, various, and inspiring—a salutary contrast to Longfellow's. The best of Browning's poems, contrary to an ill-founded but widespread fallacy, are not for a cult but for the average man; they deal directly, and, for the most part, with reasonable clearness and simplicity, with practical problems of every-day life. Such are *The Last Ride Together, Up at a Villa—Down in the City, Rabbi Ben Ezra, Youth and Art,* and many a one besides. And Browning stands unique in his wonderful ability to depict his characters at some crucial moment of life, when, if ever, effort counts and when its effects can be vividly shown.

One modern poet, on the other hand, enjoys at least a moderate popularity because of his loving interpretation of the moments of calm in this inevitable struggle of existence: Matthew Arnold is our best guide to the moods and scenes of twilight and

moonlight, and the dew-drenched beauty of early dawn. The pictorial element is much stronger in him than in Wordsworth, and he probably gains by betraying less of the mystical. But both lose by lack of sympathy with the rude, onward jostling of the throng. The practical man, therefore, soon turns back to his Kipling; and in the future is likely to turn more and more to his Browning. He will doubtless never turn, it is true to *Sordello* or *Fifine at the Fair,* or *The Inn Album,* or even to certain monologues in *The Ring and the Book*—productions for which no true and discriminating lover of Browning can find much that is good to say. But in the enormous mass of Browning's admittedly unequal work the practical man will still discover more truly indispensable poems than in Tennyson's volume—more, in fact, than in any other modern English poet. Despite his depth of intellect and the impatient rush of emotion which is always at odds with it and which sometimes makes the current of his verse somewhat confused and turbid—despite this, Browning has no nonsense in him, and, however unusual or remote his theme, is surprisingly practical. And his unfailing optimism is so familiar as to need no comment.

In use of realistic imagery and detail, also, Browning far exceeds most poets. His admirable little poem, *Confessions,* by no means so well known as it deserves to be, is rivalled in these respects by scarcely any one save Kipling, who is especially famous for his close approach to the apparently unpromising surroundings of practical life. In *Confessions,* the sick man's use of his medicine bottles to explain the locality and incident of a love affair in his early life is a surprising but successful experiment which goes to emphasize the originality and infinite suggestiveness of Browning. This is one of the most directly practical poems of optimism ever written. But it is Kipling, after all, who has made most frequent and daring use of realistic imagery in his verse. His recent poem, *The Sons of Martha,* which leaped

into popularity almost at a single bound, is full of specific references to the homeliest details of the toiler's life. In the following lines, how august and splendid a poetic passage is made out of the achievements of modern engineering on railroad and highway, and on the twenty-story steel-frame building:

"They [the laborers] say to the mountains, 'Be ye removed!' they say to the lesser floods, 'Run dry!'
Under their rods are the rocks reproved—they are not afraid of that which is high."

And it would be difficult to exceed the realism of this denunciation of belief in providence:

"They do not preach that their God will rouse them a little before the nuts work loose."

This is the kind of poetry, if any, which will be heard on the lips of the practical man, from mechanic to president of a steel company. And an even better illustration is to be found in the joy of a Scotch ship engineer over his "purrin' dynamos" —an affection like that of a mother for her child. A new subject this for a poem, surely; but Kipling's unconventional genius has given expression to many a hitherto silent affection. And this poem, *M'Andrew's Hymn,* is one of his best and most popular productions. There are plenty of new things for the genuine poet to sing of, if he be really in contact with his time, as Kipling is. That impatient exclamation of M'Andrews, "Why don't poets *tell?*" contains much fruitful suggestion to the scorners of homely detail. No poet has come closer to the minutiæ of the toiler's daily life than Kipling, or studied them more patiently and sympathetically; and his popularity on this side is significant. The "horns of Elfland faintly blowing" should not represent all the subjects of verse. Welcome also in their turn are clang of hammer or shriek of engine wheels grinding

under the brakes. Poetic beauty is of many kinds; and the glory of one star is not as the glory of another.

Certainly no shallow pretence, no smooth repetition of orthodox commonplaces, no monastic devotion to form, to phrasing and melody, will longer satisfy the demand of the practical reader of verse. And is it not becoming increasingly true that to all modern readers thought and passion saturated with sanity are as the breath of life? This it is that saves Browning from the evil shadow of his poorer productions, that fatal penumbra of eclipse into which so many Bowleses and Rogerses have forever passed. The fact is that the rigid demand for truth in all departments of life is showing itself as more and more characteristic of our age; and this seems to account for the passing or waning of much verse that was formerly considered indispensable. *In Memoriam*, in its restless though reverent search for verities, its resolute facing of the facts in life, its sincerity and freedom from artificiality, its partial freedom even from that curiously wrought elaboration, so characteristic of its author's style, is Tennyson's best work—a poem in which he rises above that intellectual mediocrity which is his chief fault; and to the modern reader *In Memoriam* is of more value than *Paradise Lost*, because the latter, based upon the old, narrowly orthodox view of the universe, is no longer convincing, no longer even tolerable. The best feature of the poem is the least orthodox: the original and splendidly vital portrait of a resourceful rebel, "with courage never to submit or yield," a Satan who owes but little to the Biblical narrative but who, curiously enough, forecasts many a quality of that rebellious and often blasphemous genius, Lord Byron. Moreover, even the religious poems of Matthew Arnold, mournfully agnostic as they are, prove more satisfying as an interpretation of at least some of the facts of life than Milton's. *Self-Dependence* is a call which rings true to-day; and *Resignation*, with its motto,

"They, believe me, who await
No gifts from chance, have conquered fate,"

is not devoid of rich suggestion and inspiration. The throne of truth glorified in some admirable stanzas of Arnold's *Thrysis*, is always the goal of Victorian quest. "The reader of Arnold's poetry," says Mr. W. C. Brownell, "never has to say to himself: 'But it is not true!' And to the sense of our own day this is fundamental in poetry as elsewhere."

To come back to our starting-point once more, it is the content of poetry, its "noble and profound application of ideas to life," rather than a form which is so finical that it "would almost rather sacrifice a meaning than let two s's come together," which recommends poetry to the practical reader, and, indeed, to the average reader. The poet like Shelly, whose content is so vaporous and ethereal as to escape the ordinary intellect, the poet who lives in the clouds and frequently even forgets whether he has partaken of a gross mortal dinner—this man will appeal to the epicure of verse rather than the average palate. Nothing can better prove the right of poetry to exist and to minister to us than its ability to endure the test of repeated readings, especially readings after a long interval of years. Poetry whose chief pleasurable element lies in its form will seldom endure this test: instead of growing upon one, it gradually loses its hold and falls into "the portion of weeds and outworn faces." The metrical experiments of Tennyson are not among his enduring poems; and the cloying melodies of Swinburne are often "as rich and purposeless as is the rose."

In one of those terrific passages of scorn for which he is famous, Carlyle asks: "Where are now the Hengsts and Alarics of our still-growing, still-expanding Europe; who, when their home is grown too narrow, will enlist, and like Fire-pillars, guide onwards those superfluous masses of indomitable living Valour; equipped, not now with the battle-axe and war-chariot,

but with the steam-engine and plough-share? Where are they? —Preserving their Game!!"

When the practical man puts a similar question concerning the modern poet, amid the activity and struggle of real life, it will avail but little to answer—"Polishing his verse."

COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS

The habit of general reading—is it deserving of attention from the college undergraduate? Are not counter influences, such as the increasing complexity of college life and the enlarged reading requirements in college courses, pushing into the background all association with books, especially those of a serious nature, over and above what is demanded academically? Does not the student, when seeking surcease from the rigor of textbook study, generally turn to other sources of relaxation, forgetting that there is nothing better than general reading for getting thoughts out of a rut and for refreshing mind and imagination?

The student is likely to protest that general reading is not possible on account of lack of time. He forgets, however, that a few spare moments a day, say twenty or thirty, devoted faithfully to reading books of importance will in the long run pile up a very respectable and gratifying accomplishment. This book would be recreant to the cause under whose banner it is enlisted, if it were not to exalt the companionship of books. It therefore closes with a section devoted to counsels from veteran readers which are worthy consideration from the younger aspirants to membership in the guild.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING

Discuss one or more of the topics that follow, or choose something similar for yourself: (1) What College Students Read; (2) The Profit in General Reading; (3) A Book I Intend to Read at the First Opportunity; (4) Some of My Book Friends; (5) A Book I Consider Worth Re-reading; (6) Reading with the Eye *versus* Reading with

the Mind; (7) How I Keep Up with the Current Literature in a Certain Subject in Which I Am Interested; (8) What Book Would I Choose for a Vacation Trip? (9) How I Read a Novel; (10) Human Nature on Book Characters; (11) Books That Wear contrasted with Books That Wear Out; (12) Learning Life through Literature; (13) Sham Admiration for the Classics; (14) Are Emerson's Three Rules for Reading Appropriate for the Average Person? (The three rules were: Never read a book that is not a year old. Never read any but famed books. Never read any but what you like.) (15) The Best Poem I Know; (16) How I Learned to Enjoy Poetry; (17) Why Poetry Should Be Read Slowly; (18) How Great Poems Differ from Poor Poems.

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